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HARPER'S BAZAR

SEPTEMBER
1929

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FURS
AND
FABRICS
NUMBER

BEGINNING
A BEAUTIFUL ROMANCE
BY
RICHARD LE GALLIENNE
"THERE WAS A SHIP"

Bérigni

Copyright 1929, by Stehli Silks Corporation, 200 Madison Avenue, New York : Paris : London : Zurich.

BORED AS A PEKINGESE AT A FALL OPENING . . . UNTIL THE NEW STEHLI SILKS ENTER THE PARADE. AND THEN . . . WHAT COLOR, WHAT TEXTURE! CANTONS, FAILLES—ALL THE RICHEST FABRICS OF THE SEASON—IN THOSE GORGEOUS TONES THAT ONLY THE CLOSEST HARMONY OF WEAVE AND COLOR CAN PRODUCE.

Stehli Silks

YOU CAN BUY STEHLI SILKS BY THE YARD—OR ALREADY MADE UP IN THE DRESSES AND ENSEMBLES FEATURED BY SMART SHOPS

TIFFANY & CO.

JEWELERS SILVERSMITHS STATIONERS

DIAMOND JEWELRY

Noted for Quality
From Generation to Generation

MAIL INQUIRIES RECEIVE PROMPT ATTENTION

FIFTH AVENUE & 37TH STREET
NEW YORK

ITALIAN SILK UNDERWEAR THE BANDEAU—BANDIT INVASION*

Two such simple little things to hold so important a place in the mode.... the bandeau and the bandit. They conquered by their brevity. With only a bit of silk, artfully cut and a single hook and eye the bandeau creates the smart "uplift" contour of the mode. With bands that fit snugly and effect crisp lines the Bandit is the perfect undie for the short, straight-line costume of today. They're both made of "Italian Silk".....the soft, clinging silk that holds its shape....that is all pure thread silk and pure dyed.

KAYSER *UNDERWEAR SILK*

You may purchase Kayser Silk Products at all the better shops and at the Kayser Store, Fifth Avenue at 41st Street, opposite the Library.

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Vol. LXIII
No. 9

Mademoiselle

If You Know The New Bramley* Dresses You Know the Fall Fashions

The Bramleys could edit a little illustrated fashion magazine of their own this season, and not leave out a single example of what is smart—including the one-piece dress—the dress of sheer wool—the formal vogue of velvet—the tweed ensemble.

Bramley tweed ensemble with full-length coat lined in beige wool jersey; coat and skirt in mixtures of brown, blue or plum. Overblouse to match lining of coat. (*Model 32*) 29.50

Bramley tweed ensemble for sports or town. With the satin overblouse this is what smart young people are wearing in town; brown, blue, henna, topaz or green. (*Model 34*) 29.50

Bramley transparent velvet ensemble illustrating the fact that Paris has added the final formality to the fashions by developing them in velvet; brown with peach, black, green or blue with eggshell satin blouse. (*Model 36*) 29.50

Bramley one-piece dress of the sheer wool that is the newest fashion now—a copy of a fine imported hand-woven tweed; brown, blackberry, green or maroon. (*Model 38*) 29.50

Bramley two-piece dress with lingerie touches and velvet motifs sponsored by Paris as marks of the new mode—heavy Canton silk crêpe in Commodore blue, hunter's green, beet red, otter brown, or black. (*Model 40*) 29.50

Sizes 14 to 20 years. (Also size 31 for small women)

BRAMLEY DRESS SHOP—Third Floor

Franklin Simon & Co.

A Store of Individual Shops
FIFTH AVENUE, 37th and 38th STREETS
NEW YORK

*Reg. in the U. S. Pat. Off.

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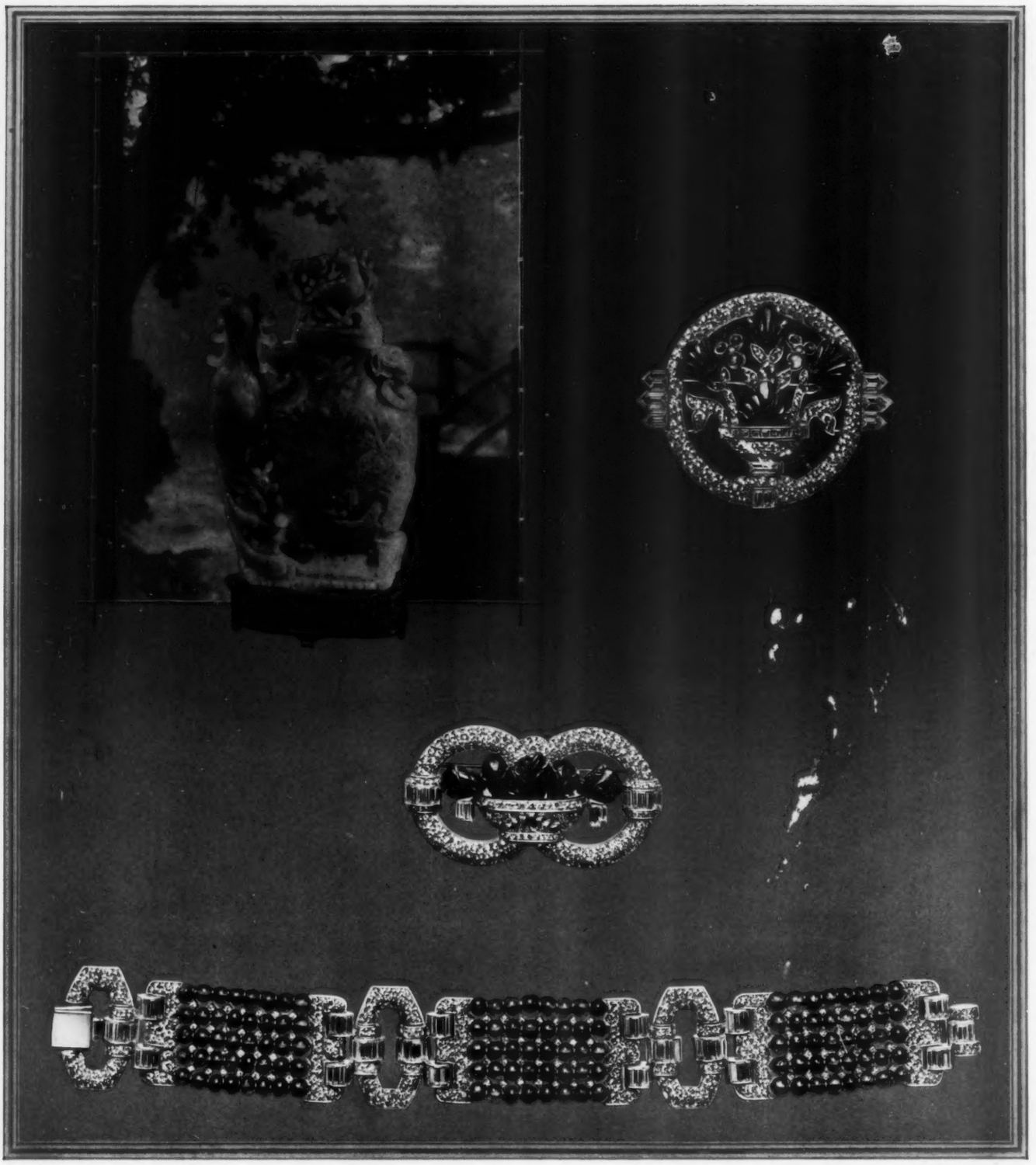


Jewelry of rare novelty and most appealing charm.
India rubies, diamond baguettes and
round diamonds pavé.

J. E. CALDWELL & CO.

PHILADELPHIA

BONWIT TELLER
FIFTH AVENUE AT 38TH STREET
NEW YORK
PARIS LONDON
PHILADELPHIA

THE CAMELDOWN COAT

Introducing the new town-country-sports-travel coat in one . . . distinguished by a fabric that makes it the first and most important coat for fall. Cameldown, the finest and lightest of the Camel fabrics, is loomed at a famous European mill of 100% down from the North African camel . . . and may be had in plain or tweed designs, with beaver, badger, lynx, raccoon or unfurred. . . . . .

Cameldown and these fashions are exclusively Bonwit Teller's in New York and Philadelphia.

EXQUISITE

Exquisite . . . A word which expresses the ultimate in beauty, art, taste and dress. Today, nothing short of the exquisite satisfies our sophisticated modern taste. Exquisite harmony of color . . . exquisite purity of line . . . exquisite richness of fabric . . . exquisite charm of accessory. The modern woman is herself exquisite. Her home, her motor—all her surroundings—frame her in exquisite backgrounds. Her hair, her complexion are enchanting—so are her costumes chosen with exquisite taste. Naturally, as the final detail of exquisite grooming, she selects footwear which has such beauty of material, such perfection of fit, such distinction of style, that the one word inevitably used to describe it is—*exquisite*.

The Andrew Geller Brochure of Exquisite Fall Footwear is now ready . . . It will be sent gratis to those who write for it.

ANDREW GELLER

exquisite footwear

525 FIFTH AVENUE *at* FORTY-THIRD

Model 105—You can tell it's one of the new tweed frocks by its little frilled handerchief linen gilet. Brown or green pin-checked light weight tweed with leather belt. Sizes 14x to 20. **21.50**

Model 105

Model 119 *Model 131* *Model 108*

Model 114—Best's newest "needlework" frock in natural kashmir jersey has crocheted yarn trimming in yellow and brown, copen and navy, two shades of green, or red. Sizes 14x to 20 **29.50**

Model 114

BACK TO SCHOOL IN CLOTHES FROM BEST'S

Model 127

Model 119—The thin tweed jacket suit with frilled handkerchief linen blouse is an important Autumn fashion. Brown with eggshell linen blouse, green with green, or blue with baby blue. Blouse is sleeveless. Sizes 14 to 20. **35.00**

Model 127—A gay little frock to wear under your fur coat is made of canton crêpe with pleated skirt and collar. Chanel red, pineneedle green, bluebell, chocolate, navy and black. Sizes 14x to 20. **29.50**

Model 131—Novelty jerseys are tremendously important this season, and Best's features the speckled jersey that Paris favors. Navy, black, brown, green, red or beige with white pique filet with crocheted edges. Sizes 14x to 20. **29.50**

Model 108—A jacket suit in tweed jersey like those Chanel is showing. Unlined cardigan, flared skirt, sleeveless blouse with leather buttons in natural kashmir jersey. Brown, blue or wine red. Sizes 14 to 20. **45.00**

MAIL ORDERS FILLED

A charge account simplifies long distance shopping.

Model 104—The Nada one piece tweed frock is made of Forstmann & Hoffman's new diagonal tweed and trimmed with leather buttons. Brown, red or blue. Sizes 14x to 20. **29.50**

Model 104

Best & Co.

Fifth Avenue at 35th St.—N. Y.

Paris *Palm Beach* *London*

LET YOUR DREAM OF LOVELINESS COME TRUE...

YOUR DREAM OF LOVELINESS! Of a clearer, smoother skin . . . of firmer and lovelier contours . . . of a fresher and more youthful complexion! FRANCES DENNEY can help you make this dream come true.

MISS DENNEY is one of the leading specialists today on the care of the skin. She has created three preparations that make loveliness easy to win and easy to retain.

Her *Cleansing Cream* — delightfully creamy and fragrant — melts quickly into the pores, gently removes the impurities and leaves the skin exquisitely soft and clean.

Her *Herbal Skin Tonic* revitalizes the cells, restores active circulation and leaves the skin freshened and invigorated.

Her *Tissue Cream* is a deep tissue builder. It penetrates the pores of the skin, nourishes the underlying tissues and helps wonderfully in restoring the firm, smooth contour of youth.

MISS DENNEY has also created special preparations for particular skin needs — all of them being available in stores having a personnel especially trained to serve you.

FRANCES DENNEY will gladly give you the names of the selected stores in your city where her preparations are sold. She will also send you, with her compliments, a copy of "The Affairs of Beauty." Just address her in Philadelphia.

FRANCES DENNEY
PREPARATIONS

DENNEY
AND
DENNEY
PHILADELPHIA, NEW YORK
PARIS

BODY by FISHER

LOOK TO THE BODY!

TWENTY YEARS AGO, Fisher built the best bodies known *then;* today, it is building the highest quality bodies available *now*—in any given price field. Contrast the body attributes of Chevrolet, Pontiac, Oldsmobile, Marquette, Oakland, Viking, Buick, La Salle or Cadillac—all with Body by Fisher—with those of any cars in their price field, and the difference in favor of the Fisher Body car is almost startling. Fisher Body, by reason of its vastly superior ability to build greater body value and quality, is actually able to use the same basic kind of construction in bodies for cars in the *lowest price* field as is employed for cars of highest price. That is why the Fisher Body car continues attractive, inside and outside, in finish, in upholstery, in woodwork, in fittings; and remains weatherproof and free from noise. Twenty years of rigid adherence to highest quality standards and of constant endeavor to produce that quality at lower costs, thus finds its full fruition today, in every body which Fisher builds.

CADILLAC • LASALLE • BUICK • VIKING • OAKLAND • MARQUETTE

OLDSMOBILE • PONTIAC • CHEVROLET

GENERAL MOTORS

VITAL ADVANTAGES IN HANDLING–EASE AND SAFETY FOUND IN NO OTHER CAR

CADILLAC • • • LA SALLE • • FLEETWOOD

It is plainly apparent that one of the most valuable factors in motoring today is the exclusive Cadillac-La Salle Syncro-Mesh Silent-Shift Transmission. Watch a Cadillac or La Salle driver in traffic. Note how easily the car is handled. You can scarcely detect the gentle movement of the gear lever. You hear no grinding or clashing. The operation is just as simple, smooth, and silent at any speed . . . ¶ That entirely delightful ease in driving a Cadillac or La Salle is also partly due to the exclusive Duplex-Mechanical Four-Wheel Brakes—the most positive and powerful braking action ever exerted on the four wheels of a motor-car. Just the lightest touch of the toe on the brake pedal and the action is instantaneous and velvet-like in its smoothness . . . ¶ Non-shattering Security-Plate Glass is standard equipment in every Cadillac and La Salle window, door and windshield. Here is glass that remains intact in the event of collision or if struck by stones thrown up by the wheels of passing cars, so that you may dismiss from your mind the fear of flying glass fragments . . . ¶ Actual experience with either Cadillac or La Salle will open your eyes to this higher efficiency, this greater safety and to finer artistry in their luxurious Fisher and Fleetwood coachwork—efficiency and safety and artistry which immediately spell greater value obtainable only in Cadillac and La Salle.

CADILLAC MOTOR CAR COMPANY • • • DIVISION OF GENERAL MOTORS

FIFTH AVENUE AT THIRTY-FOURTH STREET

B. ALTMAN & CO.

MADISON AVENUE AT THIRTY-FIFTH STREET

TELEPHONE: MURray HILL 7000
NEW YORK

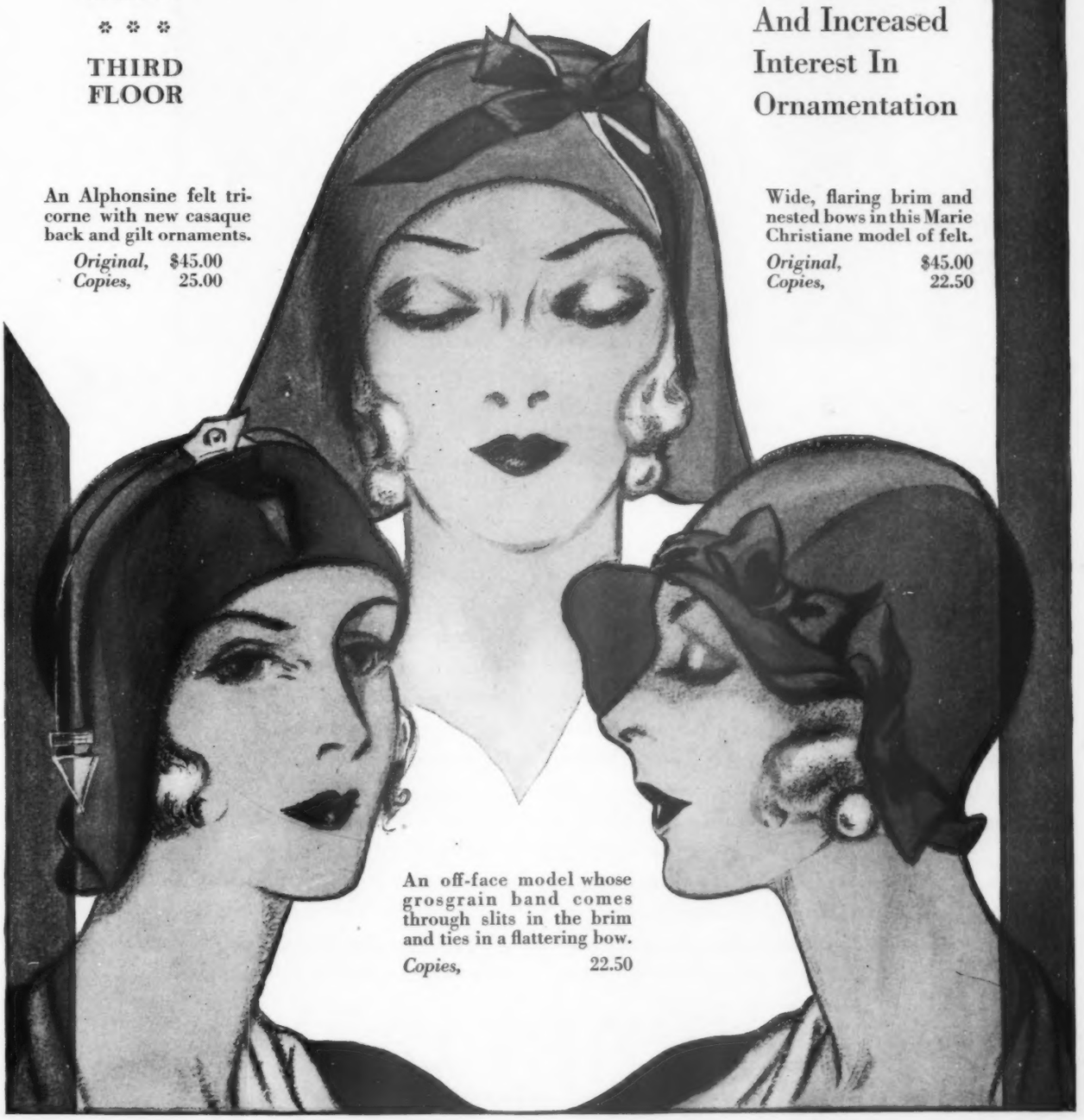
Significant Points
In New Fall Millinery

FRENCH MILLINERY SALON

* * *

THIRD FLOOR

Wider Brims, Flares, Shirrings And Increased Interest In Ornamentation



An Alphonsine felt tricorne with new casaque back and gilt ornaments.
Original, $45.00
Copies, 25.00

Wide, flaring brim and nested bows in this Marie Christiane model of felt.
Original, $45.00
Copies, 22.50

An off-face model whose grosgrain band comes through slits in the brim and ties in a flattering bow.
Copies, 22.50

WHAT IS THE VITAL NEED OF LOVELY SKINS TODAY?

PRACTICALLY everyone, sooner or later, is troubled by enlarged pores and coarse-textured skin, yet until recently no one preparation had been evolved which could be used on *every* type of skin for refining its texture. There were preparations intended for that purpose but if used often enough to be effective they were entirely too *drying* except for very oily skins. Moreover, they contained no cleansing properties, and perfect cleanliness is absolutely essential to refining the skin, particularly in these dusty modern days.

Exquisite cleanliness, freshness and clear fine texture are the greatest beauties any complexion can possess—and yet no one preparation had been created that would assure this loveliness to every woman.

But now there *is* such a preparation! It is made by Dorothy Gray and is called Texture Lotion.

Dorothy Gray Texture Lotion will actually refine the texture of even the coarsest skin, and it can be used daily on *every* type of skin. Moreover, it cleanses superbly. It picks up the tiniest particles of dust and oil that lodge in the pores. And it leaves the pores closed—your skin protected! Besides that, it removes the last lingering suggestion of greasiness after any sort of facial cream has been used. It leaves your skin cool, refreshed, tingling and gloriously alive!

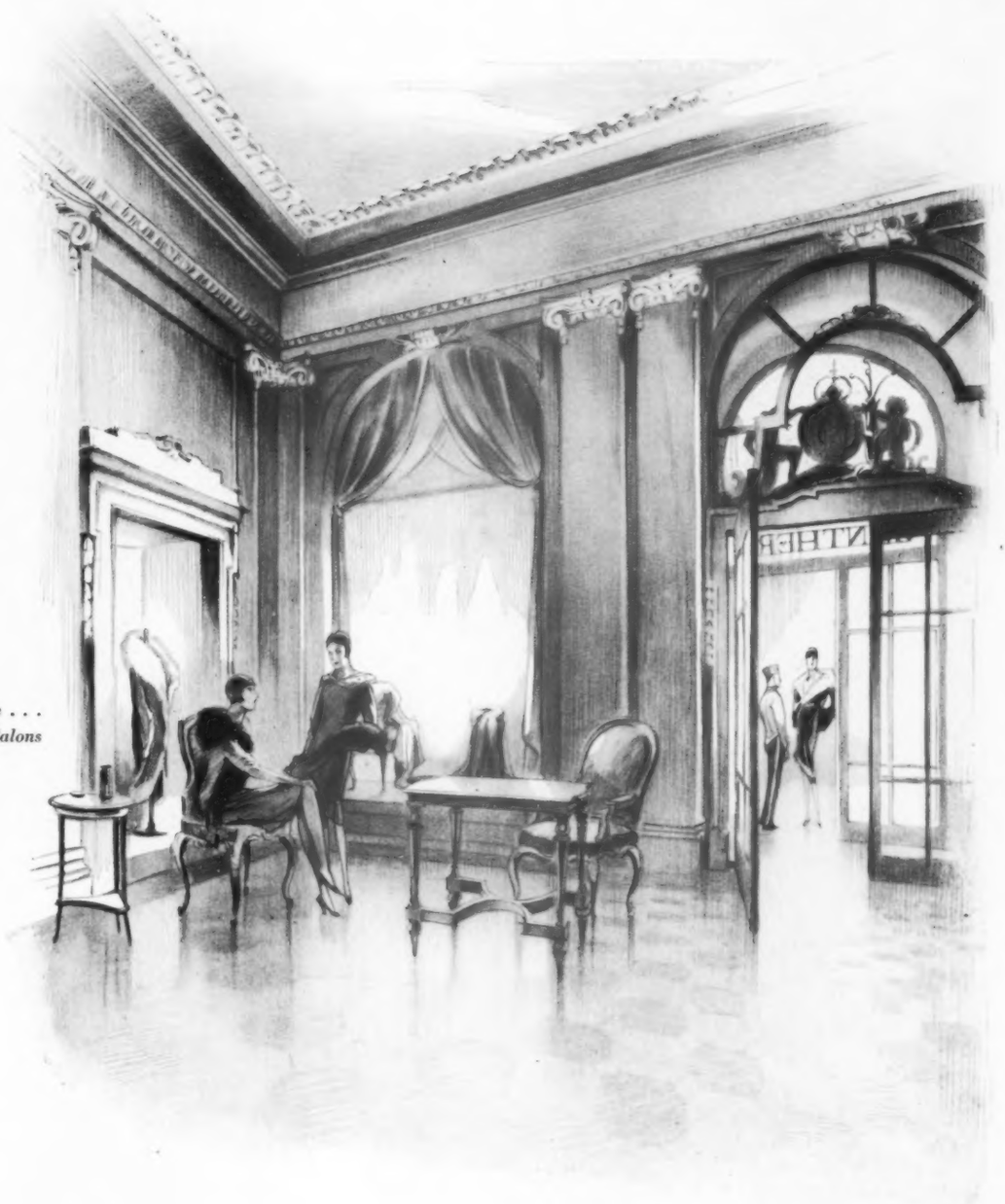
Texture Lotion is a lightly scented liquid, in color the faint orchid of young lilacs. You will find it at smart shops everywhere and at the Dorothy Gray salons. Its price is surprisingly moderate; there is a one dollar size and a much larger two dollar bottle.

© D. G., 1929

DOROTHY GRAY

DOROTHY GRAY BUILDING, 683 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

CHICAGO LOS ANGELES SAN FRANCISCO WASHINGTON ATLANTIC CITY



Rez-de-Chaussee . . .
the new Gunther Salons

RUSSIAN SABLE
MINK · ERMINE
BROADTAIL
· CARACUL ·

Wraps to Individual Measure of finest quality pelts

FURS by GUNTHER

666 FIFTH AVENUE, between 52nd and 53rd Streets, NEW YORK

"SHAGMOOR" TOPCOATS

DISTINGUISHED BY MANY SMART, EXCLUSIVE INNOVATIONS!

Augmented by a new,
strikingly handsome
"deluxe" fabric
..soft, fleecy, warm..
and in exquisite, natural shades.
The fur collars and cuffs
are of a most impressive luxury.
The gracefully-molded silhouettes
are fully in accord
with the most elegant French vogue
..just as the tailoring
is in the best traditional manner
of the English.
Preeminently featured by
the most discriminating Stores
throughout the United States and Canada.

Fashioned by Shagmoor Makers REG. U.S. PAT. OFF. No Coat is a Shagmoor unless it bears the above identification mark!

The Latest Photographic "Shagmoor" Booklet Free on Request

Created Exclusively by The House of Shagmoor (Linder Bros. Inc.), 498 Seventh Ave., New York
... in Canada: The House of Shagmoor, 2050 Bleury Street, Montreal

Fashioned by Shagmoor Makers REG. U.S. PAT. OFF. No Coat is a Shagmoor unless it bears the above identification mark!

Smartness for the Street for the first Breath of Fall

This early Fall McCutcheon model is made of beautiful, light-weight, bordered Covert Cloth enhanced by a graceful arrangement of lines both in designing and cloth. Self-colored ball buttons with handbound button holes. ***Colors: Wine, Oxford, Brown, Green . . . $59.50***

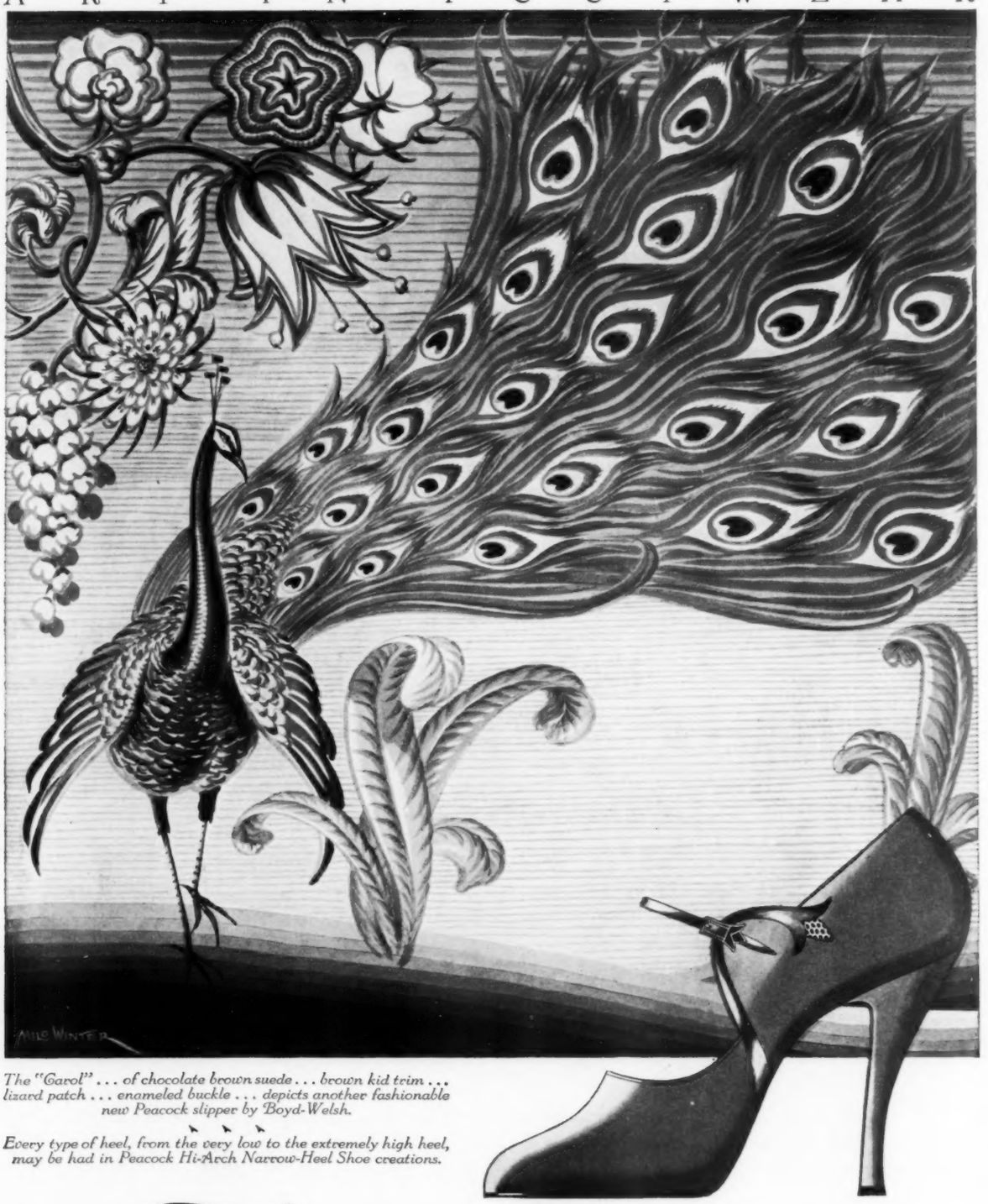
Windermere Tweed is the material used in making this early Fall Coat by McCutcheon. Warmly interlined. An interesting treatment of the Belt adds a touch of smartness. The Collar is of Raccoon fur. ***Colors: Tan, Brown, Red and Blue $125.00***

Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

McCutcheon's

FIFTH AVENUE AT FORTY-NINTH ST.
DEPT. NO. 17, NEW YORK

ART IN FOOTWEAR



The "Carol" . . . of chocolate brown suede . . . brown kid trim . . . lizard patch . . . enameled buckle . . . depicts another fashionable new Peacock slipper by Boyd-Welsh.

Every type of heel, from the very low to the extremely high heel, may be had in Peacock Hi-Arch Narrow-Heel Shoe creations.

THOUSANDS of America's most smartly groomed women . . . every day . . . are learning what "Art in Footwear" really means . . . by their selection of aristocratic Peacock Hi-Arch, Narrow-Heel Footwear. Ten Dollars to Twenty-Five . . . Many Smart Styles at Ten to Twelve-Fifty.

PEACOCK SHOES

PEACOCK SHOE SHOPS AND DEPARTMENTS IN PRINCIPAL CITIES

BY BOYD-WELSH

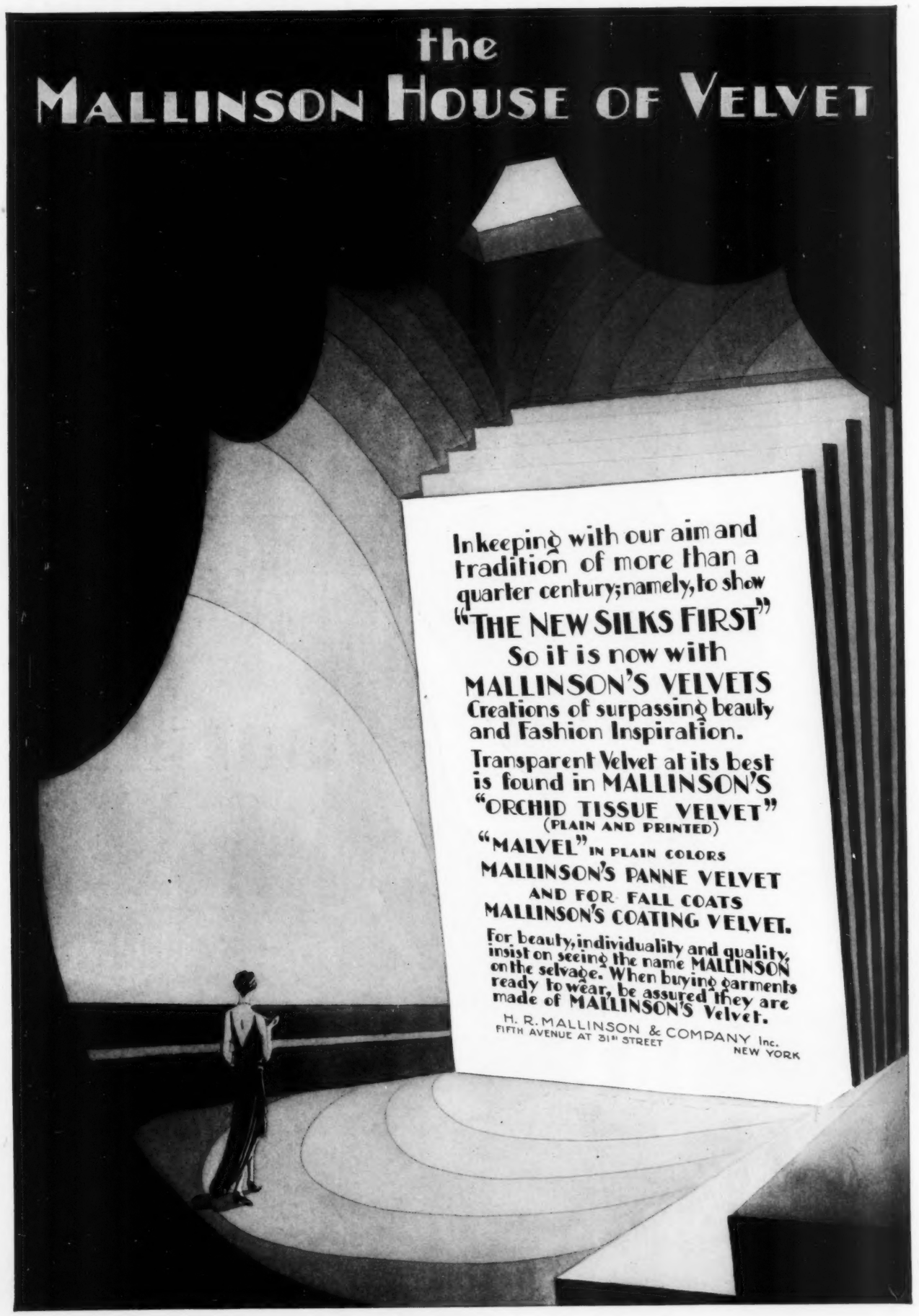
handkerchiefs

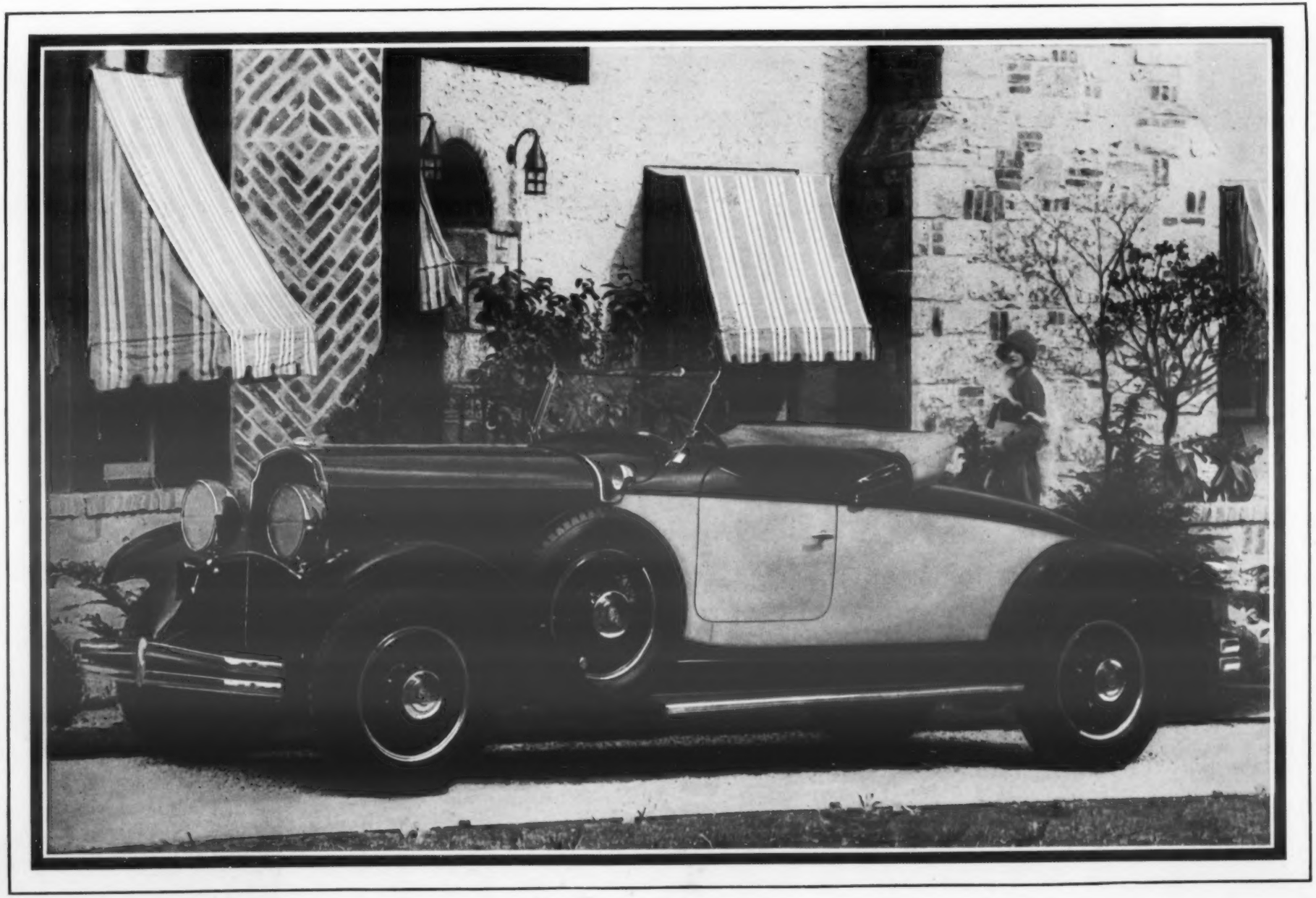
Whether you want to wave it, or to catch a tear in it, or simply to carry it for adornment . . . you couldn't choose anything more appropriate than a handkerchief from Marshall Field and Company . . .

Delicate traceries of rosepoint lace from cottages in Belgium; tiny exquisite squares made in China, Japan, and Porto Rico; fluttering feminine ones from France and Italy and Madeira; and lovely linen from our own factories in Ireland, Switzerland, and Zion; all the world contributes to our thousands of distinct handkerchief styles. Such is the promise of complete selections in every department that accompanies our invitation to visit this store when you are in Chicago.

marshall field

& company
retail · chicago

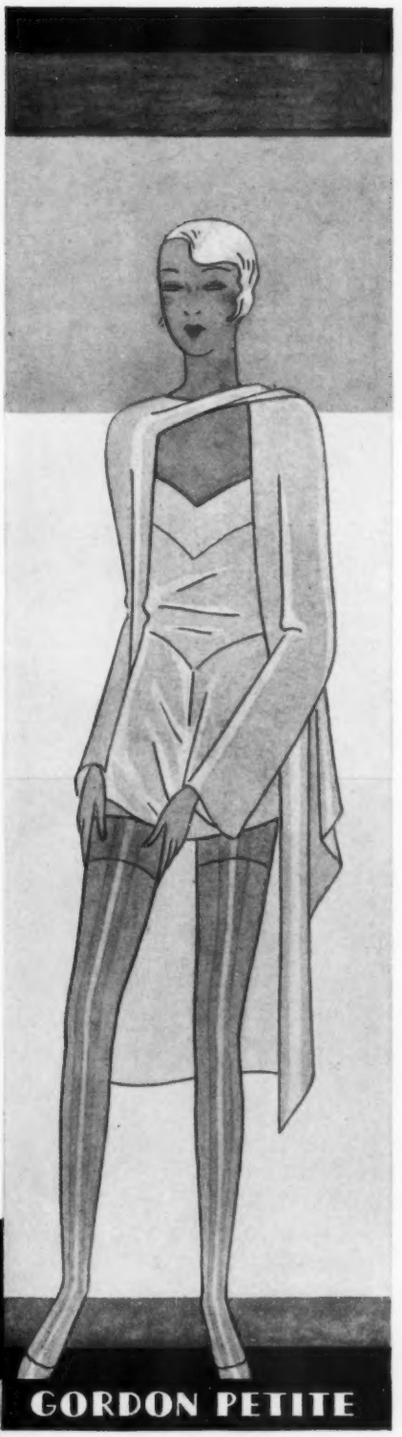

the
MALLINSON HOUSE OF VELVET
In keeping with our aim and tradition of more than a quarter century; namely, to show
"THE NEW SILKS FIRST"
So it is now with
MALLINSON'S VELVETS
Creations of surpassing beauty and Fashion Inspiration.
Transparent Velvet at its best is found in MALLINSON'S
"ORCHID TISSUE VELVET"
(PLAIN AND PRINTED)
"MALVEL" IN PLAIN COLORS
MALLINSON'S PANNE VELVET
AND FOR FALL COATS
MALLINSON'S COATING VELVET.
For beauty, individuality and quality, insist on seeing the name MALLINSON on the selvage. When buying garments ready to wear, be assured they are made of MALLINSON'S Velvet.
H. R. MALLINSON & COMPANY Inc.
FIFTH AVENUE AT 31st STREET
NEW YORK



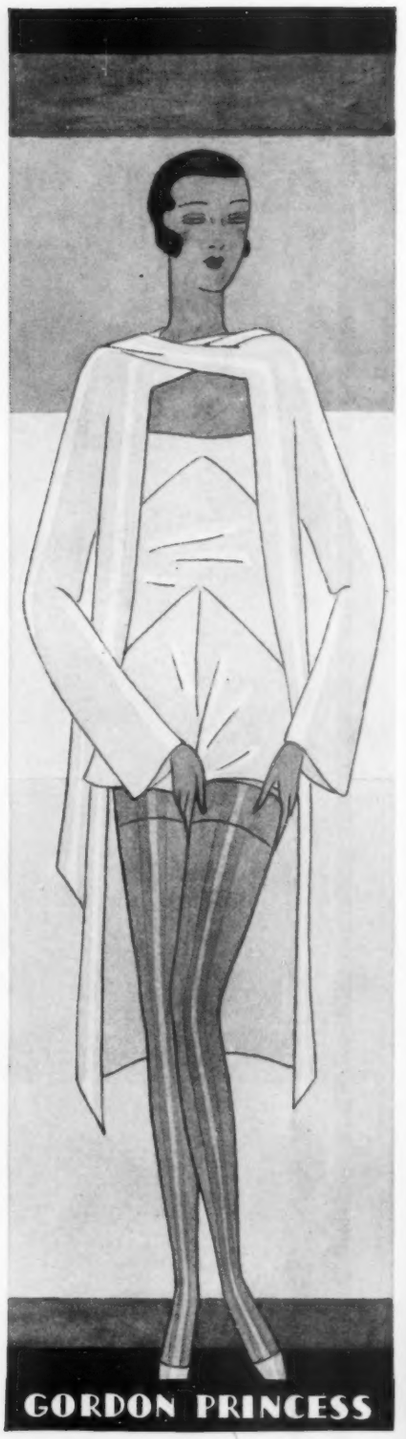
From Actual Color Photograph of New Chrysler Imperial Roadster, $2895, f. o. b. factory *(wire wheels extra)*

FOR EACH . . HER OWN INDIVIDUALLY

NOW . . . for the first time in costume history . . . stockings are made in two varying dimensions—and in four groups—as explained on the opposite page. For these Gordon Individually-Proportioned Stockings are dimensioned for the proportions of individual legs—as well as of individual feet.



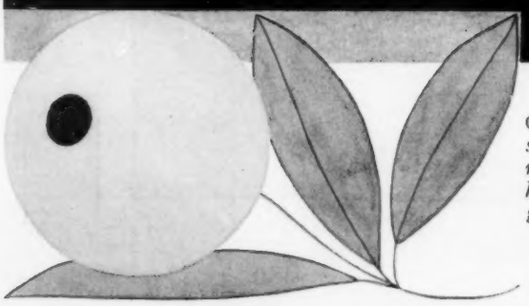
GORDON PETITE



GORDON PRINCESS

© B. D. CO., '29

Gordon



GORDON PETITE *is designed for the short woman with average leg measurements . . . for the woman of average height with very slim legs . . . for the growing girl.*

GORDON PRINCESS *is designed for women of average height and leg measurements; for the short woman with plump legs and thighs; for the young girl whose skirts are brief.*

—PROPORTIONED STOCKINGS by Gordon

GORDON REGAL *is designed for the tall woman with average leg measurements; for the woman of average height with somewhat heavy calves or thighs.*

Shoes have always been made—and ordered—in *two* measurements—length and width. But Stockings . . . the important "Third" of the modern woman's ensemble . . . have hitherto concerned themselves with only the *foot* size. Yet . . . some women are diminutive with slim legs. Others . . . just as tiny, and with the same 9 foot-size . . . have wide thighs and thin ankles. Still others . . . wearing the 9 foot-size . . . are tall and regally proportioned.

So—Gordon has designed these Individually-Proportioned Stockings—in four leg-sizes and all foot-sizes. These are so scientifically worked out that . . . whatever your type of figure . . . some one of these proportions will give you stocking-smoothness . . . freedom from strain or binding, from surplus that needs to be rolled . . . and . . . you will enjoy their longer wear.

These new stockings . . . to be found at the shops you prefer . . . are called *Gordon Petite, Gordon Princess, Gordon Regal* and *Gordon Splendide.* The *Gordon Splendide* is particularly designed for the thousands of American women who . . . whether tall or short . . . are *generously proportioned* throughout the lower part of their bodies.

Velvetta
SUEDE CALF

AS PARIS SEES IT

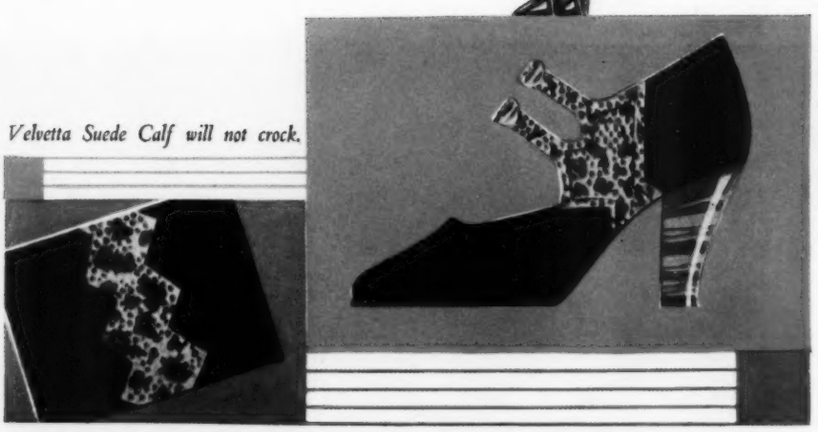
This original Marcel Rochas costume of brown and white flecked tweed—one of the smartest costumes shown at the mid-seasons—is perfectly complemented by Velvetta Suede calf in shoes, bag and belt. Velvetta Suede dominates the style picture for fine footwear because of its superior finish, better wearing qualities and because *it will not crock.*

Insist on ***Velvetta*** in your suede shoes; for then you may be sure that they are smart. Velvetta Suede calf is made especially for fine footwear.

Shoes of ***Velvetta Suede*** calf are carried by all the better retailers throughout the country. If your dealer does not show them, write us for address of nearest store.

HUNT-RANKIN LEATHER COMPANY
106 BEACH STREET, BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS

Our new 1929 fall and winter booklet is ready. It shows up-to-the-minute costumes with shoes and bags to match. Write today for your free copy.



Velvetta Suede Calf will not crock.

This Season the classic fur coat is of BROADTAIL

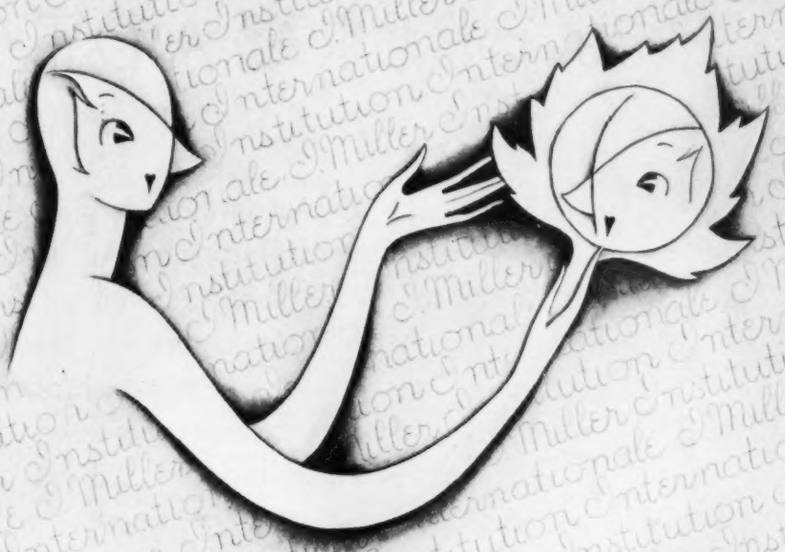
IN a season that glorifies elegance, softness, femininity and beauty, it is inevitable that broadtail fur should be the ultimate choice of the smartest women in the world. Broadtail with sable—broadtail with silver fox—or untrimmed broadtail...It was also inevitable that the smartest women in the world should demand the sophistication of treatment and subtlety of line only Jaeckel fur coats have.

JAECKEL

JAECKEL & SONS

FIFTH AVENUE at 45th STREET
NEW YORK

institution I. MILLER internationale



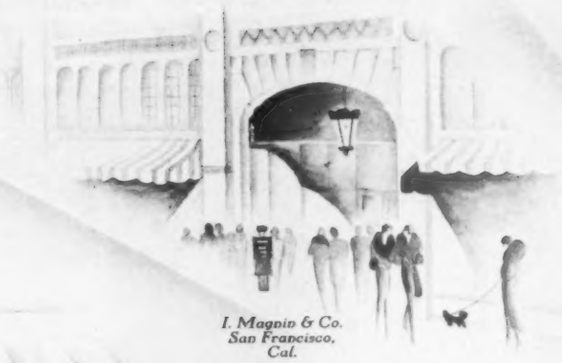
The Richer, Deeper
BEAUTIES of the FALL

There are mellow-toned slippers in autumnal wines and russets and deep-hued shades; there are reptiles, chameleon-like, in a variety of colors; there are crepes and kidskins in richer tones and lovely suedes in green and black. The colors are endless and the styles, like all I. Miller fashions, are simply irresistible.

I. MILLER Fifth Avenue

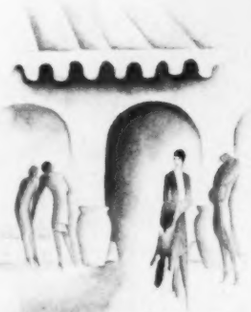
SHOPS AND AGENCIES IN PRINCIPAL CITIES

I. MILLER Beautiful Shoes



I. Magnin & Co.
San Francisco,
Cal.

I. Miller Co.
1222 F. Street
Washington, D.C.



I. Magnin & Co.
Hotel Biltmore
Los Angeles, Cal.

Institution I. MILLER Internationale

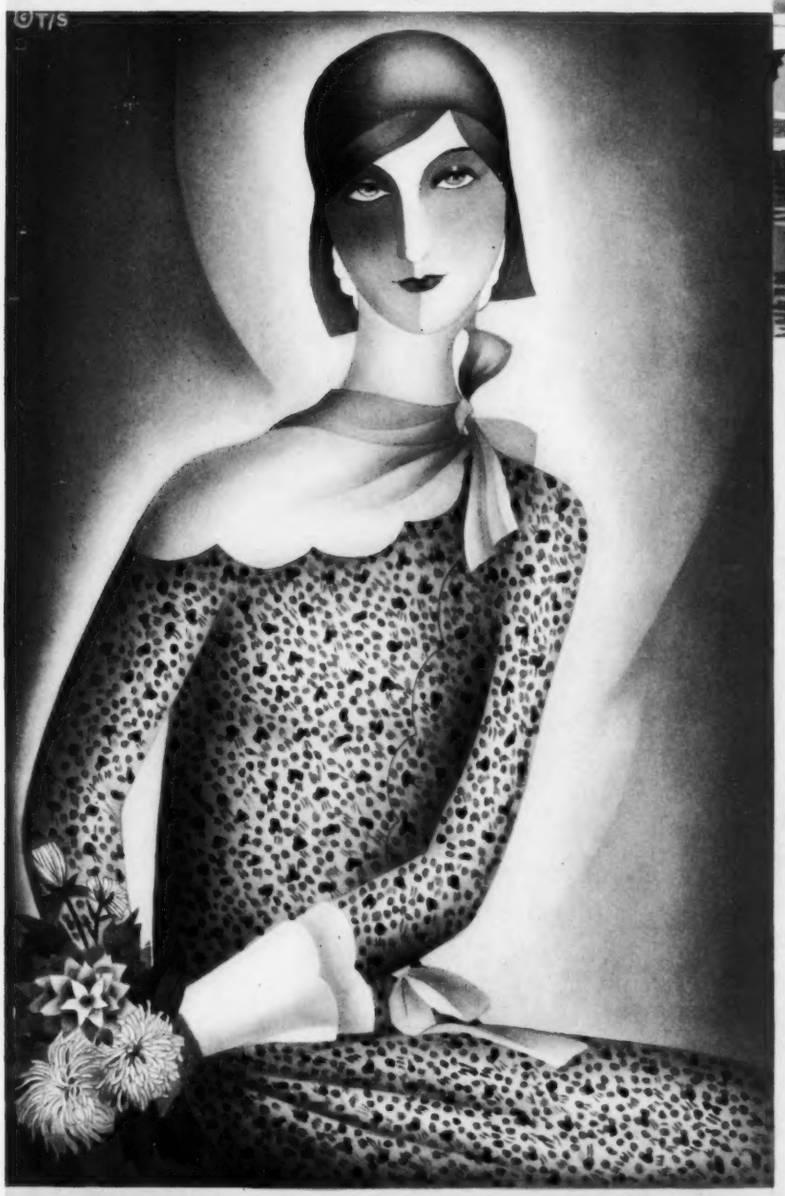
The Broader, Wider
SERVICE of the FALL

With the appointment of some fifteen additional representatives in the last few months, there is now a complete showing of I. Miller slipper fashions in every major community in America. Authoritative fashion counsel may be had from these representative shops—chosen for their fashion influence in their communities. . . .

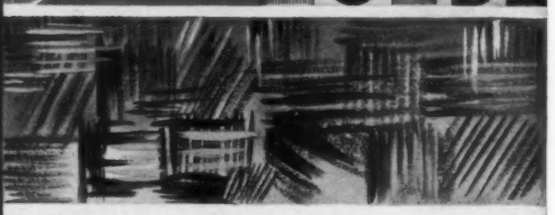
I. MILLER De Luxe Model

SHOPS AND AGENCIES IN PRINCIPAL CITIES

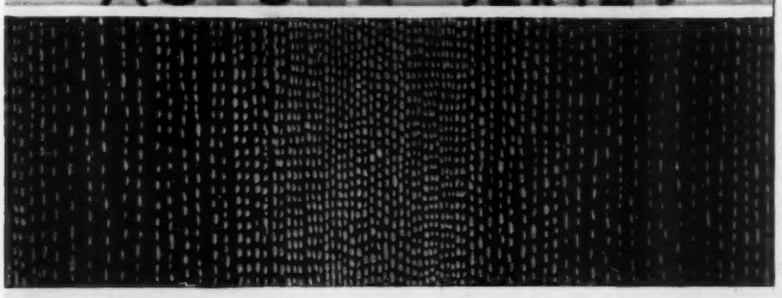
I. MILLER Beautiful Shoes



SILKS BEAU MONDE



TELEVISION PRINTS
AUTUMN SERIES



Printed silk has joined the All-Year Club. Paris made it possible with this qualification: that the printed silk for Fall and Winter must *differ definitely* from the printed silk for balmier days. Just so the Autumn series of TELEVISION SILK PRINTS differs . . . in their heavier, richer, wearable-in-winter weave . . . in the intricacy of their closely-placed designs . . . in the warmth of their wood tones . . . the russets . . . cedars . . . browns . . . and greens. Their subtle, shaded effects are achieved by a process as new to the art of silk printing as television is to radio! You will find TELEVISION SILK PRINTS in frocks or by the piece wherever smart apparel or silks are sold.

MARSHALL FIELD & COMPANY, WHOLESALE

Originators and manufacturers of SILKS BEAU MONDE

CHICAGO **NEW YORK**

TWENTY YEARS WERE NEEDED TO CREATE THESE MASTERPIECES

ENSEMBLE by KNOX

Twenty centuries could well be spent without achieving their equals

Twenty years ago, the Fromm brothers settled in a snow-swept clearing in the northern forest of Wisconsin, for the purpose of producing the finest strain of silver fox that man's intelligence, coupled with nature, could create. For twenty years they labored, struggled, experimented—faced heartaches and disappointments—to triumph finally and gloriously, with the full-furred, silky, perfectly marked pelts that comprise the present collection of Fromm Pedigreed Silver Foxes.

These men have the secret of breeding, raising and pelting perfect silver foxes—a secret wrested from the heart of the far north woods—a secret jealously guarded and closely held—a secret won from the teeth of the northern gale. Theirs is the ability to share in the creation of rare treasures of furdom—an ability desired by many but achieved by few. Twenty years it took them to gain the heights—and in the twenty years, thousands of other fox farmers attempted to equal their achievement—and failed. For twenty centuries could well be spent without approaching the perfection that these men's skill and patience have attained. Go to your furrier—and enjoy for yourself the glory of a Fromm Pedigreed Silver Fox Scarf—the beauty born of twenty eventful years in the far north woods.

RETURN THE MEDALLION THAT IDENTIFIES YOUR SCARF TO FROMM BROS.—AND RECEIVE PEDIGREE—DESCRIBING THE SCARF YOU HAVE PURCHASED.

FROMM PEDIGREED SILVER FOXES

are the result of twenty years of scientific fox farming in northern Wisconsin. Each is a full and silky, perfectly marked, masterpiece of fur. Like all real treasures, these pelts are limited in quantity, only 7665 of them having been bred this year. Each is identified by the medallion shown—and the whole fascinating story of the twenty years of creation behind each Fromm Pedigreed Silver Fox is told in the black and silver book which will be sent to you gratis—if you request it on the coupon. Fromm Bros., Hamburg, Wis.

FROMM BROS. H-9-29
Hamburg, Wisconsin.

Gentlemen:

Send me booklet on Fromm Pedigreed Silver Foxes. This entails no obligation on my part.

Name .....

Address .....

McCALLUM Autumn Openings, October 7 to 19

. . . present Three New "Fashion" Shades

UTTERLY NEW and breathtakingly beautiful—as different from the familiar colors of earlier seasons as autumn's cool breath from the balmy airs of spring!

There is *Lafaire* with its soft elusive tone that glides smoothly into either daytime or darker evening ensemble. *Marette*, that delicious new deep beige with the mauve tint, harmonizing strikingly with newest costume colors. *Barcelo*, a deep warm Spanish hue, expressing in lavish richness the vivid new season's glamorous mood.

And soon, before thousands of gleaming mirrors, these tender-hued soft wisps of chiffon will be gathered in caressing fingers, while the faint silken bloom of McCallum sheerness spreads over ankle and rounded knee. It is a joy just to put them on—America's loveliest stockings!

Lafaire, Barcelo, Marette and a number of other important new McCallum colors will be first shown in leading shops October 7 to 19. At $5.00, $3.50, $3.00, $2.50 and even $1.95 and $1.65.

LAFAIRE...A perfect hosiery shade for the new browns, blues and wine reds, and for the darker evening gowns. You may also wish to have one or two of these shades:
ALLURE—*A soft wood beige.*
NUDA—*A skin shade.*
PARCHMENT—*A skin tone for the brunette.*
RACHELLE—*A natural nude tone.*
FRENCH NUDE—*Light, golden beige.*

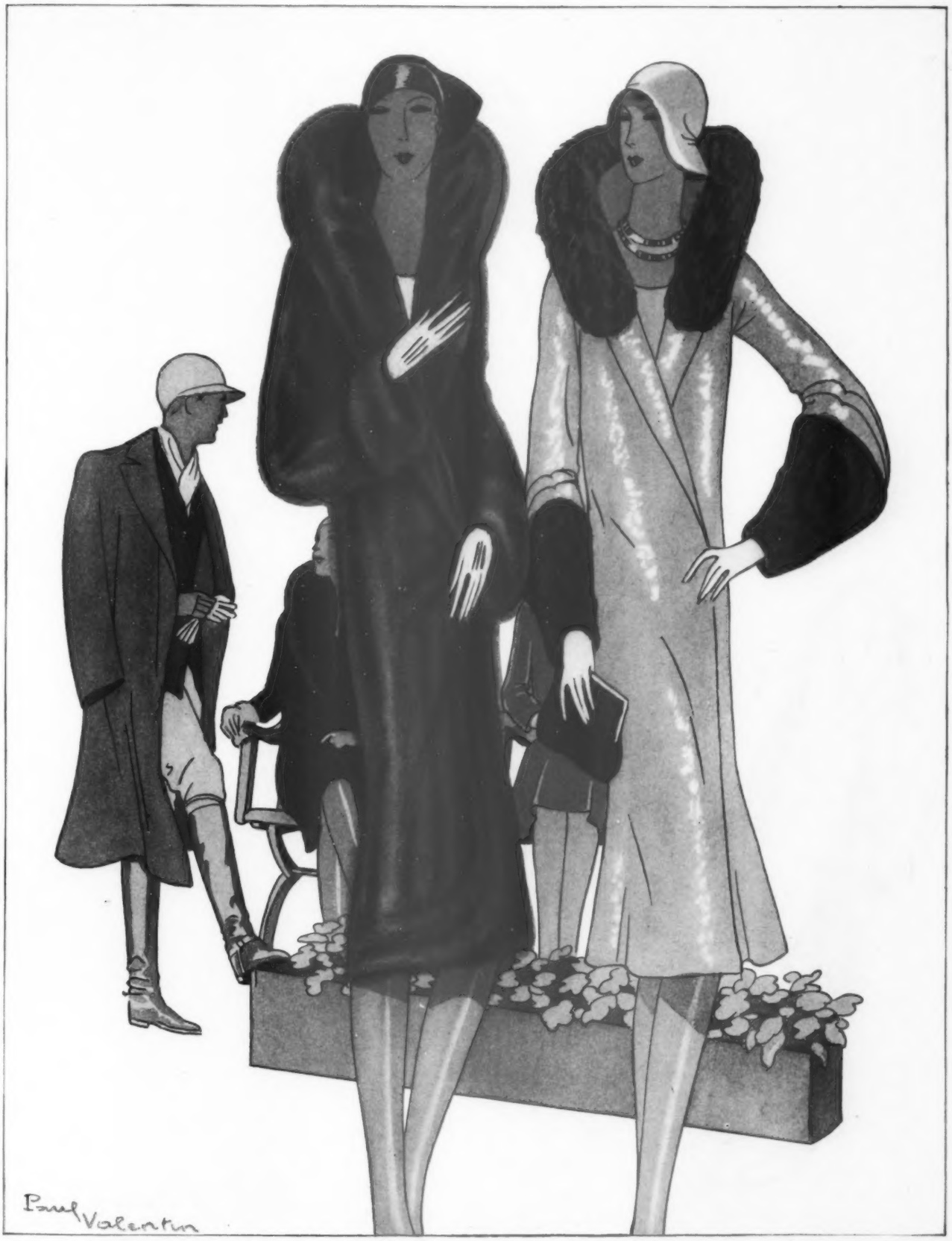
MARETTE...In Marette, a distinctive new beige with a mauve cast, McCallum presents a fashion shade for black and for chocolate brown, wine, purple and the new blues. Other interesting McCallum beiges and greys include:
LAVA—*A hint of mauve in grey beige.*
MIDI—*Beige touched with autumn.*
SHADOW—*Soft grey-beige.*
COPAL—*A sun-tan grey.*

BARCELO... Named for the Spanish city, this deep, rich shade is lovely with brown furs, hunter green, capucine accents, and the copper tones. Among McCallum deep beiges are:
BEECHWOOD—*New French brown.*
WALNUT—*A deep wood shade.*
VELLUM—*A deep natural tan.*
CANONEA—*Like polished bronze.*
SUNMODE—*A flattering sun-tan.*

McCALLUM HOSIERY

"You just know she wears them"

For evening, McCallum presents a new Mauve to complement the fair clear complexion; French Flesh, a new and very lovely sophisticated evening shade; Light Pink and Moonlight; and Sunni and Blushwood, deeper tones to blend into the new depth of suntanned and sunburned coloring . . . . At all smart shops and at Bayard's, 12 Rue de la Paix, Paris; and 10 Quadrant Arcade, 82 Regent Street, London.



Natural dark Russian Sable Coat of a Revillon Frères creation. ∽ Grey cloth coat trimmed with Leipsig-dyed Caracul (copy of Paris model)... tailored in our New Cloth Coat Department. ∽ Never have natural Sables been more in vogue and our collection is the finest procurable... Kamchatka, Barguzin and Sangsan ... no other house in the world can offer such a selection as our Fifth Avenue establishment.

Revillon Frères

FIFTH AVENUE AT 54TH STREET

(IN THEIR NEW BUILDING)

Established 1723

This daytime costume boasts many points refreshingly new to jaded fashion appetites: the natural waistline defined by a belt; the longer skirt with godet pleats; the bolero and cuffs bordered with mink-tail. Fashioned of a new Svelda print for fall made of Bemberg yarn produced by The American Bemberg Corporation, New York City.

STEIN & BLAINE SHOWS IN SVELDA FABRICS

THESE SMART FALL MODES MADE OF BEMBERG

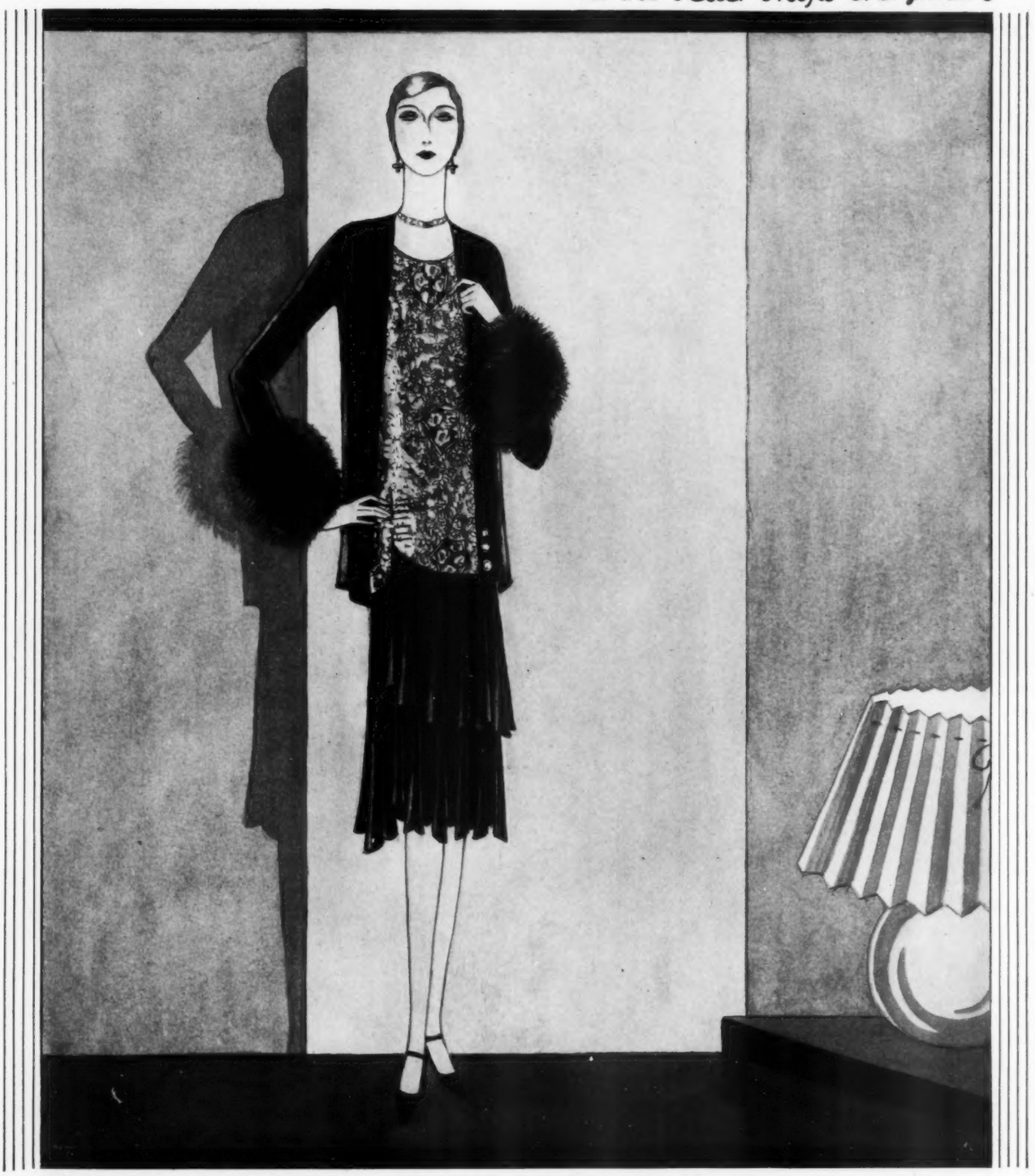
Pale yellow Svelda Crepe Satin fashions this graceful, gracious evening gown, with its swathed hip, its bloused back, and its smartly longer, irregular skirt which gives height, slimness and the newer dignity. This exquisite Satin Crepe is one of the newest Svelda fabrics for the Autumn season made by Aberfoyle of Bemberg yarn.

BLACKSHIRE

GOWNS FOR WOMEN

PARIS • NEW YORK • LOS ANGELES • MONTREAL

At the better shops everywhere



Blackshire's new costume for early autumn is a creation of smart dignity with youthful spirit. Into the sleeveless blouse of flowered Gold Lamé, blends an exquisite rose pattern . . . both colors beautiful in their contrast with Black Panne Velvet. The chic Velvet Jacket, cuffed with fine Black Fur, fastens smoothly at hipline. Blackshire's latest mode has a becoming touch of gracious formality welcomed by well dressed women.

ENTIRE CONTENTS OF THIS ADVERTISEMENT COPYRIGHTED BY M. G. & CO.

MRS. OLIVER HARRIMAN

Mrs. Harriman has always been celebrated for her great beauty. The distinguished new portrait of Mrs. Harriman at the left is by Halmi. (Below) Mrs. Harriman leaving her London home in Berkeley Square for a morning walk. She has chosen Travelese Shoe "Benito" as the ideal shoe for chic and poise when walking.

TRAVELESE

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

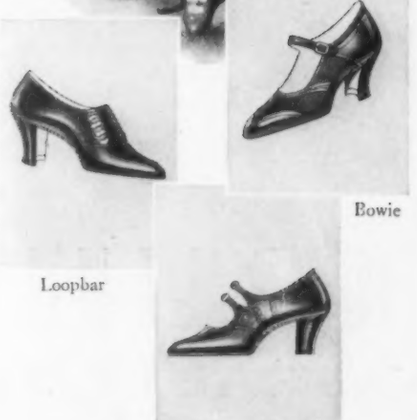
an answer to the appeal of women of fashion for a new type of walking shoe

The woman of innate good taste who is always appropriately dressed bestows especial care on the selection of her walking shoes. They must, of course, complete the costume, but above everything else they must be built for walking.

Ideal both from the point of view of style and of construction which fits and supports the walking foot are the new Travelese Shoes. The ingenious new Travelese idea, extremely light in construction, places the foot scientifically, giving perfect balance and just the needed amount of support. Walking becomes effortless, buoyant and graceful as youth itself. There is none of the strain inevitable when an inappropriately designed shoe is worn. The result is complete ease in walking with the unconscious grace of bearing essential to true distinction.

Sponsored by Laird, Schober & Company, the Travelese idea is exclusive. A variety of classic and newest models enable the most particular woman to complete her street costumes with these smart shoes. The styling, the beautiful workmanship and the quality of the leathers are all of the extreme elegance one would expect from these artists in luxurious footwear.

To be had where *distinguished footwear* is featured. Laird, Schober & Company, Philadelphia, Pa.



Bowie

Loopbar

Benito

Laird, Schober & Co.
Philadelphia

TRUHU

WASHABLE SILKS

ABSOLUTELY PURE · UNWEIGHTED

IF IT'S TRUHU IT'S WASHABLE

The very pattern of

PERFECTION

BUBBLING over with life . . . carefree, gay, vivacious . . . feminine, yet practical . . . beautiful, yet sensible. The description of a smart, modern woman? Or of the striking Truhu pattern she is wearing? Both . . . for each is a pattern of perfection!

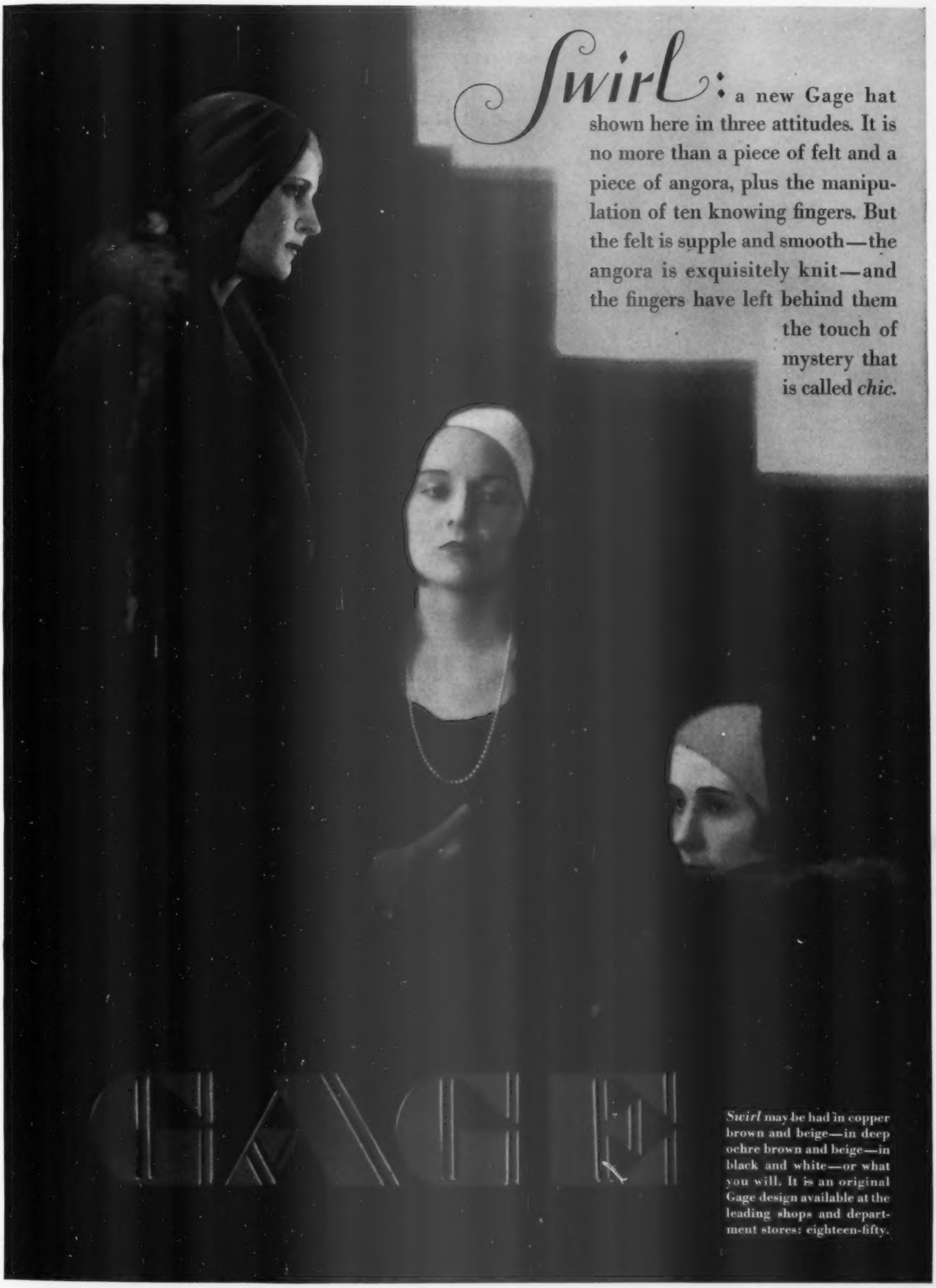
Truhu printed silks, designed by artists in Europe and America, offer authentic, cosmopolitan style. They literally sparkle with color . . . with bright, radiant color that has no fear of the washtub. For Truhu silks are *really* washable. Combine the printed and the plain-colored fabrics, if you wish, and be confident of complete washability.

You will fairly revel in Truhu's sprightly contributions to the current gaiety of fashion. See them at smart shops . . . in the piece or ready to wear. The name Truhu on the selvage tells you "Here is style . . . happily united with practicality."

JERSEY SILK MILLS, Inc., 200 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.
I am interested in the Truhu story of style plus practicality. Please send samples and additional information.

Name_____

Address_____ City_____


Swirl: a new Gage hat shown here in three attitudes. It is no more than a piece of felt and a piece of angora, plus the manipulation of ten knowing fingers. But the felt is supple and smooth—the angora is exquisitely knit—and the fingers have left behind them the touch of mystery that is called *chic*.
GAGE
Swirl may be had in copper brown and beige—in deep ochre brown and beige—in black and white—or what you will. It is an original Gage design available at the leading shops and department stores: eighteen-fifty.

THERE IS A SUBTLETY AND RARE BEAUTY TO CELANESE

TRADE MARK REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

"MIRROCEL"

FRANKLIN SIMON & CO.
chose fall shades of Celanese "Mirrocel," a distinctive new fabric, for this very smart tailored frock.

With its rich dull crepy surface "Mirrocel" has the tailored spirit so necessary to the smart fall costume. The highlights rippling over its surface make it a charming departure from the severity of plain weaves. This new fabric has unique practical qualities as well. It does not shrink or stretch, is unharmed by perspiration, and may be cleansed readily. And in spite of being exceedingly smart, it is surprisingly modest in price for such a fine fabric.

CELANESE

TRADE MARK REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

"MIRROCEL"···SATIN···TAFFETA···VOILE···NINON···PERMANENT MOIRE

Celanese yarns, fabrics and articles are made of synthetic products manufactured exclusively by the Celanese Corporation of America, 180 Madison Ave., New York City.

A New and Smarter Type of Foot-Protection

Winter storms ruin smart shoes. Old-fashioned rubbers ruin a smart appearance. What to do? ¶ Wear the new, chic Hood Raintogs. So light in weight you hardly know you have them on. Of such attractive suede-finish material that nobody else does, either. ¶ In smart shades of beige, brown and gray, to harmonize with all ensembles. ¶ Of course, they're absolutely waterproof. Wash beautifully, too, with ordinary soap and water. Raintogs are entirely different from any other storm footwear. They have been patented by the Hood Rubber Company and are sold only under the Hood trade mark. ¶ You'll find them at all the best shops.

HOOD RainTogs

Made only by
HOOD RUBBER COMPANY
Watertown, Mass.

TERTIARY BROWN

. . . . an entirely new Autumn color introduced by Cammeyer in exclusive and original modes with duo-tone rhythmic applique and unusual sidewise ornaments.

SALON de LUXE FIFTH AVENUE at FIFTY THIRD NEW YORK

The Pierce-Arrow Sort of People

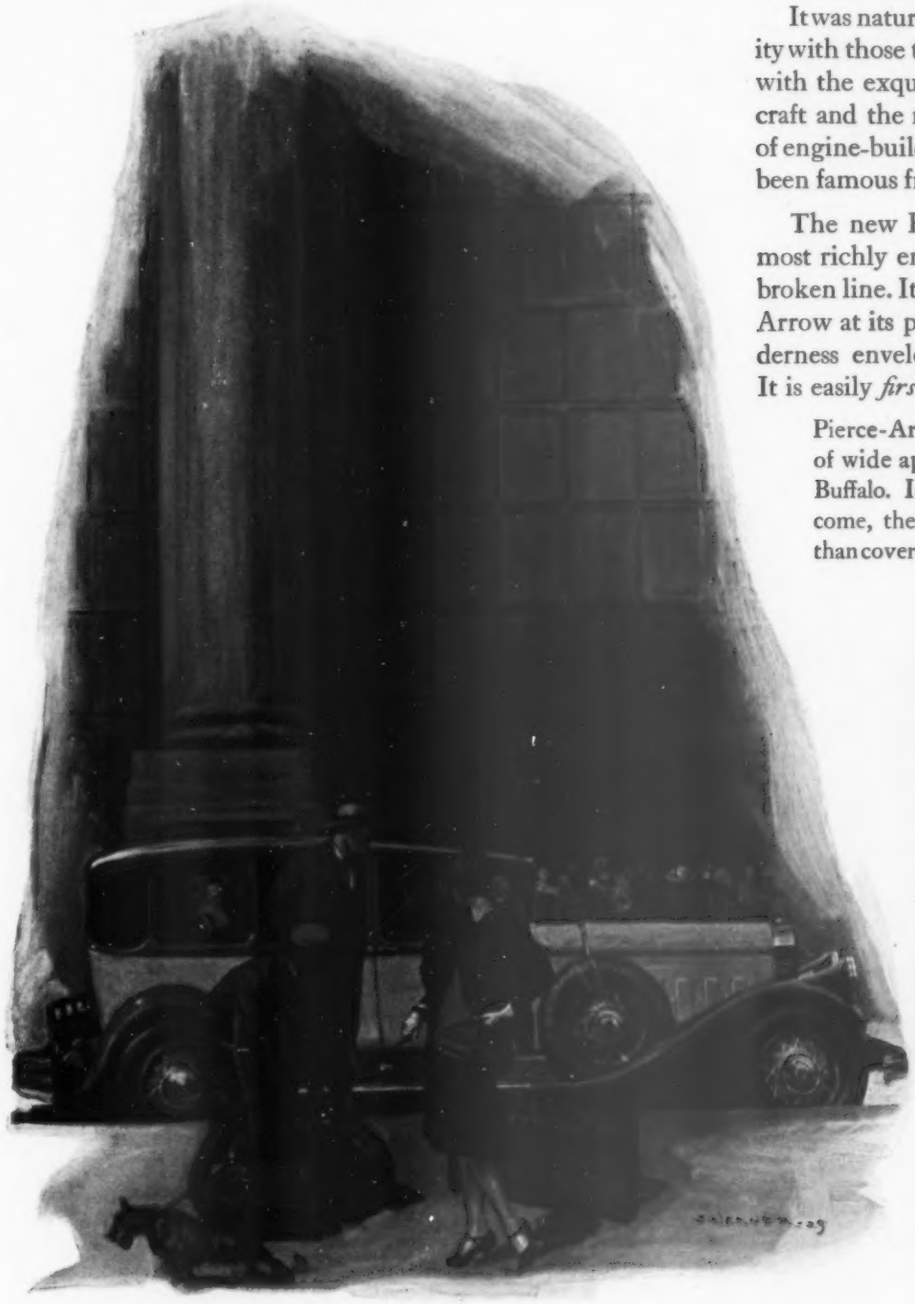
AMONG the very finest things that have been built by Pierce-Arrow is the character of following that so distinguishes this quality motor car.

The Pierce-Arrow sort of people are to be recognized by that excellence of taste which marks always the well-bred—never the commonplace.

It was natural that such people should find affinity with those traditions which inspire fineness—with the exquisite hand-wrought detail of coachcraft and the meticulous hand-tooled precisions of engine-building—for which Pierce-Arrow has been famous from the beginning.

The new Pierce-Arrow Straight Eight is the most richly endowed automobile of a great unbroken line. It has a patrician beauty that is Pierce-Arrow at its proudest. Its long, low-swung slenderness envelops great ease and mighty power. It is easily *first among America's finest motor cars.*

Pierce-Arrow prices are appropriate and of wide appeal: From $2775 to $8200, at Buffalo. In the purchase of a car from income, the average allowance usually more than covers the initial Pierce-Arrow payment.



A generation has grown up, between the Pierce-Arrow portraits reproduced on this page. The one above, painted in 1915, shows how smart New York appeared en route in that day. The other is today's version of the same subject—the same scene, the same quality of people, the same make of motor car.

PIERCE-ARROW

Cruises... *idyllic style*

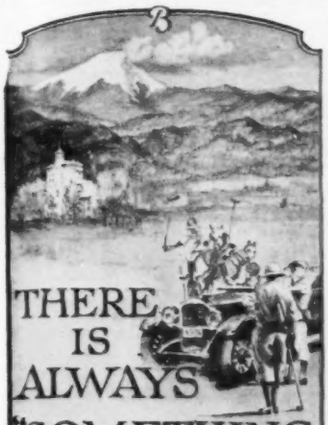
BY DISTINGUISHED SHIPS AND THE WORLD'S GREATEST TRAVEL SYSTEM

What a beautifully-arranged world it's getting to be! All these glamorous countries being put together in itineraries. All these glamorous itineraries being traversed in such idyllic fashion. Famous Atlantic liners... lazing through the tropic seas . . . the life of a floating country club... younger set dances..."contract" tournaments . . . French chefs creating the dishes of New York and Paris . . . super-servants alert to your every want. Tying up in romantic ports . . . guest-of-honor welcomes . . . entertainments, fêtes . . . de luxe trains . . . privileged sights . . . celebrated hotels, storied restaurants and resorts. All without your lifting a finger.

Such is the height to which cruises have been brought by the world's greatest travel system. Which will you choose? Round-the-World, sailing Dec. 2, for 137 days, on the Empress of Australia. South America-Africa, sailing Jan. 21, for 104 days, on the Duchess of Atholl. First Mediterranean, sailing Feb. 3 for 73 days on the Empress of Scotland. Second Mediterranean, sailing Feb. 13 for 73 days on the Empress of France.

What can the intriguing details be? If you have a good travel agent, ask him. Information also from any Canadian Pacific office, New York, Chicago, Montreal, and 30 other cities in United States and Canada.

Canadian Pacific



THERE IS ALWAYS "SOMETHING TO DO" AT The BROADMOOR

THE most complete rest or the most active exercise are at hand here—every day in the year. What do you like best to do—play? loaf? eat? sleep?—you will never find a better place for it!

The golf's world famous—and so is the scenery—and so is the luxury you'll find in apartment, lounge or dining-room. If you want better horses, better motors, better food, better service, better sports, better games, a better vacation—you'd better try The Broadmoor!

In Autumn the mountains are at their best and balmy weather adds an extra measure of rest and recreation, so plan to come soon.

The BROADMOOR
COLORADO SPRINGS
HOME OF THE FAMOUS MANITOU SPARKLING WATERS

Reservations direct;
in New York at the Ritz;
in London at 23, Haymarket;
in Paris at 11 Rue de Castiglione.

Free hangar at the airport;
our motors will meet you.

Courtesy of Swiss Federal R. a.

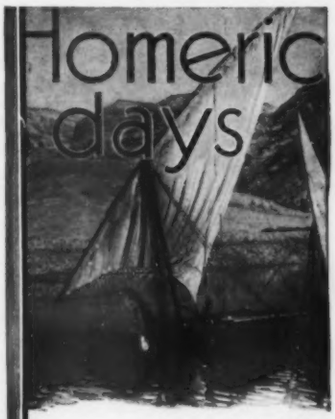
Gstaad Goes Aquatic . . .

With an out-door pool . . . all the paraphernalia of al fresco diversions . . . top-hole tennis . . . golf . . . aviation to your favorite capital . . . and all those divagations from the ordinary which it is Switzerland's pride to give . . . Usually known for its perfect winter manners Gstaad has run amok into the most flirtatious all-the-year-round attraction. It's worth a month of anyone's autumn.

And from there you can go over the Pillon Pass to Montreux on Lac Leman . . . and from there through the Simplon to Italy . . . or you can cross Lac Leman to Lausanne, where Ouchy dangles its edges in the water, and all the world's an idle holiday . . . But if you refuse to leave Gstaad, countless short trips will show you the Swiss panorama at its most fabulous and characteristic.

Harper's Bazar Travel Bureau has a store of fresh and pungent information on Switzerland. It knows the ultra-smart places and the little placid do - as - you - jolly - well - like places. For although it is the Travel Arbiter of the American Fashionable World, the Bureau is no snob. It treats monster towns and baby villages impartially. So whether you want to go to the one or the other, on either side of the equator, consider the Bureau at your disposal. It really simplifies travel. Its services are free.

Harper's Bazar Travel Bureau
572 Madison Ave. (at 56 St.) New York City



A boat on the Nile

Directly before you is the Sphinx—the Pyramids. Off in the distance is Cairo. Cairo—the magnificent, the mysterious. The thrilling, throbbing Orient. Cairo, the ancient—the unchanged civilization of a thousand years. Bournous-clad men. Veiled women. Carnival-like Bazaars. Hustle and bustle. Dark, narrow streets. Mosques, Minarets, Arabs, camels, donkeys, hawkers. A gasp, a laugh, a thrill every second. Faster than you can take it all in. That is Cairo. And Cairo is but one of the many dazzling Arabian Night's adventures on the

Mediterranean Cruise Supreme

from New York January 25th next

The Homeric—one of the World's foremost ships—with 115 rooms connected with private bath—the largest steamer to the Mediterranean—takes you to all the right places at the right time—14,000 miles—65 days.

Casablanca, Palma-Majorca, Barcelona, Valetta, Larnaka, Nicosia and Ajaccio are new ports added to an already wondrous itinerary. Two weeks in Egypt—the Holy Land; generous stay-over privileges. Return is via England on the Majestic, Olympic or Homeric.

Thos. Cook & Son
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in co-operation with

Wagons-Lits Co.

THE DE LUXE MEDITERRANEAN CRUISE

FOR SOPHISTICATED TRAVELERS

DISCRIMINATING travelers invariably select the cruise that shows imaginative, skillful planning . . . whose itinerary is a miracle of fashionable continuity, visiting the world's glittering playgrounds at the very pinnacle of their seasons. They insist upon a shipboard home that offers the same luxurious surroundings, the same social atmosphere as their own country clubs. A Mediterranean Cruise in its completest, most thrilling sense.

And that is exactly why the Frank Company has again exclusively chartered the Cunard R. M. S. Scythia for their Eighth Annual Cruise De Luxe . . . from New York, Jan. 28th, 1930. With an itinerary that offers an exceptionally long visit in Egypt and the Holy Land . . . that includes such unusual ports as Cattaro, Tunis, Malta, Taormina, Ragusa . . . in addition to the usual Mediterranean countries.

67 perfectly planned days of pleasure . . . Cunard's finest First Class Service and Cuisine. Membership limited to 390 guests . . . half capacity. Rates including shore excursions from $950. Free stop-over in Europe and return by any Cunard steamer.

Fascinating Literature on Request

ESTABLISHED 1875

FRANK TOURIST COMPANY

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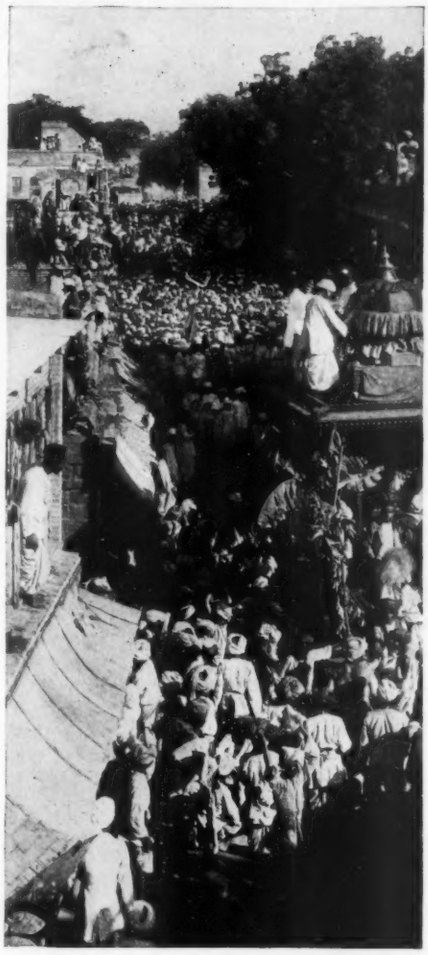
LOS ANGELES . . . . 408 So. Spring Street

THE INDIA EXPERIENCE



Juggernaut Cars at Puri

INDIA hangs like a ripe fruit for travellers with a taste for real travel . . . Spacious sleepers . . . private baths and kitchens . . . the right to stop off or go on in your own private pullmans . . . European hotels . . . the servants that a Sahib expects and gets . . . In just such comfort you can go from the temples of Madura to the gymkanas at Darjeeling . . . from the gorgeous shrines of Vijayanagar to the dramatic native scenes at Amritsar . . . see bathing Ghats . . . smiling villages . . . watch polo up Delhi way . . . All the contrasts from the Taj Mahal at Agra to the Kolar gold fields above Madras . . . You've done Brittany . . . why not do the Punjab? It's just as easy. ¶ Regular weekly steamers. Booklets, complete tour service by Indian State Railways, 342 Madison Ave., N. Y. Or consult principal tourist agencies (any office) or your own agent. Freight inquiry also solicited.

India

AMAZING -
AMUSING -
MYSTERIOUS

-- ARE THE STRANGE LANDS SEEN ON

"The Voyage of Your Dreams"

AROUND THE WORLD

"BAKSHEESH", the beggars cry! But you don't mind them. They are part of the Orient . . . along with the brilliant coloring, the incense, the tinkling of bells. Men wear flowing robes . . . and women, trousers. India shows a courtyard made into a Parcheesi board . . . where the great Akhbar used slave nautch girls for pawns. Why not forget your humdrum past . . . and for 140 days harvest exciting memories for the years to come? Visit Indo-China and the Temple ruins at Angkor Wat, China, Japan, Sula, Hawaii . . . and all the 33 countries of the 7th Around the World Cruise . . . an itinerary that is most comprehensive and complete . . . over 38,000 miles.

RESOLUTE
QUEEN OF CRUISING STEAMERS

For of course you choose the Resolute . . . Queen of Cruising Steamers . . . and sail eastward from New York January 6th, 1930, arriving in every country at the ideal season.

Rates $2000 and up Include an extraordinary program of shore excursions. Write today for descriptive literature

Hamburg-American
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209 Tremont Street, Boston; 177 N. Michigan Ave. Chicago; 262 S. Broad Street, Philadelphia; 812 Olive St. St. Louis; 574 Market Street, San Francisco; 438 Citizens' National Bank Bldg., Los Angeles; 614 St. James St. West, Montreal; 274 Main Street, Winnipeg; Adams Building, Edmonton. Or Local Tourist Agents.

THE HARPER'S BAZAR HOTEL AND TRAVEL DEPARTMENT

Atmosphere . . .

People say of the Aquitania, the Berengaria, the Mauretania—"They have atmosphere."

"Atmosphere." A charm that is responsive—rather than assertive . . . Gaiety that waits for you, but does not follow you . . . Tranquillity not intrusive—but not elusive, either . . .

Poise. A nice sense of the fitness of things. A civilized awareness of the fact that the source of amusing living is contrast . . . and that any mood palls. The mirroring, in Mid-Atlantic, of that most aristocratic life, the life of leisure in England . . . very 'country' by day, very brilliant indeed by night . . . English service, which means perfect service . . .

An atmosphere sophisticated—and simple; formal—and friendly; animated—and serene . . . An atmosphere of civilized contrasts . . . Cunard atmosphere . . . The chief charm of the big Cunarders . . .

TO FRANCE AND ENGLAND

MAURETANIA Sept. 4 · Sept. 25 · Oct. 16
AQUITANIA Sept. 11 · Oct. 2 · Oct. 23
BERENGARIA Sept. 18 · Oct. 9 · Oct. 30

CUNARD LINE

See Your Local Agent

CUNARD . . . THE SHORTEST BRIDGE TO EUROPE

PLAZA *and* SAVOY PLAZA

New York City

IDEALLY located on Fifth Avenue at the entrance to Central Park. Near business . . . transportation . . . theatres . . . shops . . . yet away from the noise and confusion of the City.

The Plaza and Savoy Plaza offer the highest standards of hospitality . . . unexcelled cuisine . . . everything to make your visit an enjoyable one.

The new ballroom of the Plaza Hotel will be open for engagement after October 1st.

Courtesy of Pinehurst, N. C

On October the First . . .

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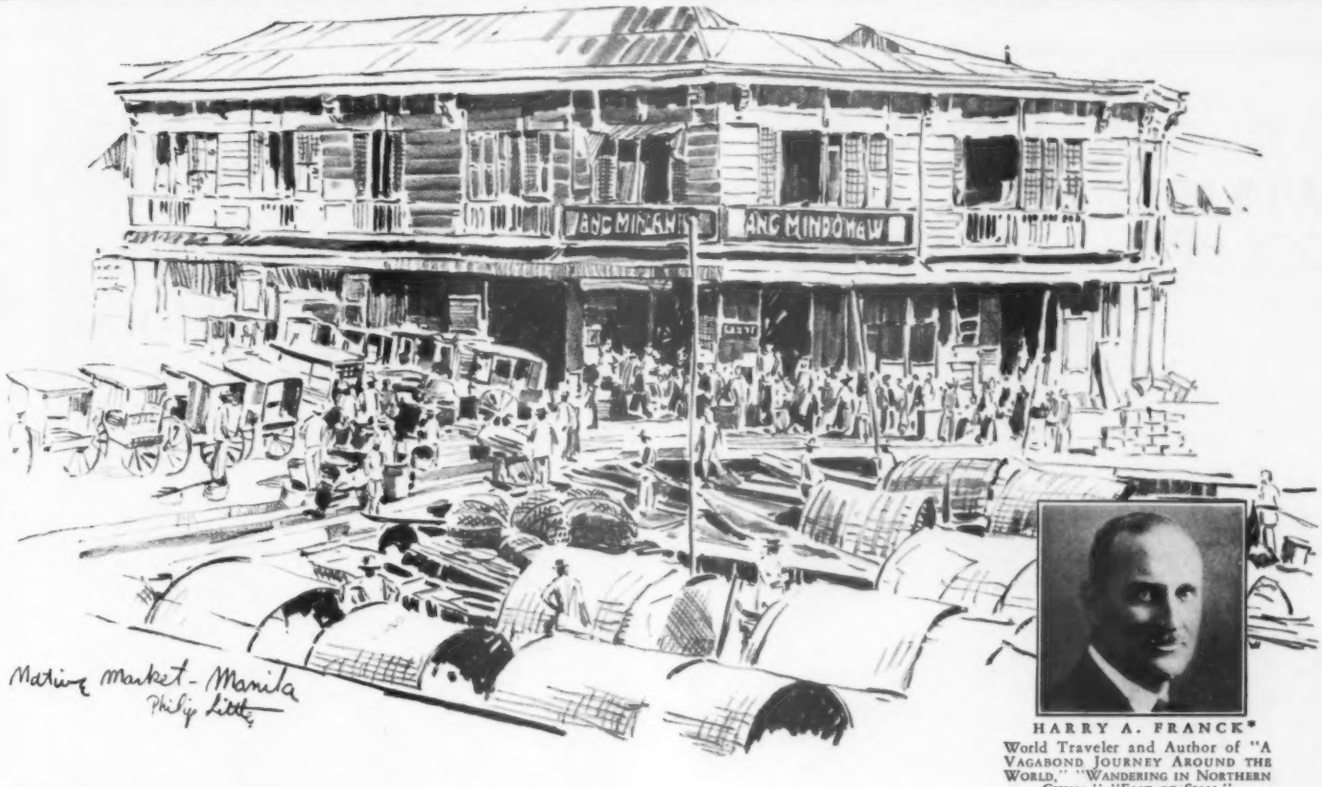

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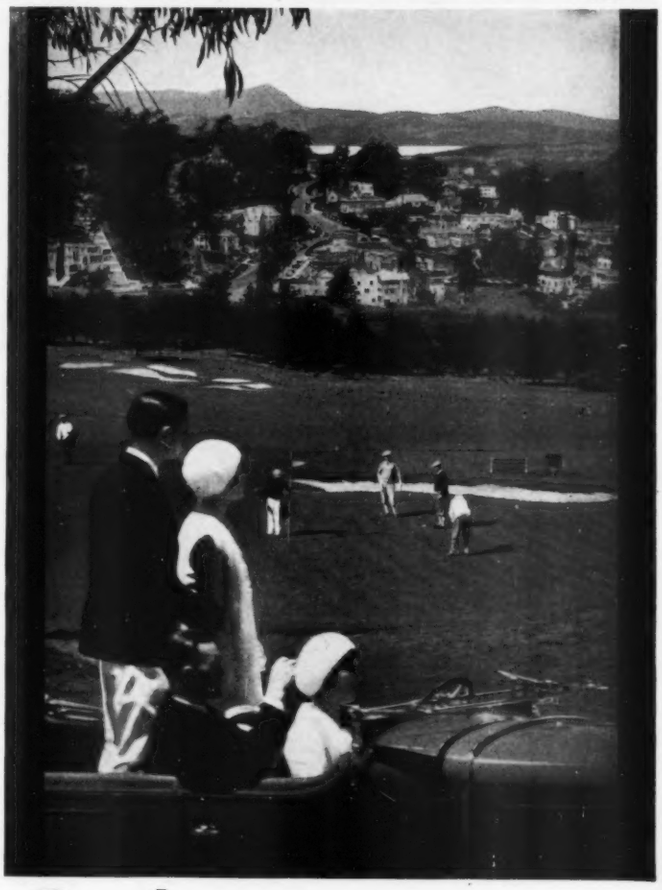

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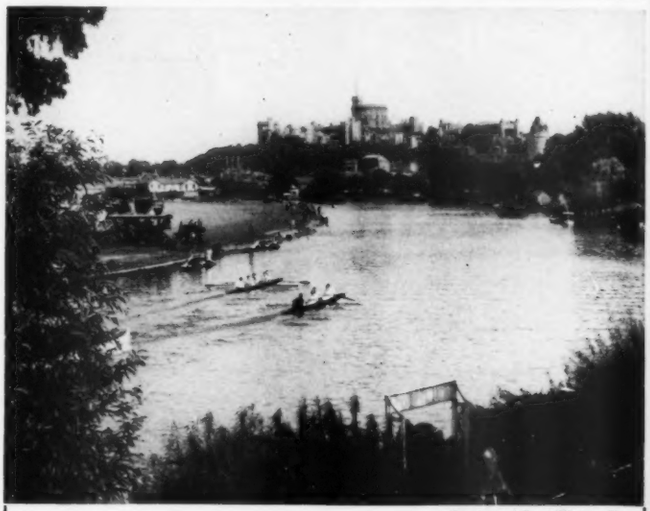

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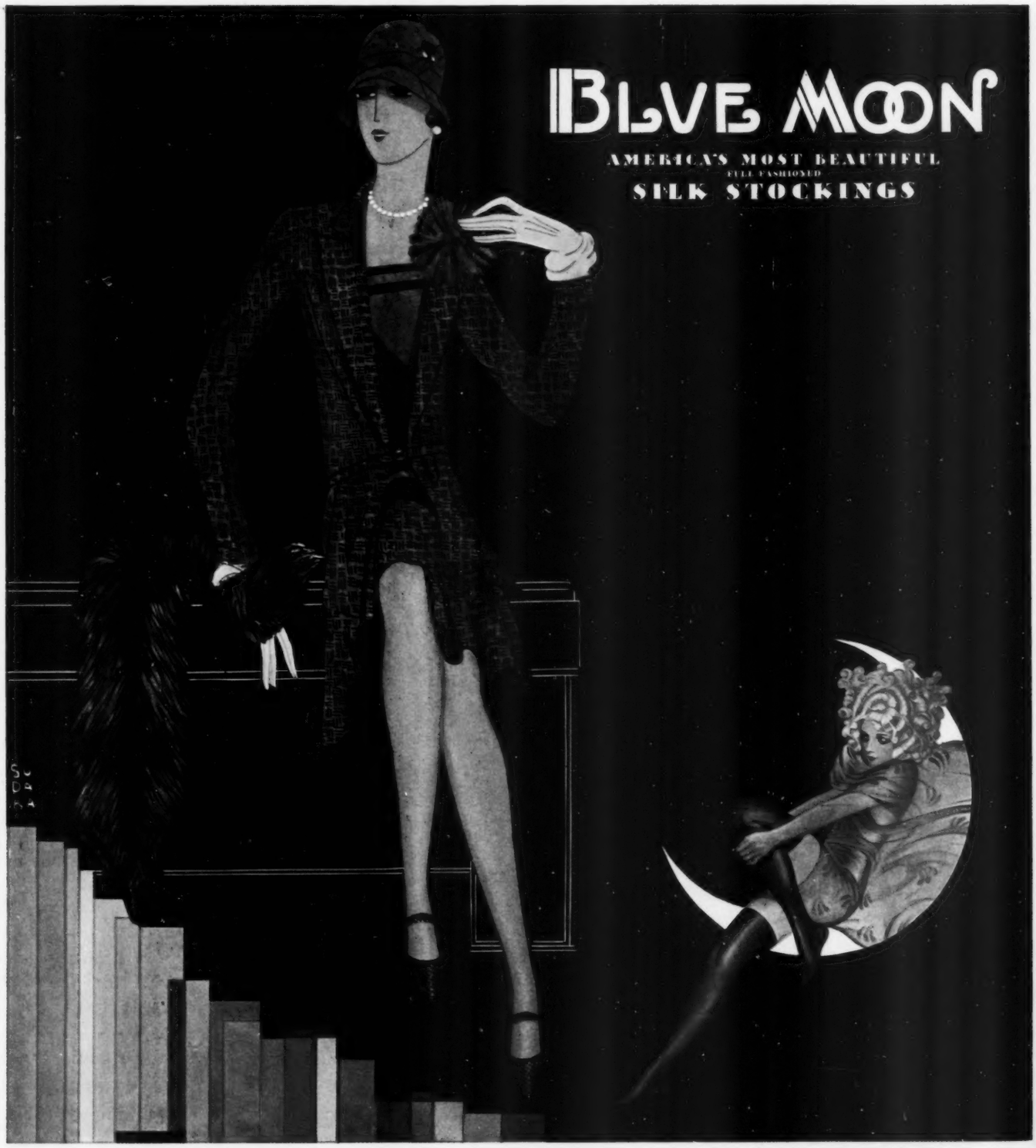

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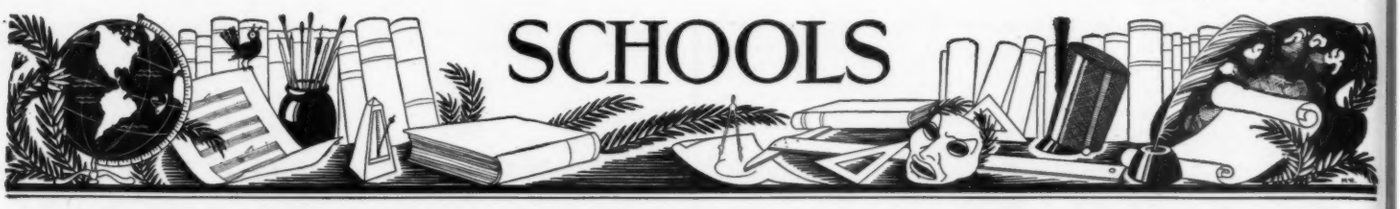

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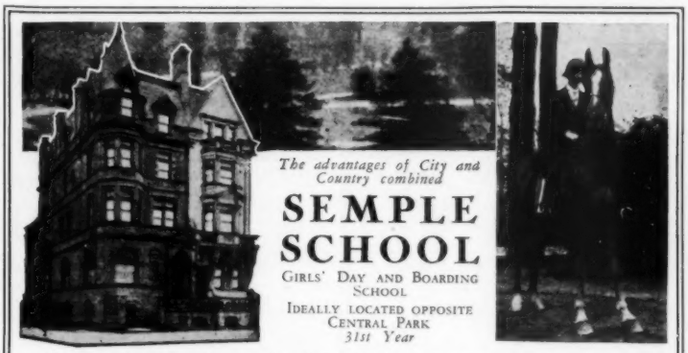

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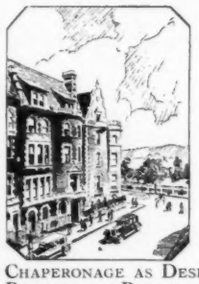

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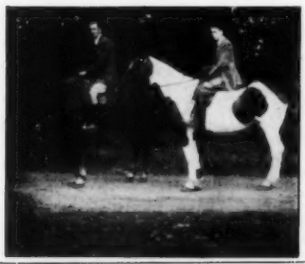

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Nationally known school for young women now a part of Boston University. Four year degree course. Three year course with diploma. High School education prerequisite. Faculty of specialists. Unusual camp instruction during June and September. Dormitories. Advantages of Boston. 49th year. Write for catalog. **Dean A. H. Wilde, 16 Everett Street, Cambridge, Mass.**

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Write for a copy of THE EUGÈNE BEAUTY BOOK—and a sample Eugène Rewave Sachet for your inspection. The book explains just how it works.

EUGÈNE, Ltd., 565 Fifth Ave., N. Y. London, Paris, Berlin, Sydney

EUGÈNE
Permanent Waves

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Jeanne Lanvin
Pub. Wallace . Paris

GOUPY

Robes
Manteaux
Lingeries

10, Rue de Castiglione
PARIS

WHERE TO SHOP IN Paris

September is a month when most smart Parisian women are selecting their wardrobes from famous creators. Americans, too, find this the ideal time to prepare for their winter activities.

The Paris office of Harper's Bazar, so strategically located at 15, rue de la Paix, corner of the rue Daunou, will gladly give you further information about the illustrious houses whose announcements appear in these pages.

An item of interest concerns MADELEINE, formerly creatrice in one of the famous Champs-Elysees maisons de couture. She has returned to her favorite section, the rue de la Paix, to open her own house, at 20 rue des Capucines, premises formerly occupied by Eugenie et Juliette.

Succursales :
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PAU - VICHY
DEAUVILLE - LE TOUQUET

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FURS
19, Av. Matignon
PARIS

YTEB

ROBES
MANTEAUX
FOURRURES
JERSEYS

14, RUE ROYALE
PARIS

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COATS
FURS
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• PARIS •

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PARIS

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BOOTMAKER

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caroline
robes et manteaux
rue la Boëtie
64
PARIS

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Carnot 75-52

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GLOVES
GLOVES STOCKINGS
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sport ensembles

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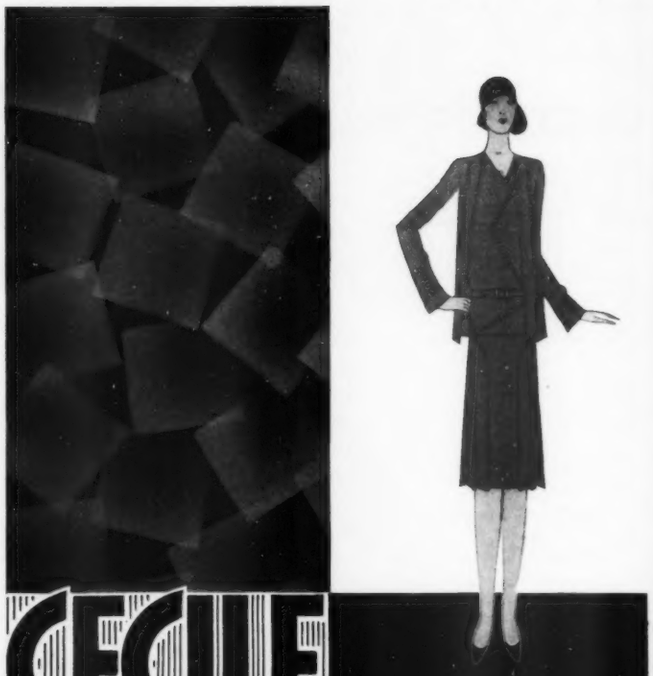

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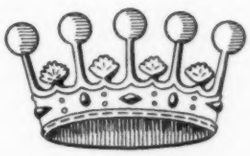

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créations of
madame Kargère
sport suits
ensembles
in the latest
fabrics

39, Champs Élysées
paris

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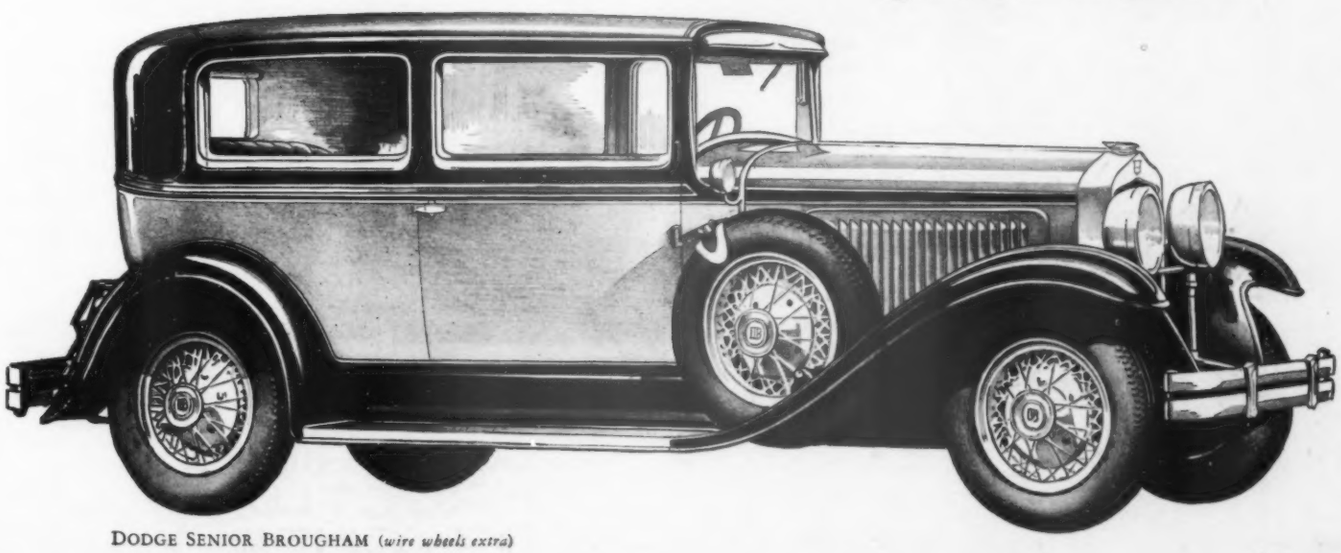
New luxury backed by a good old name . . . .

WOMEN who motor have long attached great significance to Dodge Brothers reputation for building trustworthy cars. For them the Dodge Senior has a double appeal. Like all of its Dodge predecessors and contemporaries—from the very first car to bear the name—it is dependable in every way—safe, sure, easy to operate and competent to meet every emergency. In addition, it possesses a certain refinement, an indescribable poise, and an appealingly original beauty that classify it as a creation of the mode. Basing your estimate on both appearance and performance, you would undoubtedly price the Dodge Senior hundreds of dollars higher than it actually is. Three or four-speed transmission. *Convenient Terms.*

DODGE BROTHERS SENIOR

CHRYSLER MOTORS PRODUCT



DODGE SENIOR BROUGHAM (*wire wheels extra*)

THE LATEST NOVELTIES FROM FRANCE. SPONSORED BY THE FOREMOST PARISIAN DESIGNERS... IDEAL FOR THE FINEST GOWNS, WRAPS, SPORTS COSTUMES, HATS AND SHOES — — FOR EVERY SEASON, CLIME AND OCCASION ...OBTAINABLE AT THE SMARTEST STORES THROUGHOUT AMERICA

Drawn by L. Bénigni

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COUDURIER FRUCTUS DESCHER

LYON PARIS

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BERGDORF GOODMAN'S NEW FASHION REVELATION

Open this month... the two new adjoining buildings... an eloquent proof of the enthusiastic patronage received during our first year on the Plaza. A new Shoe Salon with a complete selection of Bergdorf Goodman shoes... a luxurious Louis XVI Boudoir as a décor for lovely lingerie... an enlarged sports department. These innovations fulfill the idea that to be well dressed, the smartly gowned woman must have that final expert touch on her shoes and lingerie as well as on her hats and accessories... to have the soignée air of feminine perfection, she must go from salon to salon, creating her ensemble as individual and harmonious as our designers can make it. Fourth Floor: Made-to-Order, Boudoir for lingerie and boudoir accessories. Third Floor: Ready-to-Wear, enlarged Sports Salon. Second Floor: Shoe Salon, Furs, Coats and larger sizes in gowns. Street Floor: Hats, Bags, Gloves, Hosiery, and Prince Matchabelli Perfumes.

BERGDORF GOODMAN

FIFTH AVENUE at 58th
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KNAPP-FELT HATS FOR WOMEN

The Knapp-Felt SANDS POINT *is hand fashioned of exquisitely soft Knapp-Felt Sable texture — in an alluring style of smart simplicity! Every size in an excellent array of colors.*

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Presented by Carter & Johnston, 22 East 49th Street, New York, and at the Smartest Shops in the Principal Cities

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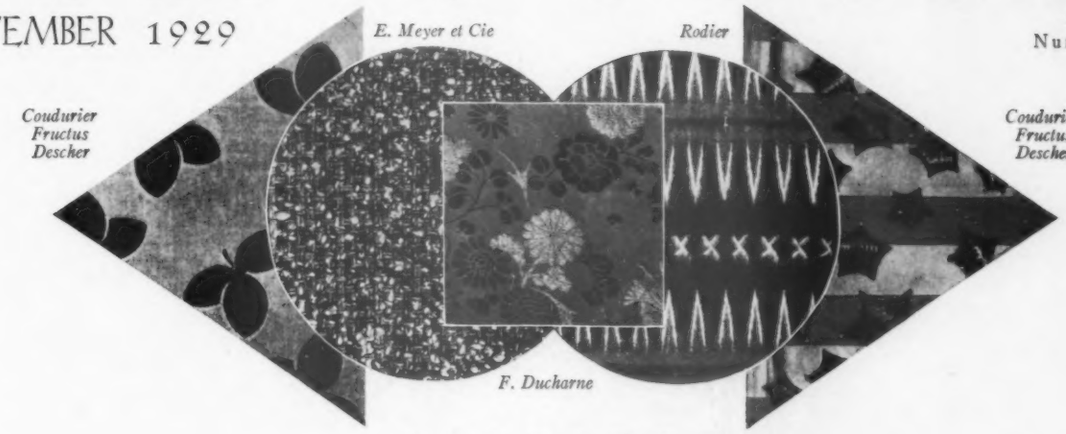
SEPTEMBER 1929

63rd Year
Number 2603



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THE October issue is our big "Paris Opening Number" and, as you may guess, will contain the first definite news of the Fall and Winter fashions sponsored by the *Haute Couture*, with informative articles on the new mode by Marjorie Howard and Baron de Meyer. Our two popular serials by Richard Le Gallienne and Harford Powel, jr., will continue to please our readers; and there will be short fiction and articles by such prominent writers as Michael Arlen, Cosmo Hamilton, Lady Kitty Vincent and Harold Nicolson.

Published monthly by Harper's Bazar, Inc., 572 Madison Avenue, New York City

WILLIAM RANDOLPH HEARST	FREDERIC DRAKE	AUSTIN W. CLARK	FRANKLIN COE
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The Major introduces his Nephew to some fine British Traditions

EMPHASIZING the importance of dressing the part before attempting to play it, the Major has conducted his nephew to the establishment originated by Rowe of Gosport where the Royal offspring, young members of the aristocracy and officers of the Senior Service have been outfitted for many generations. The Rowe Shop at Saks-Fifth Avenue supplies the same garments and is governed by exactly the same standards that have made the British outfitter for "youth" a tradition throughout the world.

SAKS-FIFTH AVENUE

NEW YORK

Our Men's Shop in the Financial District is a Favourite Rendezvous of the Major. Equitable Building—120 Broadway—Suite 3001.

EAGLES FROM PARIS

AT THE OPERA BALL SAW A WHITE MOIRE EVENING COAT, THREE-QUARTER LENGTH, TAILORED IN A SLIGHT FLARE, PIPED IN GREEN, NO FUR. STOP. GREAT REVIVAL OF LAME FOR EVENING WRAPS, ESPECIALLY GOLD, AS SEEN IN OUR FABRIC PAGES. STOP. MANY WHITE SATIN FROCKS, CUT ALMOST HIGH IN FRONT. STOP. THIN BLACK GOWNS, LONG AND FLUFFY ALL ROUND BUT PRESERVING SLENDER SILHOUETTE. STOP. ONE WOMAN SHORT GRAY-BLUE HAIR, GRAY TULLE GOWN SHOWN IN AUGUST HARPER'S BAZAR, CHINCHILLA MANTLE, EMERALDS. STOP. WOMAN IN PINK CHIFFON FROCK, LONG PINK SUEDE GLOVES. STOP. WOMAN IN WHITE SATIN GOWN, LONG WHITE GLACE GLOVES. STOP. SOME DRESSES FANTASTICALLY LONG WITH TRAINS. STOP.

AT ARMENONVILLE FOR LUNCHEON, WOMAN IN WARM ROSY-BEIGE SATIN SUIT, TIGHT AT HIPS, EVEN-LENGTH SKIRT, HUGE COLLAR AND CUFFS OF MATCHING FOX, CLOSE FELT HAT OF MATCHING TONE, DIAMONDS. STOP. MANY DARK FELT HATS WITH EXQUISITE JEWELED ORNAMENTS. STOP. MUCH BLACK AND WHITE. STOP.

AT MAHARAJAH DE KAPURTHALA'S GARDEN PARTY MANY LONGER SKIRTS. STOP. VERY LONG BLACK GLOVES MUCH WORN. STOP.

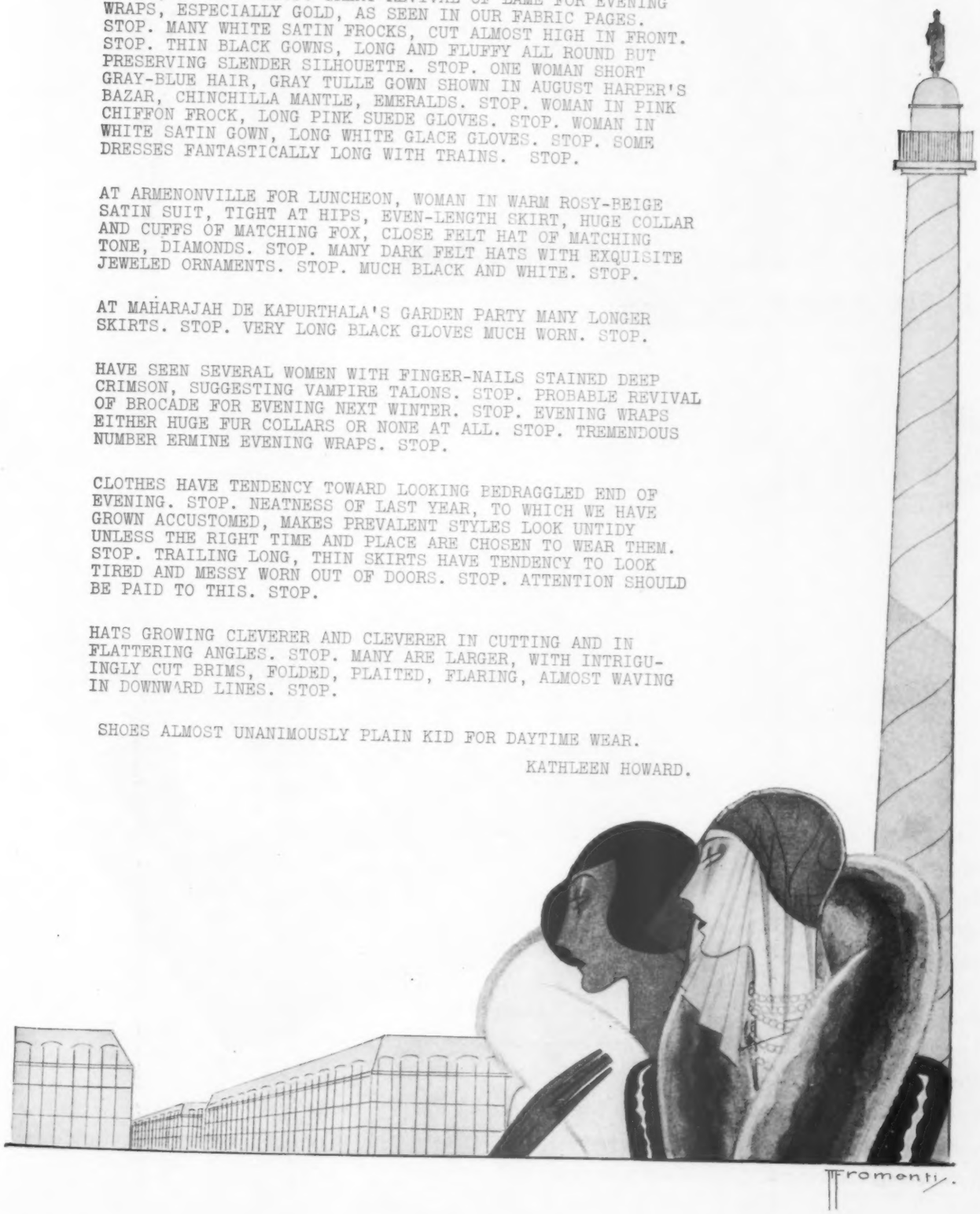
HAVE SEEN SEVERAL WOMEN WITH FINGER-NAILS STAINED DEEP CRIMSON, SUGGESTING VAMPIRE TALONS. STOP. PROBABLE REVIVAL OF BROCADE FOR EVENING NEXT WINTER. STOP. EVENING WRAPS EITHER HUGE FUR COLLARS OR NONE AT ALL. STOP. TREMENDOUS NUMBER ERMINE EVENING WRAPS. STOP.

CLOTHES HAVE TENDENCY TOWARD LOOKING BEDRAGGLED END OF EVENING. STOP. NEATNESS OF LAST YEAR, TO WHICH WE HAVE GROWN ACCUSTOMED, MAKES PREVALENT STYLES LOOK UNTIDY UNLESS THE RIGHT TIME AND PLACE ARE CHOSEN TO WEAR THEM. STOP. TRAILING LONG, THIN SKIRTS HAVE TENDENCY TO LOOK TIRED AND MESSY WORN OUT OF DOORS. STOP. ATTENTION SHOULD BE PAID TO THIS. STOP.

HATS GROWING CLEVERER AND CLEVERER IN CUTTING AND IN FLATTERING ANGLES. STOP. MANY ARE LARGER, WITH INTRIGUINGLY CUT BRIMS, FOLDED, PLAITED, FLARING, ALMOST WAVING IN DOWNWARD LINES. STOP.

SHOES ALMOST UNANIMOUSLY PLAIN KID FOR DAYTIME WEAR.

KATHLEEN HOWARD.



Since croquet days in the early forties Whitman's have been the sweets preferred by sports lovers.

Out-of-doors people today find in THE SAMPLER the perfect touch of pleasure and food-stimulation one needs after exertion at tennis, polo, golf, swimming, boating, riding —all the varied sports of this sports-loving age.

Sold at summer resorts by selected agents, each supplied *direct* with fresh and perfect

Whitman's candies

© S. F. W. & Son, Inc.

CARCASSONNE

By ELIZABETH LAROCQUE

Photograph by Curzon Taylor

DARKNESS gives you back your power—
Turrets blotting out the stars,
Walls that rise in grim reminder
Of a hundred ancient wars.

In the day we see you stricken,
Elegy of dreams that died
Of a half remembered splendor,
Visions that could not abide.

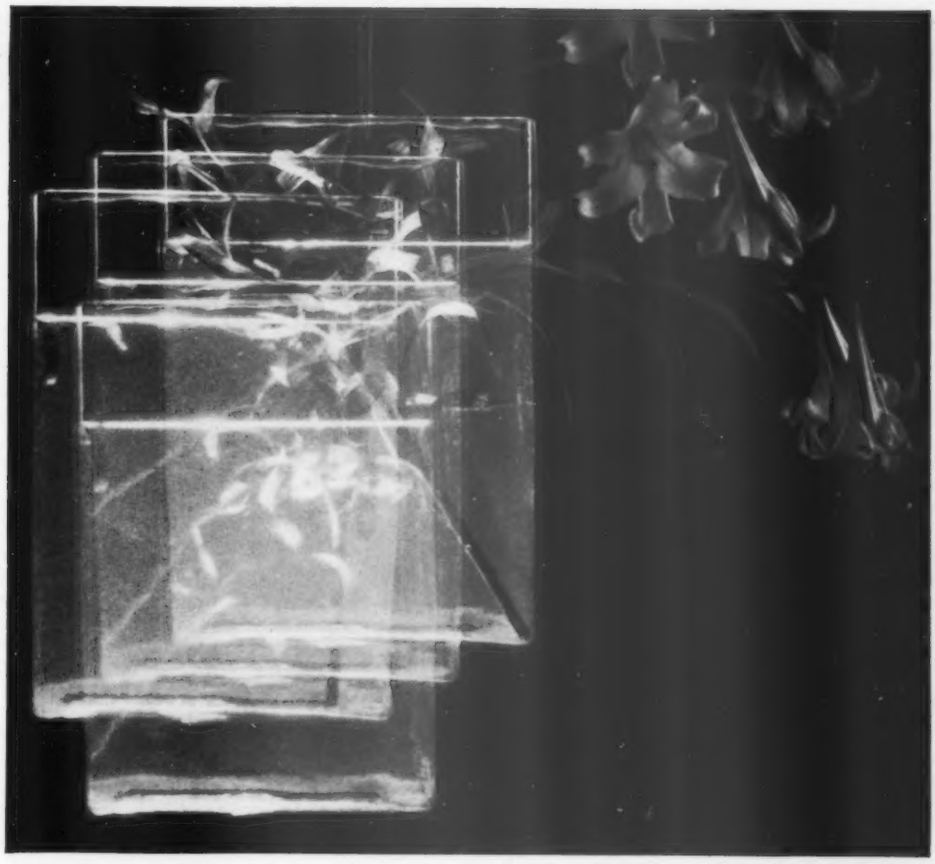
In the day we see you dreaming
Peace enraptured, ancient, shamed;
Dull the streets, where once in sunlight
Shield and spear and helmet flamed.

You who have outlived your future
Wake at night and dream the past—
Time with you is sleeping, sleeping,
Time from us is fleeing fast.

CHERUIT

DEMEYER

A LITTLE JACKET OF NACRÉ
AND JET SPANGLES, WORN
WITH A BLACK TULLE SKIRT



AN AMERICAN LADY SEEKS ADVICE

From BARON DE MEYER

AND OBTAINS INVALUABLE FASHION HINTS IN PARIS AND LONDON, AND INTERVIEWS LADY OXFORD AND MRS. MAUGHAM

THE name of Adela K. Potts has, until recently, been totally unknown in New York. She has only lately crept into print, most likely because of her doings in Paris, the lady having evidently said to herself: "I find wealth, without its proper background, to be almost useless to me, so why not start out in quest of background, beginning with Paris and London?"

SCENE No. 1: At the Gare du Nord, Paris, am boarding "The Golden Arrow" en route for London.

SCENE No. 2: Discovery of a lady occupying the seat beside me, whom I find I have met before. May I introduce Mrs. Potts to the reader, or, rather, as her luggage labels proclaim, "Mrs. Charles de Vere Potts." She reminds me of photographs taken of her and of a dinner in New York, at which I was present.

Adjoining seats, a Channel crossing, and the truly surprising fact of both of us being bound for Claridge's Hotel, make us close friends. We feel like never parting again.

Next day. The hall of Claridge's Hotel, London. I shall here record my thoughts, while waiting for Mrs. Potts and luncheon.

No, I don't find her exactly pretty, but possessed of charm. She is smart, has dark hair, brushed back from her forehead and rolled into curls in the nape of the neck. (This season's approved way of doing one's hair.) Yesterday's traveling clothes had been perfect, unlined tweed, haberdasher's shirt, with sailors'-knot tie. Sports hat of felt, severely uncut at the back. I remember her telling me that English women considered a felt shape, which had been cut to look like a town hat, unsuited for country or travel.

Having asked her, "Why so British, when straight from Paris?" she replied, "Because adhering to a foreign point of view, when on the point of settling in England, seems injudicious to me. The fact is, Parisian *costumes de sport* have always been to most English people a source of much amusement."

At this point Mrs. de Vere Potts, in person, makes a most welcome appearance.

A table has, of course, been reserved for us. I at once start inquiring as to her tweed suit: "Wherever did you get it? Looks like Chanel."

"Not at all!" replied Mrs. Potts. "It comes from Fortnum & Mason, in Piccadilly."

Surprise on my part. "I thought Fortnum & Mason were grocers."

"Incidentally they are. Were so already in Queen Elizabeth's days," Mrs. Potts replied. "Their dealings in Colonial products eventually led to outfitting Colonials as well as catering for the same Colonials on their return to England. It is now the finest sports shop in the world, and specializes in games, sports and country—as well as in wedding gifts of all sorts.

"My friend, Miss Maudsley, who has been given supreme command of an entire floor (sports and country clothes for women), is an expert in tweeds, and buys in Paris such models as are suitable for British needs. She understands mine far better than I do, so I have placed myself in her hands entirely."

"But aren't your headquarters Paris?"

"No more. I find London more congenial. Have decided on England as a permanent home. I find Paris complicated, socially; too many American coteries into which newcomers are inevitably drawn. Meeting nothing but my compatriots abroad does not amuse me. As to elbowing my way into really good French society, though by no (*Continued on page 72*)

MAX-LEROY

DEMEYER

TWO COATS OF NATURAL GRAY SEAL IN SHADED STRIPES WITH MATCHING CAP AND BAG

CALLOT

DEMEYER

CAPE WRAP OF PALE GREEN VELVET WITH TWO ENORMOUS GRAY FOXES DOWN THE BACK

means impossible, for a stranger it takes too much time; whereas in London, speaking the language of the country, I am not likely to feel out of it."

What Mrs. Potts meant to say, but did not care to express, was that there was more chance for her in London than in Paris to satisfy her social ambitions; and that by entertaining London society she hoped in time to gain sufficient prestige for prominent Americans to accept her invitations, thereby unlocking closed doors in New York.

Mrs. Potts continues and tells of how hospitable she has found London society.

"To receive an invitation for the Devonderry House ball to meet H.R.H. the Prince of Wales was quite a surprise. Lady Devonderry herself presented me to Princess Mary, dressed all in blue, and wearing a turquoise and diamond tiara. The next day, of course, I went to Chesterfield House and inscribed my name in her visitors' book.

"The Duchess of Suthermond's party was quite wonderful, too. It was at her house that I met Lady Burnard, as well as the Duchess of Towers who, since, have both asked me to elaborate dinners. Not to mention my presentation at Court where, in the King's enforced absence, I made my curtsey to Queen Mary.

"I shall always remember the truly regal figure in glittering crystals and sparkling silver, wearing a crown of solid diamonds on her head and innumerable rows of large diamonds down the front of her dress, some of them the size of pigeons' eggs. I was later told they were named the 'lesser stars of Africa' . . . what can the 'bigger stars' be like, I wonder?"

"And the women's court gowns? Were they wonderful?" I now inquired.

"Anyway, very different from what one is used to elsewhere. London still discriminates between age and youth, contrary to Paris where such subtleties are quite out of date."

"And what style of silhouette should you say predominated at Buckingham Palace?"

"The moulded line, without any doubt, with fulness starting from just above the knees. The swathed hip, with long sash-ends dipping low down to one side, being next in favor. I also noticed that very long skirts were worn by most English women of any importance, no shorter, in front, than four or five inches above the instep.

"I, myself, was dressed in heavy gold lace over gold tissue, my regulation train being of peach velvet lined with gold tissue, while the three white feathers in my hair and the short net veil started from below my new diamond tiara, the one spiked with pear-shaped pearls. I was told I looked rather well.

"The Duchess of Towers, too splendid for words, was dressed in what looked like gold chiffon gracefully draped *à l'antique*. She had her waist encircled by row upon row of diamonds (family heirlooms), her train being of emerald velvet.

"Most distinguished was a dark-haired woman in a gown of pearl-embroidered Alençon net combined with old point lace, the train carried out in that shimmering fabric so aptly named *pluie d'or*. Quite charming, a débutante, Lady Anne something or other . . . I forget her name, in a cloud of sky-blue net over silver, with garlands of velvet forget-me-nots festooned all over the skirt front."

"And did you go to Ascot?" I ask Mrs. Potts.

"I most certainly did," she replied. "I don't generally care for race meetings, but couldn't keep away. Went down on three days out of four. I thought the Royal Enclosure a fascinating sight.

"Most women wore flowered chiffon and flowers on hats, not to mention their flower parasols. It made the Enclosure look like a flower garden.

"Many of the women appeared in lace frocks, but even those were in light and brilliant flower shades, such as rose or peach, delphinium blue and in that lovely shade of nasturtium so becoming to brunettes. I noticed quite a number of gowns in parchment-colored chiffon with chintz designs in misty blues and pink, while others had chiffon roses cut out and inserted onto the lace borders of their flowing, drifting skirts.

"Few sleeveless frocks were to be seen, bare arms being considered either too informal for so important an event as Ascot races, or, if a woman was wearing an elaborate gown, those might have made her appear as if she had donned her evening dress with a hat.

"Even frocks in one solid color were decorated with flowers. For instance, on my own pale Sienna brown ensemble of georgette and dyed lace (from Anne Talbot's) a loose posy of toning flowers had found its place on my shoulder, though with a pronounced droop toward the back.

"This wearing of posies seems to have been quite one of the Ascot features this year.

"The greatest surprise I had, however, was seeing women carrying parasols. A very pretty, but oh! such an obsolete fashion. These parasols looked as if specially revived for Ascot, making the Enclosure seem like some delightful garden party way back in 1900.

"The parasol I particularly noticed," Mrs. Potts continued, "was an elaborate affair. It looked like full-blown roses on a beige ground, with flounces of pink tinselled lace as a border. Another had delphiniums appliquéd on pale green georgette, and was carried by a woman wearing a delphinium blue gown. Printed satin parasols and one or two in black velvet looked to me almost up to date."

"What fun it will be, Mrs. Potts, to be able to write about parasols for Harper's Bazar. I shall, of course, call them a novelty."

I had, somehow, imagined all parasols were, by now, carefully stored in museums, at least since women have gone in for sun-kissed complexions! Mrs. Potts, however, tells me she had been given to understand that Ascot parasols were not meant for protection, but have merely become the time-honored complement to all self-respecting Ascot costumes.

We are being interrupted.

An attendant presents a card, "Messrs. Giddy & Giddy, house agents, to see you, Madame."

"Ask them to wait. The fact is, I am buying a house. There are papers to sign. You'll help me to furnish it, won't you?"

"Alas! I have lived in Paris too long to advise about houses in London. But I might help you in getting advice. Why not consult Lady Oxford, an authority on the subject? Yes, the famous Margot Asquith—now styled, as you know, Countess of Oxford and Asquith.

"I should entrust decorations to Syrie Ltd., in other words to Mrs. Maugham, the playwright's wife. She has the best taste in London."

A day or two later—Tuesday. Lady Oxford expects me to lunch at her house in Bedford Square. I am to arrange a meeting between her and Mrs. Potts. In the meantime I have my morning free to call at dressmaking houses, for material to record in Harper's Bazar.

A Few Hurried Notes—Results of the Visits:

CALLED first at Anne Talbot's to see Mrs. Roberts, who tells me that since last seeing me she has changed her point of view about waist-lines. She has raised hers to its normal position.

"Yes, the raised waist-line is being joyfully accepted by the younger generation, but less so by the older women. The latter keep to the low demarcation."

"But for how long?"

"Until they have realized that the low waist-line singles them out as *not* being young!"

One parting piece of information from Mrs. Roberts: "I see us heading straight toward modernized Directoire fashions."

Norman Hartnell moves into larger premises. He is toning down his unquestionably clever clothes. His designing is getting more mature.

The Misses Wilson were out when I called, so I paid a first visit to Norah Crampton's establishment. I find her to be one of the cleverest dressmakers in London. I was shown some excellent clothes. Her clientele seems quite up-to-date, for I observed that most London dressmakers reflect the taste of their clients. If these are young and smart the house is run on fashionable lines, which hardly applies to firms providing for the older, more conservative generation. To visit the latter seems hardly worth while for anyone studying fashions.

Truth to tell, sophisticated Paris simplicity is in England popular only among the younger set, to those belonging to the higher classes of Society.

Even though the majority of English women follow prevailing styles, they are hardly willing to pay big prices for something which does not show value. Well-cut but plain French models are, therefore, what in England is called "improved upon" (often beyond recognition), in order to be made more dressy.

The key-note to this trouble lies in the doubt existing in most English women's minds as to even the most world-famed French designers' ability to suit what (*Concluded on page 125*)

NOW I WOULD SING

By JESSIE B. RITTENHOUSE

NOW I would sing, who once turned song away.
Now I would hold her by the garment's hem,
Who was so careless in a happier day.

Now I would seek for words as for a gem
And any price for beauty would I pay,
I who have learned too late to cherish them—
The songs I might have sung when it was May.

GOUPY

DEMEYER

A JACKET OF GOLD AND PALE COLORED BROCADE WITH A GOLD TULLE FROCK AND CRIN HAT

Illustration by Erté

"Such was Henry Dionysus Mountjoy Norreys Lancaster, seventh son of Sir Humphrey Lancaster, of Chiddingfold Old Manor, in the county of Surrey, and Lady Jane Norreys, his wife, in the twenty-fourth year of his age, and in the seventh year of His Majesty's Happy Restoration."

By Richard Le Gallienne:

THERE WAS A SHIP

Beginning a Beautiful, Romantic Story of the Time of Charles II. by this Master of English Prose

"'THERE was a ship!' quoth he."
COLERIDGE

Chapter I.

Introducing Henry Dionysus Mountjoy Norreys Lancaster

A SUFFICIENT test of a man's courage is his way of facing his debts and handling his creditors. The gay young gentleman, with whose adventures we are to concern ourselves in the ensuing narrative, had been peculiarly endowed by nature and circumstances early to bear that test of manhood.

Perhaps such courage was easier in his day; for not only had Charles II. recently come into his own again, but man was not yet a sub-divided being, but a complete man. The seventh son of an old knight, who was also a seventh son—need I say, a most favorable conjunction of the planetary influences—he had, to begin with, luck on his side. Although poverty came with his good blood, the blood was there; and the advantages of being born a gentleman were still great and various.

Among these advantages in those charming, careless days was that it entailed no exaggerated respect for the laws; for, as gentlemen made the laws, they were made as little as possible for themselves. They made them—was not that enough? It was for others, a lower order of humanity, to keep them. Nor did the fact of our hero's being a student of the Middle Temple mean any increased respect for the law; rather the contrary among those carefree roysterers of the Inns of Court.

Moreover, the infraction of the law which he was contemplating as we first make his acquaintance, had for him less the look of law-breaking than a little adventure in land privateering on his own account. To the risks of his enterprise he gave no more than a laughing thought. He had also in his favor that he was gloriously young and strong, six feet three inches of gaily blond, blue-eyed, good-natured young manhood, with a charm that made one forget his strength. Thus men thought twice before offending him; and, of course, women were predestined to be his all his days.

Such was Henry Dionysus Mountjoy Norreys Lancaster, seventh son of Sir Humphrey Lancaster, of Chiddingfold Old Manor, in the county of Surrey, and Lady Jane Norreys, his wife, in the twenty-fourth year of his age, and in the seventh year of His Majesty's Happy Restoration.

The Portsmouth Road—that is the road running between London and Portsmouth—is a lonely one to this day; and certain miles of it high up among the Surrey hills and heaths still suggest danger to the unprotected traveler. One particular stretch of it has changed but little since the time when Samuel Pepys, not without misgiving, posted along it in the coach of my Lord Sandwich. This is known as the Devil's Punch Bowl, an immense oblong canyon in the hills between Haslemere and Liphook.

It and the whole country surrounding are still savage woodland and heath, with here and there a lone farm, or the bungalow of an artist. In the seventh year of the reign of King Charles the Second of Blessed Memory, there was no house for miles around, with the exception of an inn, a mile or so south, of doubtful character. This was patronized chiefly by discharged sailors trudging their way from Portsmouth to London, in no law-abiding mood, and other gentlemen of the road, whose acquaintance with the law was liable to begin and end on one or other of the gibbets that here and there grimly decorated the solitude.

The setting sun was sternly pointing the moral of one of these gruesome silhouettes, on which swung to and fro, much the worse for wear from rain and wind, one who had also been a good horseman when life was as wine within him; and as manfully careless of spilling it from himself and others as a man should be. It cannot be said that he made any deep moral impression on the young cavalier who chanced to be riding in his neighborhood on this particular summer evening of June 1667. Such sights were a familiar feature of the landscape in those days; and gentlemen, in particular, were not unaccustomed to being greeted by the heads and other parts of near relatives as they passed under Temple Bar.

I fear that, if anything, this spectacle of inglorious conclusion served but to stir his mirth, a kindly mirth, indeed, with a certain fraternal sympathy in it, as though to say: "Bad luck, my poor friend, but still the odds are against all of us in the end—yet, on my word, you do cut a droll figure. Oddsfish, but you do!"

Yes! "The head of a traitor," or the rattling bones of a defunct highwayman, attracted scarcely more attention in those days than a hen-hawk or a weasel or a spotted adder nailed on a barn-door as a warning to such natural free-booters, with which the wilderness surrounding our young horseman far and near, on that evening of summer sunset, was briskly populated.

The air was ringing with bed-time larks and homing crows as, leaving the high-road and cantering a few yards across the blue heather to a covert of live-oaks, he swung off his mount, a glossy-coated mare of sixteen hands, evidently as much in love with him as all the others of her sex.

"Nice old Malkin!" he said affectionately, as he patted her, and left her free to nibble the young shoots and the patches of grass among the heather. "Now we can take our ease at our inn. Sir Jonas will scarce be here till moonrise."

Unbuckling his sword, he threw himself down on the heather, his arms behind him, luxuriously stretching out his manly inches on the springy turf and gazing up into the sky busy with wings, with eyes as fresh and young as the luminous spaces above him. Though not unacquainted with books, particularly certain old human authors in his father's library, in the old manor not ten miles from where he lay, he knew the book of the earth around him even better.

There wasn't a forest track, or a byway in

all that countryside along which he could not have found his way in the darkest night; nor a wild creature that burrowed or nested there, or led a contraband existence in the banks of the moorland streams or in the reeded thickets of the duck-haunted morasses, whom he did not know better than the men and women among whom in London, during the last three or four years of his own rather wild and wayward life, he had fleeted his golden youth away. Yes, his life was still gloriously green within him, as was the zest of its romantic squandering with companions who, like himself, were not yet ready to forego its joyous opportunities in favor of the dusty ambitions of legal eminence.

Yet, there was something in him, something in his nature that cried out for a better wildness, for the far quests and wanderings of strange lands and half fabulous seas. Of these he had dreamed, as he turned over the folios of Hakluyt and the Morte d'Arthur, under the orchard trees of his old home. Though just now all too deep in the city wildness of those gallants of Whitehall who surrounded the easy-going king, smiled on by the pretty ladies there, and all too expert at those games of hazard for which his purse was indeed slenderly provided, there was that in his nature which told him that all this was but a prelude, the first heady fermentation of the grapes of his youth. He took the chances of basset or ombre because they were the only chances still within his reach. He had played among the early blossoms of the garden of love, well knowing that the true love was yet to come.

The lovely face of his mother was near him as he gazed up into the sky which, with the sudden dip of the sun far across the heath, was already growing expectant of the silver invasion of the stars. His mother had divined the pilgrim soul of him under that prodigal efflorescence of his youth which had sometimes clouded the eyes that seven turbulent sons loved as their very lives, yet troubled on occasions none the less. She it was who had set that mystic light burning within the heroic, generous frame with which the vast old laughing cavalier, her husband, had endowed him.

That robustious old father had vented no few round oaths, after the fashion of the period, and done his best to feign a magisterial anger when his Dionysiac youngster—whose name had been his own choice, perhaps because of the flowering strength at which even his babyhood hinted—had made demands on his too scanty revenues, for certain extravagances. After all these were—well, he had not forgotten his own youth.

The old cavalier could quote his Horace, and he sympathetically remembered that spring was brief as it was sweet. So, look as stern as he might, and rate his offspring roundly as he felt it his duty to do, his lectures had always ended with a brotherly hand on the young shoulders, and the necessary pistoles. But as the lad had the right mettle in him he had, on the last occasion of the paternal generosity, determined that the old home and the loved acres should suffer no more from his escapades; and that with his next scrape he would find some way of getting out of it for himself.

Thus, two nights ago, when he had been under the necessity of giving his word in lieu of certain considerable sums lost to three of his boon companions in a fashionable bagnio on the Surrey side of the silver Thames, he had made up his mind to a spirited way out, for which he had the provocative example of an ancestor of his in bluff King Hal's day. This ancestor himself had been a bond-servant of Themis, and had indeed ended his days on the stern eminence of the woolsack—an eminence, however, to which his young descendant by no means aspired. No, once out of this last scrape, he would forswear the rattle of the dice, and the life he was already outgrowing, and make his escape, he scarce yet knew how, into a nobler wildness.

As he lay in the heather, thinking such thoughts, the twilight fell about him. From down below where the mists were beginning to veil the rugged profundities of the "Punch-Bowl" with gossamer mists, there came the curious whirring of that uncouth bird of twilight, the night-jar. Instantly the country lad in him awoke, as well as a certain love of music which had led him to try the strings of an old violin, which with Hawes' "Book of Airs" was one of his few cherished belongings.

So he fell to mimicking the rough but curiously sweet and thrilling voice of the bird—and his mimicry was so successful that he laughed to hear himself answered again and again, each time at closer range. The love-sick bird was mistaking him for his cruel, elusive mate.

Then suddenly there was another call from the wood and behind him. The cry of the hawk, it seemed—yet he knew instantly that it came from a human throat—and the picture flashed back to him of a dark, lovely young face, the face of a girl, whose people were as wild as the night-jar out there. They had had their camp as long as he could remember in a meadow-bottom in the chase that surrounded his own house. He knew that the mouth that threw that wild hawk's cry into the air was the mouth on

"How transfigured she had suddenly become in his eyes, this wandering gipsy girl, whom indeed he had loved with the thoughtless love of boyhood, but now saw in the light of her own deep soul and star-pure passion."

Illustrations by Erté

which he had first tasted the honey of love.

Gaya, the gipsy girl, the beautiful "Egyptian" —tall as a goddess—whose hand he had once crossed with silver, as she read his palm, with her great black eyes glowing with irresistible fire into his.

"A princess!" she had predicted for him, "a princess far-away—O very far away, across the mountains of the moon, and the seas where mermaids live . . ."

"Gaya, here!" he cried, and instantly he answered back with a hawk's cry like her own.

Just then, from far-away, echoing through the wild stillness, there came the flat, clear sound of horses' hoofs, and the rumble of wheels.

"Six horses, eh?" laughed Dionysus, after listening intently for a moment; "he travels like a prince of the blood—the old moneybags. By Saint Nicholas, and his three golden pills—he's the quality, my masters!"

Then with the swift grace of his nonchalant inches, he rose from the heather, and, slipping on a tight-fitting black mask of fine strong silk, he stood up like a handsome harlequin. The moon, just then rising far across the distant edge of the wilderness, momentarily made vivid the calm laughing eyes within his mask.

Patting his horse's nose reassuringly, he swung into the saddle.

"Steady, Malkin! steady, old girl. There shall be gilded oats for you before morning!"

The horse whinnied softly, and in a moment horse and man were one, as they cantered out from the brush, and drew up across the palely gleaming highway—a gigantic equestrian statue, quiet and firm as a rock across the soft sky.

Making a last examination of the loaded pistols in his holsters, and seeing to it that his sword was free in the scabbard, he waited; while the clatter of hoofs and the rolling of the coach wheels came steadily on.

And nearer, too, came that cry of the hawk approaching across the ragged woodland; and the night-jar spun on somewhere yonder under the moon.

Presently, as though a door had been thrown open in the night, round a bend in the road, still a quarter of a mile away, swept the clear clamor of sound. The coach with its six horses swung into view. The moonlight flushed back from its lacquered panels, glinted here and there on the jingling harnesses, and lit up the scarlet coats and gold facings of the pretentiously uniformed postilions.

"A fine coach, Sir Jonas," laughed Dionysus to himself "and a newly gilded coat of arms to match, I warrant you, new as the coach—three bags of gold, or, and three virgins azure. Trust your gentlemen of Lombard Street for the true noblesse oblige."

But the coach was now scarce a hundred yards away, coming along as though it would crash over him.

"The knaves must be asleep," he exclaimed. Then sweeping out his sword with a long streaming glitter over his head, he cried "Halt," in a voice that rang strong and stern through the half-darkness.

"Halt, my good fellows!" he cried again, as he moved nearer, looming like some superhuman horseman high up among the stars. In that lonely place, haunted with bogy and warlock, the home of corpse-candles and evil spirits in fearful form, he had superstition too on his side. So the good fellows addressed made no delay in coming to a halt, with such alacrity, indeed, that the six horses were on their haunches in an instant, and the coach all but over-turned.

Three of the four good fellows made no bones of dashing incontinent into the nearby brush, leaving their master to his fate. The fourth, however, seemed to be made of different mettle. Thick-set and bull-faced, he threw aside the reins, descended from his box with as much deliberation as though he had heard nothing, and advanced with a stout bludgeon in one hand and a huge horse-pistol in the other.

"I didn't rightly hear your Highness, I'm thinking," he said; "but 'Halt!' was it? Well, here we is, and what can we be doing for your Highness?" and with that he fired his pistol with such accuracy of aim that a hot sting tore across Dionysus' cheek, and a wet warmth ran down. This he followed up with such a smart blow on Malkin's nose with his cudgel that the poor animal reared violently, and for a moment his rider had all he could do to keep his seat.

"Confine your attentions to me, my good friend," said Dionysus calmly. "I'll forgive you that ball on my cheek, but, by God, you shall pay for Malkin."

Then, as deliberately as his adversary had climbed down from the coach, he dismounted and advanced quietly to him.

"I don't want your carrion life," he said.

"Carrion yourself!" answered the other, striking wide with his cudgel.

"Nor is my sword for such as you, nor, I think, will firearms be needed. This, I think, will be enough," and he shot out a terrific blow straight for the coachman's chin. He was a little out of his reckoning, however; for bull-head dodged with surprising swiftness. Next minute he found himself seized around the middle in the iron grasp of one whom he immediately knew for a mighty wrestler. In such an encounter his height was against him; and, strong as he was, he was still young and unseasoned compared with the tough solidity of his bull-faced and bull-shouldered antagonist.

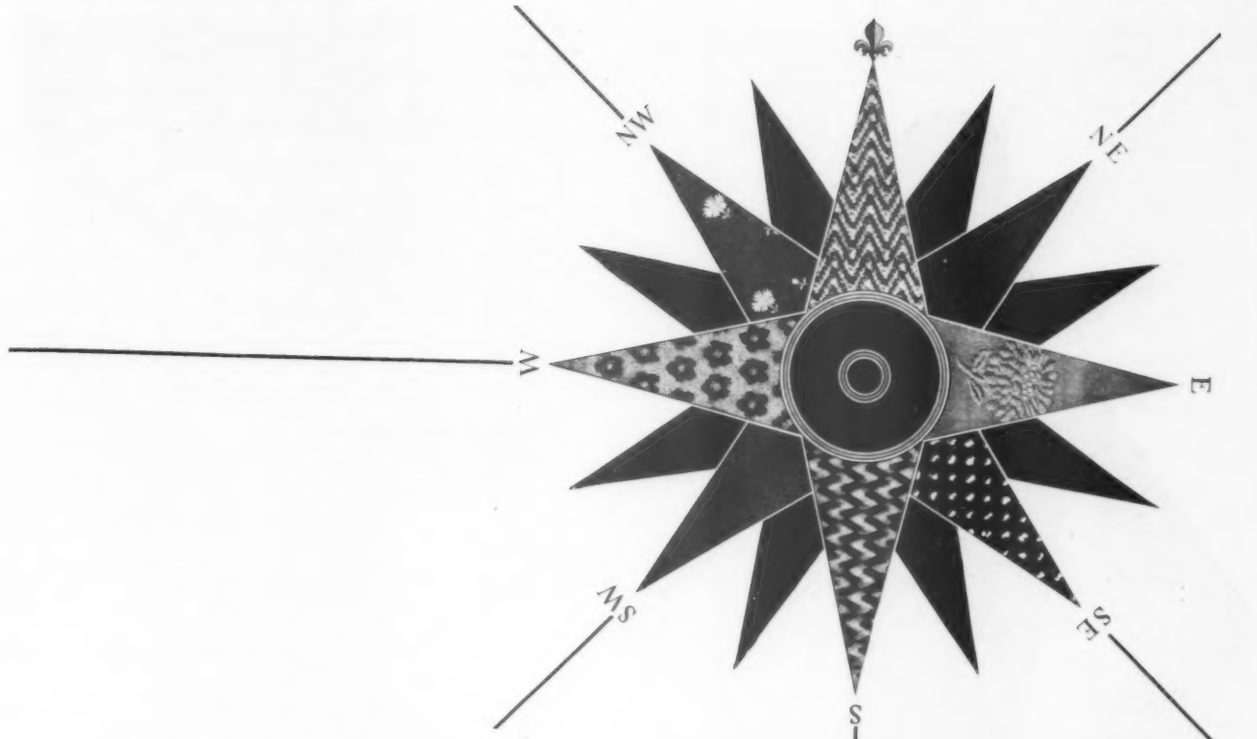
To and fro across the road the two struggling figures dragged each other, panting and snorting and gasping out words of a kind customary on such occasions; but there was no doubt that "His Highness," as his antagonist continued to address him, was losing ground. Suddenly, to his utter disbelief—he (*Continued on page 142*)

"And as she stood before him in her stern young beauty, she looked a queen indeed, a queen from some mysterious East, a realm royal and magnificent for centuries before England was even a name."

This photograph, by Baron de Meyer, illustrates two of the most striking designs in Rodier's new collection. The palm design is a long panel on "sumida" or Rodier crêpe de Chine, printed in brown on beige, dark blue on pinky beige, or in other color combinations. The other is an arrangement of large and smaller dots printed on a scarf with a border.

DEMEYER

RODIER



RODIER
MEYER
DUCHARNE
COUDURIER

NEW MATERIALS FROM PARIS

The Compass Shows the Way the Fabric Winds of Winter Will Blow

BY MARJORIE HOWARD

15 rue de la Paix, Paris.

THE base of the winter mode is the collections of new materials, offered by the Paris fabric-makers to accredited dressmakers, and shown to a few favored journalists at about the same time. You may think this a truism, and so it is; but I repeat it in order to answer the question, very often asked, "Why do you write about fabrics twice a year?"

I have seen the collections of five of the leading fabric manufacturers, the five from which the important dressmakers buy most heavily, and these are my conclusions:

The general fabric tendency remains just what I said it was a year ago. That is to say, woolens (in general) are becoming lighter and suppler, while silks, on the contrary, are becoming firmer. This general tendency is marked in a number of different ways.

Among the woolens, tweeds still retain a place of honor. Think of the word "tweed," and you do not picture a light and supple material; but contrast the tweeds of this winter with the mannish materials of only a few seasons ago, and you will realize that lightness and suppleness are undoubtedly modern characteristics of this popular material. The new ones are extremely colorful, especially the typical mixtures. One tweed, from Meyer, reminds me of nothing so much as a field of many-colored flowers, seen from the air. There are so many types of tweed that it is difficult to describe this enormous and ever-growing family. Some are finely and closely woven, in one color, or in two not very different shades of the same color. Others are so open that, in the proverbial phrase, you could almost sew peas through them, and so full of dots and clumps of color that the entire palette seems to be represented. Some look like jerseys, till you examine the direction of their threads. The jerseys, on the other hand, look from a little distance exactly like tweed. They are next in importance to the tweeds, and the distance between the two is closing up every year.

The variations in tweeds, from open to close, from neutral to multicolored, exist also in the jerseys, and in many cases the two sorts of material are designed to complete each other. In Rodier's enormous collection of both types under the general name of "Buraspor," every little jersey has a tweeding all its own. In Meyer's collection, I was particularly interested in the combinations of black and white, both in tweed and

North—Rodier's "zigzags ombrés djersalaine," a very open wool jersey in shaded colorful zigzags. Northeast—Meyer's "frisselya," with a close-curled or bouclé surface. East—Ducharne's brochê crêpe de Chine with a raised flower design in the same tone as the background. Southeast—Meyer's black and white jersey. South—Coudurier's "velours de corps," a velvet in two colors, here wine and beige. The design is woven. Southwest—Coudurier's "goose flesh" velvet, a silk alpaca base with raised velvet dots, very small and close together. West—Rodier's "kasha multiflor" with a small woven flower design. Northwest—Ducharne's "faille française lattée," a black faille with small separate flowers, in a variety of colors, woven over the surface.

jersey, one of which is illustrated in the fabric compass at the head of this article. The importance of both these fabrics in the winter mode cannot be exaggerated.

After them, come the crêpey woolens. These illustrate the same tendency toward ever-increasing suppleness and lightness. Rodier has a new one called "crêpe rélic," which is a sort of winter version of his famous crepella. Meyer shows several new versions, on the order of his "madiana."

Among the more striking novelties, I must mention the "bouclés" or materials with a surface made up of little massed curls. Meyer's novelty "frisselya" is illustrated in the fabric compass. Some curls are tiny, others are almost as large as a baby Persian lamb.

The broadcloth weaves appear for coats, for which this is one of the leading winter materials. Rodier reports heavy sales for his "ziblikasha drapella," a broadcloth with a brushed surface, made of angora wool. The velours de laine are also featured for coats. Meyer shows an extraordinary range of colors in this material, which he calls "léda," bearing out the forecast for an unusually colorful winter season.

Interesting is the development of the woven and printed designs in woolens, both a specialty of the house of Rodier, who succeeds in doing in weaving what was done in the past only in printing. His "multiflore kasha" is illustrated in the compass, and is an example of the sort of thing I mean. Some of the designs are much larger and more striking than this, and one wonders how a loom can accomplish them. Among his new fabrics, are some remarkable combinations of weaving and printing on the same base. His famous tuslikasha often appears with printed designs; it is, as you know, a mixture of silk and wool, woven like a tussore, and as fine and supple as crêpe de Chine. A new variety, called "cendrikasha," has a powdered, or speckled woven surface, with a printed design over all. Numerous orders for these two materials have been placed for fall frocks, the thin woolen material taking the place of the printed crêpes of summer.

About the only heavy woolens left in the collections are the thick weaves, designed for sports and travel coats, often reversible. Meyer has many of these "two-faced" materials, including a new one called "jersey Janus," plain jersey on one side and heavy bouclé surface on the other. Others are plaided on one side and plain on the other. A good many plaids appear in woolens. Rodier shows a large group of them in his new "buratoil," a sort of homespun designed for sports wear. Even among the silks, we find numerous plaids. This is an indication for next winter. Stripes, while they appear, are not so numerous, and polka-dots seem to be dying, though, like Charles II., they are taking an unconscionable time about it.

When we come to the silks, the general tendency toward firmness shows itself, not only in the type of weave, but in the new feeling for fancy bases, which the French call "fonds amusés." I talked about this tendency in the fabric article of last February, you remember, but it is even more noticeable in this winter's collections. These fancy bases appear not only in the crêpes, but in the velvets. One of the latter is illustrated in the fabric compass. It is from Coudurier, and shows a small close velvet dot all over the surface of a silk alpaca. Mr. Cendron, who showed me the collection, calls it "gooseflesh," and it merits its name. Other raised velvet novelties show a combination of printing and velvet designs, that are very new. In still others, the base is composed of satin and voile stripes, or crêpe with a large satin "moon," with a raised velvet design over all. Sometimes the velvet design bears a relation to the printed one, sometimes it is quite different. An

SCHIAPARELLI
MEYER

Schiaparelli has used one of Meyer's new bouclé tweeds for this suit, designed especially for Harper's Bazar—an open weave in dark blue and brown mixture. The coat fastens diagonally with brown antelope buttons and the vest is of brown lamb. Brown antelope gloves button to the sleeves and there are slits in the palms, so the hands may be slipped out.

example from Coudurier is a fine silk alpaca; printed in several blues, it has a flat four-petalled printed flower design, with a small ring of darker blue raised velvet over all. Even chiffon is enriched in this way. One material, ordered from Coudurier by Molyneux, is a printed chiffon in various shades of green, with a large line check in raised black velvet, thus giving a certain body to the chiffon, appropriate for winter wear.

Other crêpes have a broché design woven into the base, sometimes with added printed pattern, sometimes without. A novelty at Ducharne's, illustrated in the fabric compass, is a crêpe de Chine with a raised broché design in the same color. The cravatte silks belong in the same category, in that their colored designs are woven, not printed, giving slightly more body to the materials, though they are much more fine and supple than the cravatte silks made in America. Think of thin summer ties when you picture this material. It is said to have been heavily ordered, both by the French houses and foreign importers.

In silks, as in woolens, we find this rivalry between pattern put on in printing, and pattern woven into the material. Even the velvets are of the two kinds. There is an example of one of the woven ones in the fabric compass, from Coudurier, who calls this type "velours de corps."

The situation of the prints is interesting. Let us look at it for a moment, in connection with velvet. Printed velvets, especially pannes, are talked of everywhere as a winter prophecy. Yet they appeared in negligible numbers in the midseason collections. I have seen a few, during the events of the Paris season, but not worn by women of special significance. I consulted the three silk houses, Bianchini, Coudurier and Ducharne, on this important point. The first told me that, though the vogue for printed velvets was said to be over, everyone, French and foreign alike, was asking for them. This house uses both panne and straight pile velvets as a basis for printing, and the designs are usually quite small except when intended for evening, often floral, but also, sometimes, neat and conventional, recalling sports designs.

At Coudurier's, Mr. Cendron told me that the collection continues to contain a large group of printed velvets, especially pannes, both because the demand for them continues and because of technical reasons.

At Ducharne's they report a continued demand, and show a large collection, especially of printed pannes, in designs which include many tiny flowers, leaf patterns, the Ducharne rose, field flowers, checks, etc. It is noteworthy in this collection that the color schemes in printed velvets are often very restrained, there being many in soft greens and brown, or beige, brown and black. If you care for my personal opinion, I must repeat that I feel that the very smartest women will tend toward plain, rather than printed materials, next winter, and that the use of the latter will be limited, especially in the daytime. This summer, many of us have been amazed at the strength of the printed crêpes and chiffons for daytime, and the printed chiffons for evening. They have literally flooded the scene, whenever it was fine. But I hear women whose opinions count saying that they are tired of so much printing, and that usually means a swing of the pendulum to the opposite direction.

Sales in plain velvets are reported to be very large, both in the artificial silk pannes, and in the all-silk wedding-ring velvets. As to Lyons, or milliners' velvet, it was only at Coudurier's that my attention was drawn to it, and it here appears in three wide stripes, graduated from light to dark; for example, in three reds. The new evening gowns are often so voluminous that it seems

SUZANNE TALBOT DUCHARNE

Madame Talbot designed this coat-dress especially for Harper's Bazar to illustrate both Ducharne's new printed moire and some of her own ideas. The material is a supple cream-colored moire printed in a thumb-print design which makes a vague square. Plaited frills are used across the front as well as on the scarf-ends and sleeves. The fur is gray fox.

Molyneux has designed this evening gown of Coudurier's sealing-wax red moire in which the water-mark is brighter than the background. He shows a new version of the tiered skirt with a sash girdle molding the figure and tying in front. Godet flounces are interestingly arranged. The moire shoulder straps run through rings.

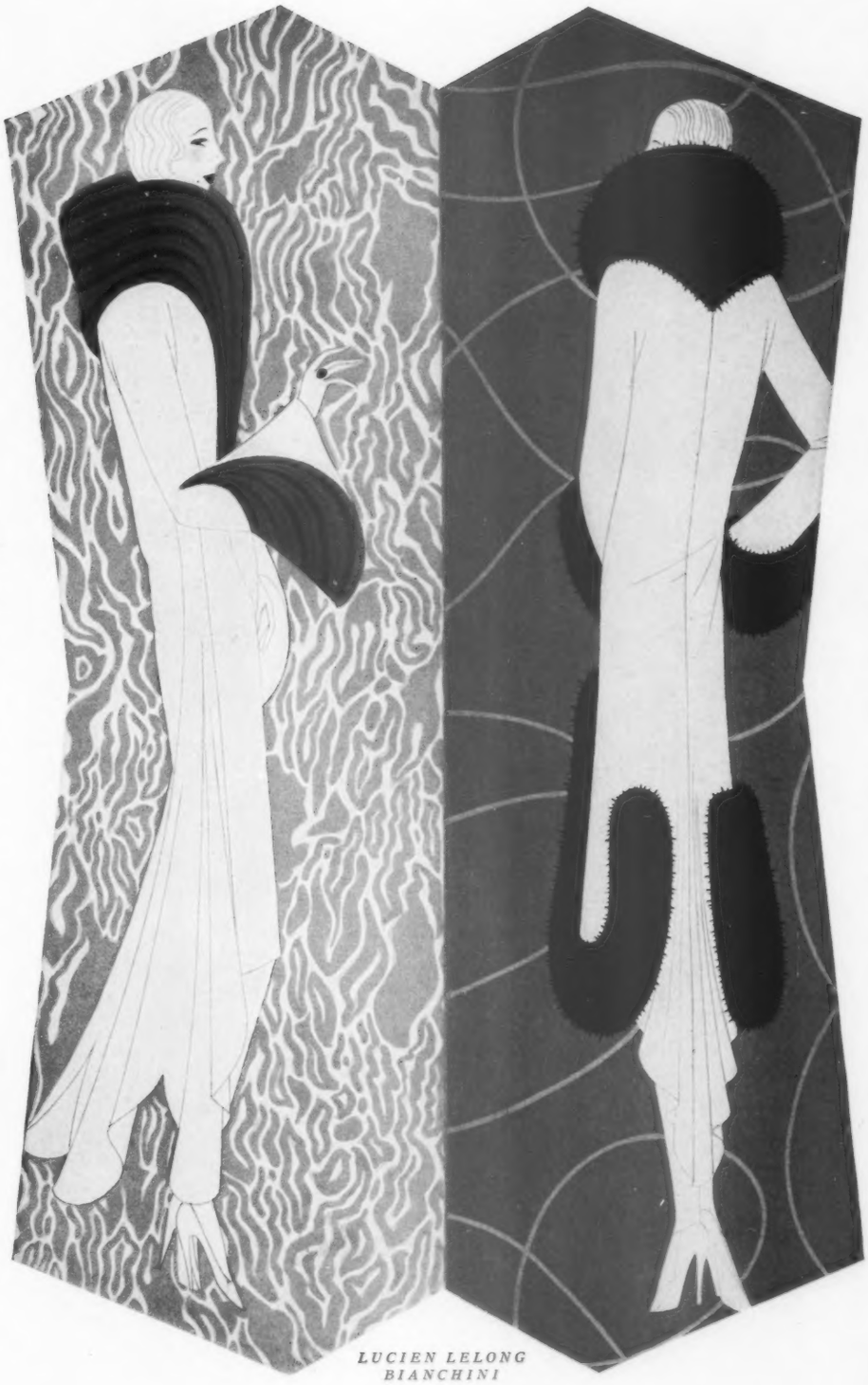
MOLYNEUX
COUDURIER

difficult to imagine them in stiff velvet. It will be reserved for coats, which, in the new three-quarter length, are well adapted to a stiffer material, even when worn over a fragile frock.

All the silk houses are showing large collections of raised velvets, called "façonné" or "ciselé." They also show velvets in woven patterns, as already mentioned. A pretty velvet at Coudurier's is exactly like a corduroy, but very soft and flexible, because it is on a thin voile base. Some of the raised velvets on lamé bases are as sumptuous as anything that the looms of Venice ever turned out.

A good season is predicted for what might be called fancy chiffon next winter. That is to say, chiffons showing both printed and metal designs, or chiffons with raised velvet motif. These can be used exactly as printed chiffon has been used this summer, but the addition of the second motif in another material gives them just that weight and importance that is appropriate to a winter evening mode. Louiseboulanger is using a good many of them, and whatever she does is significant. The chiffon lamés are also interesting several leading houses, including Molyneux. These are almost as supple as a real chiffon, composed of metal threads one way, and silk the other, with printed designs, often done on the reverse side, so that the design is very soft and indistinct. All the collections, however, include new designs in ordinary printed chiffon, showing that they are prepared for a continuation of this apparently endless vogue. It is noticeable that the grounds are usually dark for winter.

Lelong has designed two evening coats especially for Harper's Bazar, illustrating two new Bianchini materials. This one is of rich golden lamé, which Lelong is favoring. The design is like flames of bright gold on a pale gold ground. The coat is slim with side sections spreading into important godets scalloped at the edge.



The second evening coat by Lelong is in Bianchini's lunasol façonné, a new version of his famous brilliant artificial silk satin. The design is a curved wavy line, like a tangled string. In the model sketched, Lelong has used it in lovely pale blue with a turquoise cast. The fur is blue fox, lavishly and richly used.

LUCIEN LELONG
BIANCHINI

Satin is most important in the Bianchini collection, though it appears in all of them. First in order is Bianchini's "lunasol," an artificial silk weave, extremely brilliant. It comes in two weights, heavy for coats and lighter for gowns. This year it has been elaborated in all kinds of ways. "Lunasol façonné" shows broché designs all over the surface, sometimes bright on dull or vice versa. Particularly successful with the *couture* is a pattern of rather close-set daisies, in dull on a bright satin base. Another shows a small dull star, and a third Bianchini's favorite lily-of-the-valley in single blossom. Lelong has created for Harper's Bazar an evening coat in a new lunasol façonné, with a design like a wavy line, above. One of lighter weight, already used by Patou for a suit, has a half-inch stripe in alternate shiny and dull. A new lunasol, called "moucheté," has a small silver or gold motif, often a dot.

The lamés in the fabric collections are the glory of the French looms, and it always seems a great pity that they are not more worn.

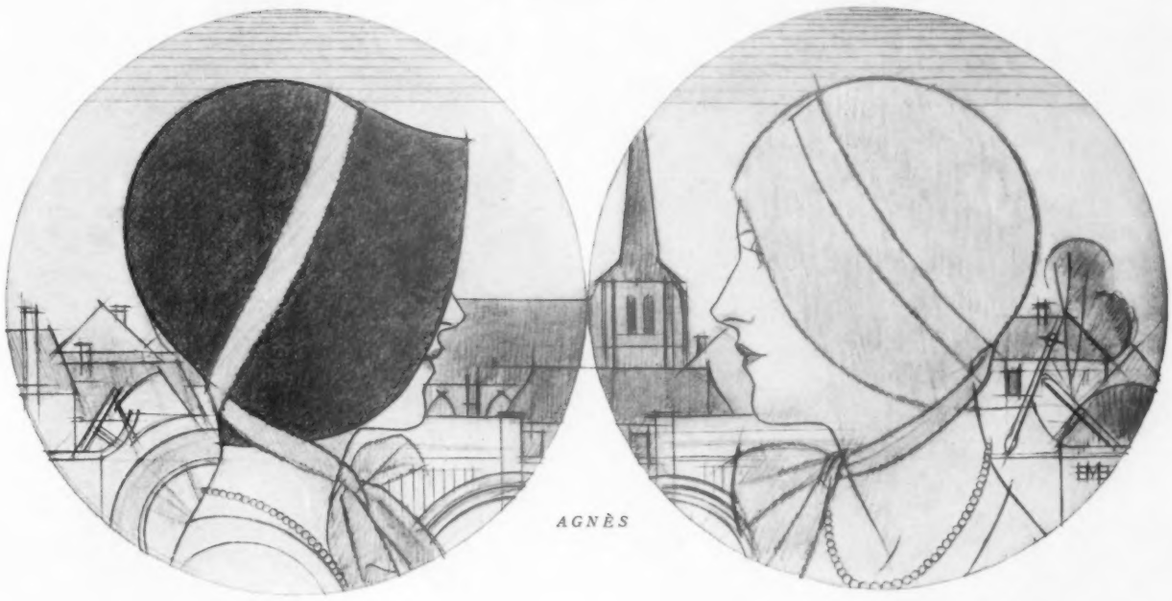
At Bianchini's, the Persian lamés are particularly beautiful this year. They are like ancient documents, and their characteristic is the thin overstripes of all the colors in the design that appear on the wrong side. England has been a far better customer for lamés than France or America, but an effort is being made by some of the leading designers to bring these entrancing fabrics back into the mode. On this page Lelong has designed for Harper's Bazar a lovely evening coat in one of Bianchini's new gold lamés, with a pattern (*Continued on page 130*)

HEIM

Heim's coat of beautifully matched breitschwanz skins shows his new idea of piping the seams in black satin in order to do justice to the important cut of his new models. The coat twists around the figure and has the popular shawl collar.

Another coat from Heim is of Turkestan lamb, a new flexible thin kidskin in black. This model closely fits the figure, flaring slightly in the skirt. Sections of fur are put together in oblongs and one end of the fichu collar is heavy, black satin.

Agnès' double hat is an important note in winter millinery. A fitted cap of dead-leaf brown breitschwanz has two long bands of the fur attached in front. Over this cap is set a wide-brimmed hat of brown felt, through which the bands pass and tie.



FORECAST IN FURS

Fine Flexible Skins Are Used for the New Fur Coats

Kidskin an Interesting Novelty

THINNESS and suppleness are the leading characteristics of the new skins for next winter. All the leading furriers are looking for new furs that may be handled like broadcloth, and every year brings them nearer the realization of this desire. These new flexible pelts may be quite humble in origin, like the chevrette or young goat which is made into simple sports models; or they may be the exquisite broadtails which a combination of art and science is constantly making thinner and finer. This year, the most interesting novelty is the new kidskin, called by various names in different houses, almost without curl, and looking at a little distance like a man's silk hat.

Several of the leading furriers have given me a glimpse into their workrooms, and some of the newest models are sketched for you on these four pages, while two striking coats from Max-Leroy are photographed by Baron de Meyer on page 70.

Madame Leroy will make her new evening coats either very long or very short, influenced by the extravagant length of the present evening mode. Her short models will be more numerous than the long ones, and they will often be made of supple precious furs, such as ermine, and sometimes of rich lamés, bordered at the edge with precious, long-haired furs. They will have something the silhouette of a shawl, drawn tight round the body in front, and dipping in the back, the dipping line being accentuated by a wide fur band. Even her long coats will have this line that is pulled round the figure in front and dips in the back. As to collars, she will suppress them altogether, and substitute instead a removable scarf of fur, sometimes matching the coat, and sometimes the gown. For example, on a short coat of spotless ermine, she will use a short scarf of sable, lined with ermine, to be worn over a gown of sable brown tulle. With a printed chiffon gown of black and white, she proposes a short ermine coat with a scarf of silver fox, repeating the black and white of the gown. She will make these short jackets of mink, both for afternoon and evening. When she uses lamés, she will choose the most sumptuous ones, and the furs will be correspondingly precious.

Her long evening wraps will be made of the same furs and rich materials. To carry out the same line, hanging straight and dipping in the back, and draped round the figure in front, she will adapt the bolero to her long coats, trimming its edge with long-haired furs to accentuate the line. She uses the same idea for formal afternoon coats in fur. One model is in dark brown shaved lamb, trimmed with lynx dyed one tone lighter, used for a big collar, and for the hem of the bolero, as well as for big cuffs, which, when held together, form a large muff.

She believes that the vogue for cheap furs of the leading rabbit family is definitely over, and predicts that the leading furs of the winter will be ermine, mink, and breitschwanz and, after them, sealskin in the best quality, and Persian lamb. These last two are being very carefully studied to make them as supple as the lighter furs, and great progress has already been made in this direction. All the "flat" furs will be trimmed with long-haired pelts to give contrast in materials.

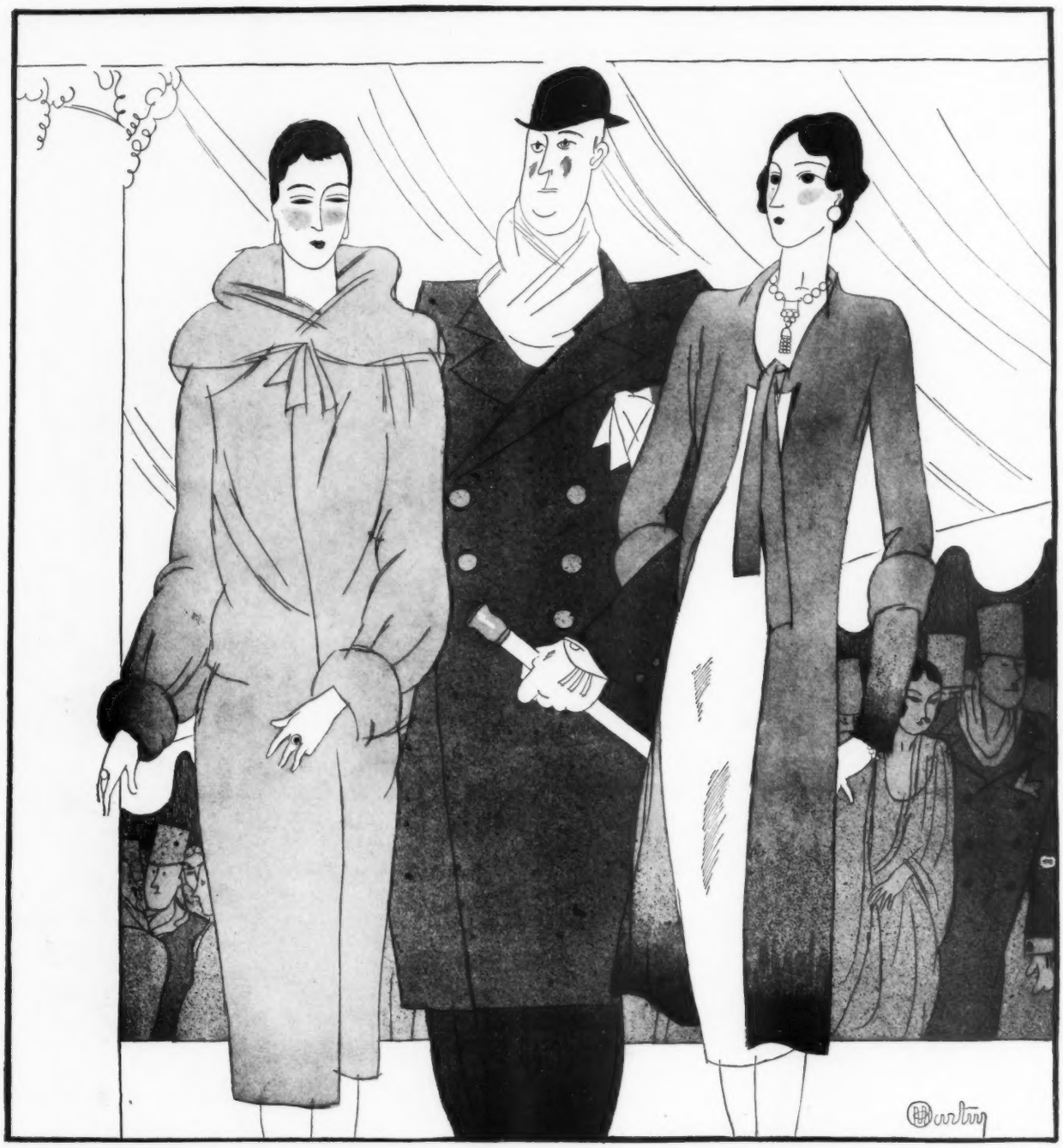
Her trimming furs will be of the first quality; fox, especially blue and silver, sable, and fisher, all the best of their kind. Lynx she will treat quite differently. Instead of leaving its mottled beige and cream, she will dye it, both in even dark tones, and in pale shades, such as bois de rose.

For sports, she will use shaved lamb and Russian pony, and her new *loutre de mer*. Some of the sports coats will be full length and slim.

For evening, she gives the palm to ermine, and will often use the cape, especially for wear with spreading skirts derived from the *robe de style*.

Madame Lanvin, who maintains a separate fur house on the Rond Point des Champs Elysées, will also make a specialty of flat furs, chevrette for sports, and the new very young kid, and breitschwanz for more formal wear. She presents these skins in many colors, black, dark brown, lighter brown, beige, grège, and pale gray. While these flat furs are her "leaders," she also uses the classic skins, rich dark mink and ermine, for evening. Her ermine is often dyed, a process which demands the use of the most perfect skins, and one of her favorite models is in palest gray. This is for evening.

For afternoon is the breitschwanz model sketched, for which she has revived the big dolman sleeves, and added a capuchin collar,



LANVIN

tied with cords made of the fur. This model is also made in beaver.

She will use this winter, mink, sealskin, beaver, and mole. One new model in the last fur is bleached and worked in narrow fillets like ermine, and dyed a pale string-color. She is interested in dyed furs, a favorite trimming fur being the undersides of gray squirrel dyed brown, or hazelnut.

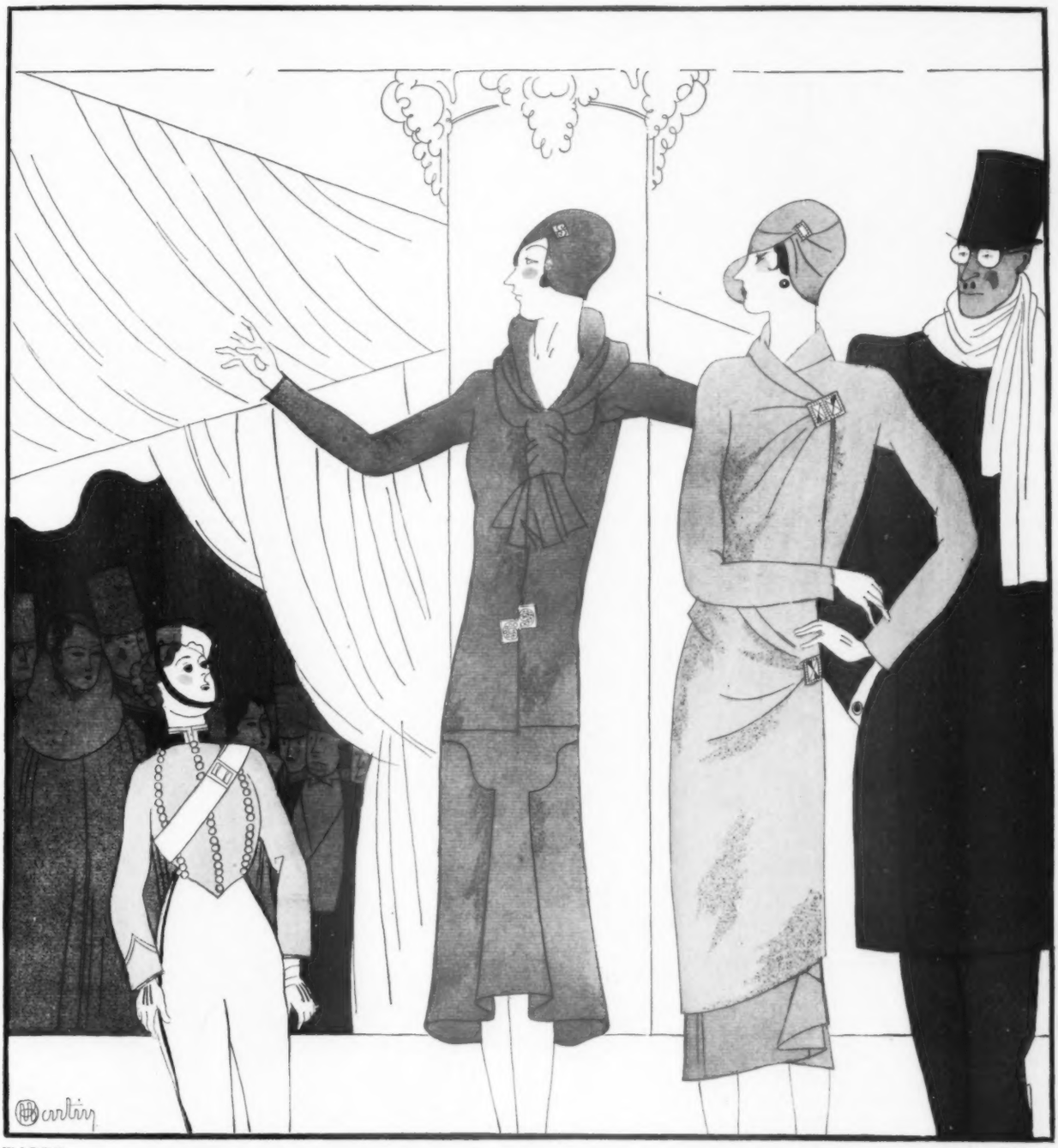
She has adapted her patchwork ideas to furs for winter. A charming ensemble in four different materials consists of a skirt in quilted navy crêpe satin, a *chemisier* blouse in navy georgette, and a jacket, cut like a cardigan, in crêpe romain, covered with patches of very fine shaved lamb in white. A line of the navy crêpe romain shows between the closely set modernistic sections of fur.

A Lanvin example of tailored furs, for morning and sports wear, is sketched by Martin on this page. It is in chevrette, cut with a yoke in three points in the back, with a once-over tie of the fur in front, and the entire garment is shaded from palest gray on the shoulders to deep iron-gray at the hem.

Heim is making a specialty of very fine, almost uncurled kidskin, which he calls Turkestan lamb. The coat sketched by Monsieur de

A Lanvin coat of supplest gray breitschwanz revives the large raglan sleeve in fur. A capuchin collar of the fur, which ties in the front, accentuates shoulder width. The cuffs of the full sleeves turn back and the coat laps over quite far in the front, protecting the knees when seated.

Chevrette, or very young goatskin, is used by Lanvin in this coat. The yoke and sleeves are cut in one piece, in light gray, shading to darker gray at the cuffs. There is a band of darker fur just below the elbow. Ends of the fur tie in front, and the hem of the coat is very dark in color.



WORTH

This suit of fine kidskin, from Worth, is in his new color, called "acier chromé." The short, closely fitting jacket fastens with a diamond pin like that on the fur hat. The handkerchief collar ties in front, and the skirt is interestingly cut. The hem-line is uneven.

Worth has used dark tobacco brown kidskin for this smart ensemble. The three-quarter coat drapes slightly and is fastened with a square diamond motif. The hat is also of fur with a matching diamond motif and the skirt is oddly folded at one side. The blouse is satin.

Monvel on page 84 is an example of it. The fur is almost as flat as satin, which it somewhat resembles. It is faintly "water-marked," and used in the model in oblong pieces, the joins being quite apparent. The attached scarf collar is interesting, for it is made half of fur and half of heavy black satin. These coats are for afternoon wear, and are usually in black. For sports or travel, he uses chevrette, sometimes trimmed with broadcloth or suède.

For afternoons, he liked breitschwanz, which he uses both black and dyed in browns, beiges, or grays. A new idea, illustrated in the breitschwanz coat, sketched by Monsieur de Monvel, is the piping of all the seams in heavy black satin. This accentuates the cut, which is always interesting at Heim's, and never obvious.

Some of his newer trimming furs are Persian lamb bleached and dyed a golden color, *baronduki* bleached and dyed dark beige, and astrakhan paws, sometimes dyed and sometimes black.

From Agnès comes the double hat, drawn by Monsieur de Monvel on page 85, which has already been described in the last issue. The cap is of beige breitschwanz, and Agnès suggests that it may come in handy with winter sports clothes at St. Moritz. *Marjorie Howard.*

By Mrs. Belloc Lowndes:

"WITH ALL JOHN'S LOVE"

So read the Message which Changed The Lives of four People

Illustrations by Frederic Dorr Steele

"WHAT'S the name of that old toff of yours?" he asked suddenly.

"That's my business."

"It's mine, too—" and he gripped her delicate wrist.

They had kissed till they could kiss no more, their swaying figures reflected in the broad, old-fashioned cheval glass which had been one of the first things Emily Chard had bought when she had taken this large room. Now they were moving automatically toward a rocking-chair drawn up in front of the fire. Once there, the young man fell, as if blindly, into the chair, and pulled the girl down with a quick movement on to his knee.

But she sprang up and looked at him defiantly.

"You said you'd never be jealous, Joe Hathersage. I told you I'd never stand a jealous chap."

What was it in his bewildered, flushed face that made her suddenly soften? She slipped down on to his knee again, and putting her arms round his neck laid her soft cheek on his.

"His name's Eastcote, if you must know. You should hear him cooing, 'Call me John'!"

"Drat his impudence!" he said under his breath.

"'John—my side line,' that's what he is," she went on lightly.

On his lips there trembled the words, "A good line, eh, Emmy?" But he kept them back, and put the lips on which those bitter words remained unuttered onto her little pouting mouth.

"I'm hungry, if you aren't!" she exclaimed at last.

He released her from his strong clinging arms, and she ran over to the table where lay a number of small parcels while he watched her with smouldering, possessive eyes.

How lovely she was! No wonder toffs, old and young, fell for her! Why, she looked like a little princess to-night in a pale mauve frock he had not seen her wear before.

He called out casually, "How's your sister now?"

Without turning round, she answered absently, "Quite all right," for she was absorbed in the not very easy task of dismembering a large lobster with a pointed kitchen knife.

He got up, walked to where she stood now laying the table, and thundered out, "Don't you dare lie to me!"

"What d'you mean?"

She turned on him quickly, and the color rushed up into her face, blotting out the delicate powdered rouge.

"You've not been with your sick sister. You've been to Paris," he said savagely.

"What if I have, Mr. Sherlock Holmes? I've a right to go where I like, haven't I?"

Her blue eyes were bright with anger and defiance. She ran across to the bed, jammed on her hat, and began putting on a costly fur coat which, also, was new to Hathersage.

"I'm off!" she cried. "There's an old friend as says he never goes out in the evening; he just stays indoors, waiting, waiting, waiting—for me. That chap's going to have a pleasant surprise!"

Hathersage rushed to the door and put his back against it. "Now, Emmy? Don't be a silly—"

"It's you who are silly, Joe."

Her voice broke; the tears were trickling down her cheeks; it was the first time he had ever seen her cry.

Masterfully he took her in his arms, and she only pretended to push him away. "I was just longing for to-night, and now you've gone and spoiled it all!" she sobbed.

"I'm sorry, sweetheart. Do forgive me!"

"It's so silly, so *common*, to be jealous."

"I know it is," he said humbly.

"And you said you never would be."

"I won't be, again."

He had sat down on the side of the bed and, cradling her in his arms, was gazing into her flushed, tear-stained face with shamed eyes.

"Just to satisfy you, I'll admit I *have* been to gay Paree." Then, with a touch of anxiety, she asked, "However did you find it out?"

He said hoarsely, "See that hat-box over there?"

She wriggled herself round and gazed at the new hat-box on which was pasted a large label marked *Paris*.

And then she began to laugh. She laughed and laughed and laughed. It was that April shower and sunshine quality about Emily Chard which, quite as much as her unusual physical loveliness, allured almost every man who crossed her devious path in life.

"Clever boy! Like a kiss?" She lifted up her flower-like face, and to him—perhaps to her too—their passionate, long drawn-out reconciliation was almost worth the quarrel.

At last they sat down to supper; and she began to eat, if daintily, yet voraciously, too. As for him, he played about with the food on his plate, looking across at her now and again while he remembered, nay not only remembered but lived over again, all that had happened under an hour ago. Happenings about

"'You said you'd never be jealous, Joe Hathersage. I told you I'd never stand a jealous chap,' said Emily."

"John Eastcote stared down at his wife. Was it possible that she knew what he was about to tell her?"

which Emily Chard knew nothing—and was never to know.

He had arrived, as usual over-early, to find the front door of the house open, and Mrs. Pym, the charwoman, in the hall.

"Miss Chard's not in yet. No need to 'urry up-stairs," said Mrs. Pym genially. And, as he stayed his eager steps, "So it's good-day and good-by this evenin'," she observed.

"Eh, what?" He stared at her distrustfully.

"Don't you know your young lady's moving to-morrer?"

Quick as thought he told himself that if she hoped she was telling him news, she should be disappointed. "I never did think this a nice place to be alone in all night," he said casually.

"Maybe that's why some of Miss Chard's friends stops so late," and she leered at Miss Chard's friend.

He would have liked to have struck the woman in the face, for, in spite of his apparent stolidity, Joe Hathersage was a violent-tempered young man. Emmy moving from here to-morrow? What bosh! Deliberately abstaining from a friendly "Good-night," he started going up the wide staircase.

"Stop a minute! I'm not supposed to leave any one loose in this 'ere 'ouse, and I'll be gone in two ticks."

Heavily he turned, and came down the stairs again. Maybe the woman was moved by the look on his young face. (*Continued on page 133*)

Mrs. John Harriman is seen on a cool day in Newport wearing this very smart sports coat.

Mrs. Boothe Brokaw in a charming gay-colored bathing-suit on the beach at Southampton.

PICTORIAL PRESS

Miss Olive Whitman as she appeared selling flowers at the recent Newport lawn fête.

INTERNATIONAL

Miss Pyrma Tilton in the lovely gardens of Pell Villa at Newport, where she is summering.

INTERNATIONAL

Mr. and Mrs. George D. Widener at Newport, where they are spending the summer months.

INTERNATIONAL

INTERNATIONAL

THE WORLD OF FASHION SEEKS THE SUMMER SUN

Mrs. George Sloane of New York is pictured taking a brisk walk in the Newport sunshine.

Mrs. Enrico Caruso and Mrs. Newell Tilton who are enjoying a summer sojourn at Newport.

INTERNATIONAL

The beach casino at Southampton, one of the favorite haunts of the fashionable world.

INTERNATIONAL

General Cornelius Vanderbilt and his nieces, Nundine and Sylvia Széchényi, at Newport.

INTERNATIONAL

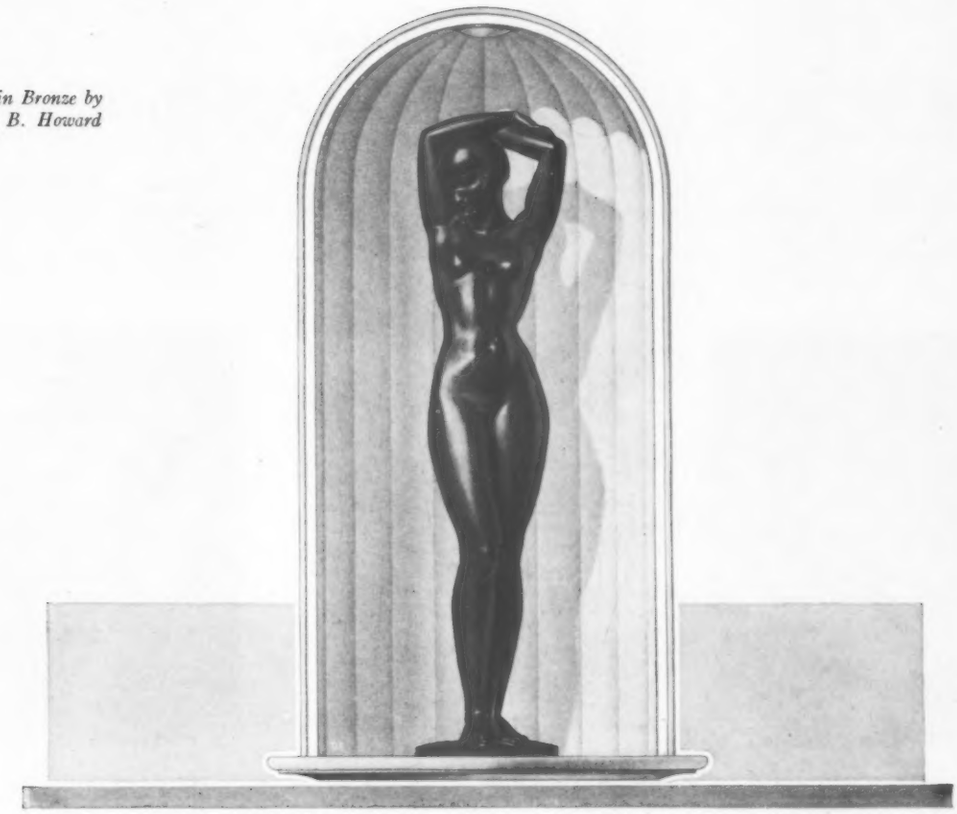
Mrs. Leonard Thomas is seen at Newport wearing a chic costume in contrasting colors.

PICTORIAL PRESS PICTORIAL PRESS

THE PLAYGROUNDS BY THE SEA ENCHANT SOCIETY

FLORAL SYMMETRY ENHANCES MODERN ART

To adorn the modern niche shown on the opposite page and to express a mood of color and gaiety, Madame Agnès uses this glowing mass of flowers. The silver lacquered walls of the niche reflect the beauty and brilliance of this charming bouquet, which is an exotic combination.



Statuette in Bronze by Cecil De B. Howard

MODERN ORNAMENT

By MARJORIE HOWARD

Drawings by Dynevor Rhys

A HOUSE decorated in the modern manner is so carefully harmonized, so synthetic, that the placing of any sort of bric-a-brac, such as most of us retain a sneaking fancy for, becomes a problem. Sometimes in a modernistic interior there is so much synthesis about, that even the presence of the proprietors disturbs the effect. Yet no one wants his house to look like an exhibit in a decorator's show. Lights must be conveniently movable; a beloved porcelain, or bronze, or Chinese crystal, cannot always be condemned to a dark cupboard; and even the most maniacal of moderns will demand the gracious presence of flowers.

A solution of the difficulty is to plan, beforehand, special places for the reception of special objects, as niches are planned for statues on the great portals of Chartres cathedral. Madame Agnès, who has loved modernistic art ever since there was such a thing, has adopted this idea in the planning of her new apartment, and her ideas have been executed for her by Jean Dunand.

The smooth unbroken surface of a wall that calls for an intelligent interruption has been chosen for the niche that is illustrated on these pages. It is a tall oval in form, and its inner surface is fluted, and covered with antiqued silver lacquer. Another of these niches comes as a relief from the eternal mirror over the plain mantel, with its fire burning below.

Execution of the Niche by Jean Dunand

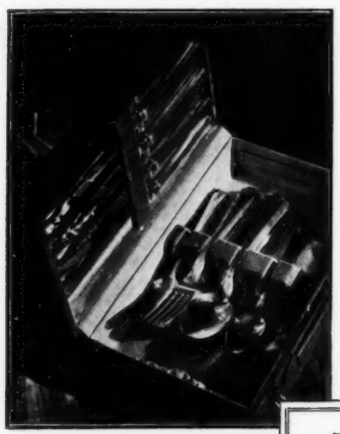
In the niche, she will place any sort of ornament that agrees with her mood, the time of the day, or the time of year. The three drawings suggest three objects; a modern lamp in alabaster, for an effect of light, with an interesting play of meeting rays, down from the top of the niche and up from the lamp itself; a bronze statuette, by Cecil Howard, for restraint and cool severity; and a glowing mass of flowers for color and gaiety. This interchangeability of object is really an adaptation of the Japanese idea of displaying one treasure at a time.

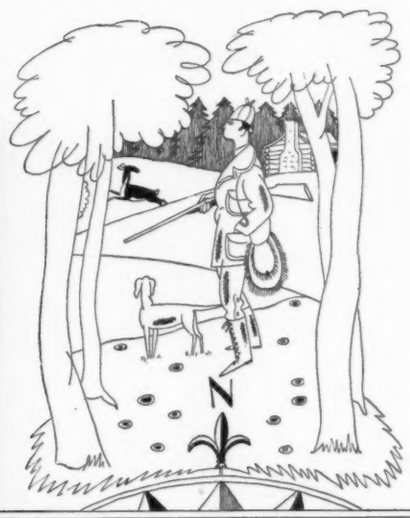
Other objects, equally appropriate, which Madame Agnès will place in turn, are a statuette of Chinese crystal, lighted above to make it as luminous as a gigantic diamond; a lovely Venetian glass; or one of Dunand's own tall silver vases, decorated in brown lacquer.

By Rebecca Stickney:

THE GAY USES OF PLATED SILVER

Community Plate has packed its smart new design "Deauville" in a convenient vanity size case of dark blue morocco leather. It holds service for six or eight.





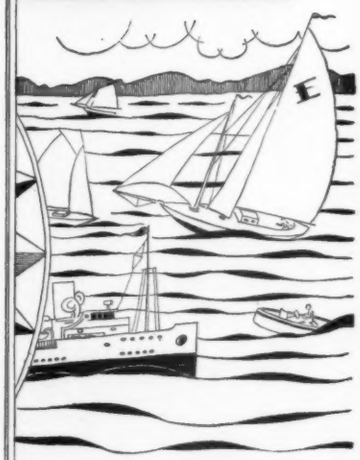
Pewter has recently come back into its own and such authentic copies as these have rare charm. The plates, ink-well, candlestick and bowls, from Poole Pewter Co.

THE call of the great out-of-doors is, among other things, the call of freedom from formalities, from responsibilities. As that charming jingle goes:

"Possessions weigh me down in life.
I never feel quite free.
I wonder if I own my things,
Or if my things own me."

So, when you are headed North, South, East or West, forget all overpowering possessions and be free! And yet we have acquired the pleasurable habit of being a little bit *soigné* in everything we do. There is a compromise.

It has been said that nothing reveals a woman's individuality and taste more clearly than her table and its appointments. To her joy, she may now find in plated silver utter simplicity of line and form, beauty of detail and finish, and excellent wearing quality. Here is beauty without responsibility, inexpensive chic without the danger of being commonplace. From the simple charming copies of old Colonial silver, to the most elaborate, formal designs, good taste has been carefully considered and with outstanding success.



Photographs by Sherril Schell

Sketches by H. Tempest Graves

This striking compote is very modern in feeling. It is particularly effective when it is filled with fruit. Design from the International Silver Company.

The lines of this "Legacy" tea set are charmingly modern. There are five main pieces to the service and a large tray. From 1847 Rogers Brothers Silverplate.

By Shelley Hamilton:

THIS THING CALLED THE TALKIES

A Strange Phenomenon has Come to Us and the Poor Public must Accept It

I HAVE never yet heard anyone—man, woman or moron—say, without a single if or but: "Of course I like them! I think they're great!" Yet here they are. The gentlemen known in head-lines as film magnates or movie kings announce that they are here to stay. Even granting that hope is mixed up in the fathering of this prophecy—for people who have poured millions upon millions into a new venture naturally hope they haven't been fools—it isn't a prophecy to sniff at too audibly. Who knows better what is going to be set before us for dinner to-night than the cook who is preparing it?

One of the humbler—but, oh, how important!—steps in the progress of civilization is when *table d'hote* gives way to *à la carte*, when the proprietor of the Mansion House announces that he has substituted the European plan for the American plan. In other words, his guests may henceforth exercise a certain amount of choice in the ordering of their fare, or even go somewhere else for their meals if his table does not please them.

Cinematic fare had never been so diversified that a person was seriously embarrassed by the wealth and variety of things to choose from. But try to satisfy an individual appetite now! It seems as if the union of amalgamated chefs of Hollywood were all using the same stew pot, and if what they turn out goes against your stomach the only thing to do is to starve. Or go to the delicatessen—the poor old-fashioned movie house around the corner which hasn't yet reached the opulent state of being wired for sound pictures. Some of these little houses call themselves art theatres and make a slogan of their silence, but you have to put up with old pictures there, or European pictures that are rarely new. Even the White House has had its East Room wired for talkies, though the President does not care much for them. "They demand too close attention," he says mildly.

The dawn of the sound picture, when it finally did come, came suddenly, and it came up like thunder. Unforesighted producers, with cans of silent drama in their vaults, rushed to decorate their product with something they could advertise as "Sound" or "Effects." A mere orchestral accompaniment, droning itself out huskily and scratchily as the film unwound, could be heralded as sound, and if the slamming of a door or the yipping of a poodle could be added appropriately, then you had "effects." "The King of Kings" even gilded the lily by introducing the groans of the populace of Jerusalem and a choir energetically rendering the Hallelujah Chorus from "The Messiah." You could almost hear the energizing beat of the choir-leader's baton.

That was in the early days of unpreparedness, hardly a twelve-month ago. Now we have *la véritable chose*, the "hundred per cent.

Ruth Chatterton

In "Madame X," which is probably the most perfect talking picture yet made, the lovely and youthful Miss Chatterton is not afraid to simulate unattractive middle age. She proves thereby what a true artiste she is.

talking" picture. The talking elephant at Luna Park is in some respects not more marvelous.

Like any revolution, the triumph of the talkie has been an exciting thing to watch. The very heavens have had to be recharted. Some of the fixed stars of yesternight can now barely be seen with the naked eye, other luminaries that had dimmed into the nebular limbo of has-beens have come swimming back into sight with an amazing new refulgence, unexpected meteors come blazing in from other heavens—from vaudeville and the drama and opera. More wrongs for Equity to right, more panic for theatrical producers, a new field for voice culturists, a new-sprung geyser of royalties for song-writers, a new unemployment problem among musicians. And, oh, the reopened storehouse of material that had been used and used till it seemed humanly impossible ever to use it again! Stories that had first been served hot as novel or play, then brought forth garnished and cold as a movie, can yet again adorn the board, hashed into a talkie.

And the fascinating rush and turmoil of it, to get the sheaves safely gathered in before television or its equivalent becomes marketable and a new revolution is upon us!

Yes, the talkies are with us. And they are something new to talk about. Perhaps those who love best to talk about them are those who hate them most. And they have a heaven-sent range of discussability, from whether Richard Barthelmess uses a double when he sings or whether Rudy Vallée has as much sex-appeal in his voice as Rudolph Valentino had in his eyes, all the way to the place of this new thing among the arts, if any.

It is possible to escape the talkies themselves by staying away from them. But where can you escape the talk about them? One would think it might be done at a week-end, among people—just the right people—who lay by the smartness or fame it is habitual to characterize them by and relax into congeniality, their only care not to bore one another. But here, in the mellow evening, golf, swimming, sun-bathing done with for the day, with fireflies flecking the dusk that veils the dark sward stretching down toward the Sound, a moon about to rise, the radio silenced—here they talked about the talkies!

Only one of them admitted tolerance for this new horror. He had not seen many of them, he merely insisted repeatedly: "Give 'em a chance! They're young yet! Give 'em a chance!"

"Now Howard!" The silvery head of the hostess turned toward the big chair where Howard Dee sprawled. People suspected that that silvery hair was not all nature's doing: the face it framed was too young, and the combination too attractive. "I've got to the time of life when I think I should have a rest from having to make allowances for infants. It's only a day or two before yesterday when they were telling us that plain movies were only in their infancy. I still think they should be seen and not heard."

"But the plain movies were beginning to get somewhere, growing up!" protested Charley Tee, who has a hopeful sort of pessimism about things that appeal to the masses. "Really good things came from Germany sometimes, and they were beginning to come from Russia, and they were showing producers here that they could take chances on pictures that weren't just pseudo-sex and lollipops."

"Oh, those Russian pictures! Nothing but propaganda!" came a voice from behind a pipe.

Lester Pea, who spends his springs and summers being one of the lost generation in Montparnasse and the rest of the year very capably trebling his fortune in Wall Street, started to murmur something hoarsely about Art, but the voice of Freddy—Frederika—See easily overbore him.

"I don't suppose you call it propaganda when our American pictures make every Irish peasant girl think she has to dress up like Clara Bow when she goes to Mass? Or when Tyrolean Mädels completely ruin a perfectly good technique of their own by trying to entice like Greta Garbo?"

"Of course everything that says anything is propaganda of a kind," said Charley musingly. "The silent pictures were unconsciously very powerful that way, because they had a universal language. Eventually they would probably have said a good deal that was worth while, and the whole world would have understood it because they didn't depend on the spoken word. There's certainly a backsliding in that way."

"If that were the worst!" Lester's voice cleared itself and made itself heard this time. "Why, the movies were really working out a drama technique that was itself, instead of being just a bastard of the stage and the novel. Of course, that part of it couldn't come as fast as the mechanical part—there aren't as many geniuses as there are good mechanics. But now they've gone straight back to making a dull photograph of something you can see, with far more illusion, in any theatre or vaudeville house!"

"Oh, those silent pictures seem so restful to look back on!" sighed the hostess. "And they were so comforting to deaf people—they made them feel the equal of anybody!"

"The voices are the strangest things!" This from Frederika. "I saw that nice boy the other day, Buddy Something. He's really awfully sweet, but when he spoke it seemed just as though his voice were coming from his feet, or the leg of a table—you know, like the ventriloquists one used to see, where there was a doll whose jaw kept wagging and the voice came from just anywhere. Only there's something even worse about it—the voices sound dead, like the specimens you see in laboratories pickled in jars."

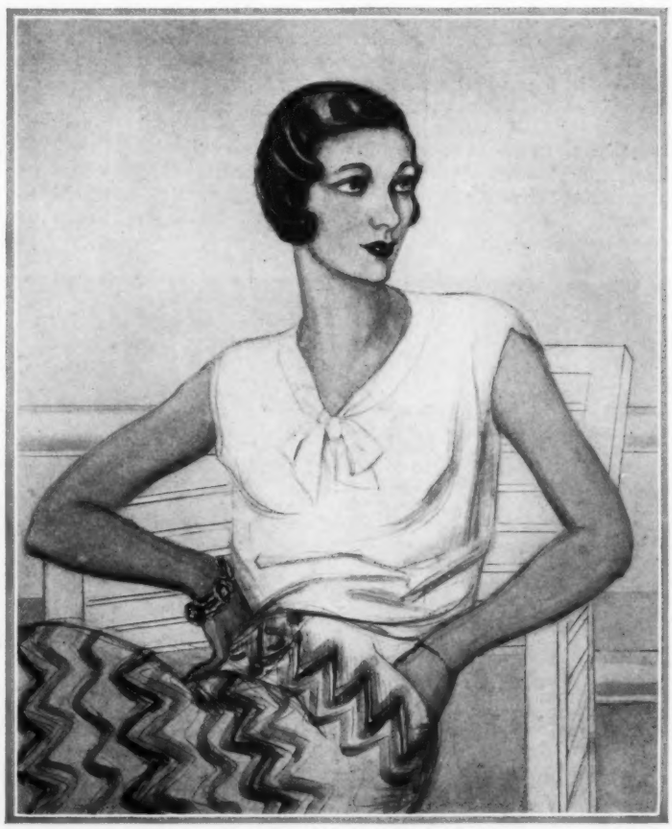
"Give 'em time, that's something mechanical they're sure to fix," from Howard's chair.

"I know just what you mean, Freddy!" The hostess. "The first time I saw a talkie I heard this weird sound as soon as I got inside the theatre, just like my idea of what the ghosts in Hamlet ought to sound like. Then I got where I could see the screen, and there was Margaret Sanger making a speech about birth control. It was terribly sincere, and terribly depressing. I wonder if it isn't possible to be a little cheerful about birth control?"

"There's something about the human voice that nothing can take the place of." Lester again. "You can't blame them for wanting to reproduce it. When you have emotions to stir, nothing else does it so well. Remember that mystery picture where the girl kept looking into dark corners or out of windows and shrieking? It was the only scarey thing in the picture."

"A good shriek is so satisfying!" murmured the hostess. "I don't suppose you remember Blanche Bates in that Japanese thing of Belasco's—that was a wonderful shriek! They said she had a special shrieker, who did it from her dressing-room."

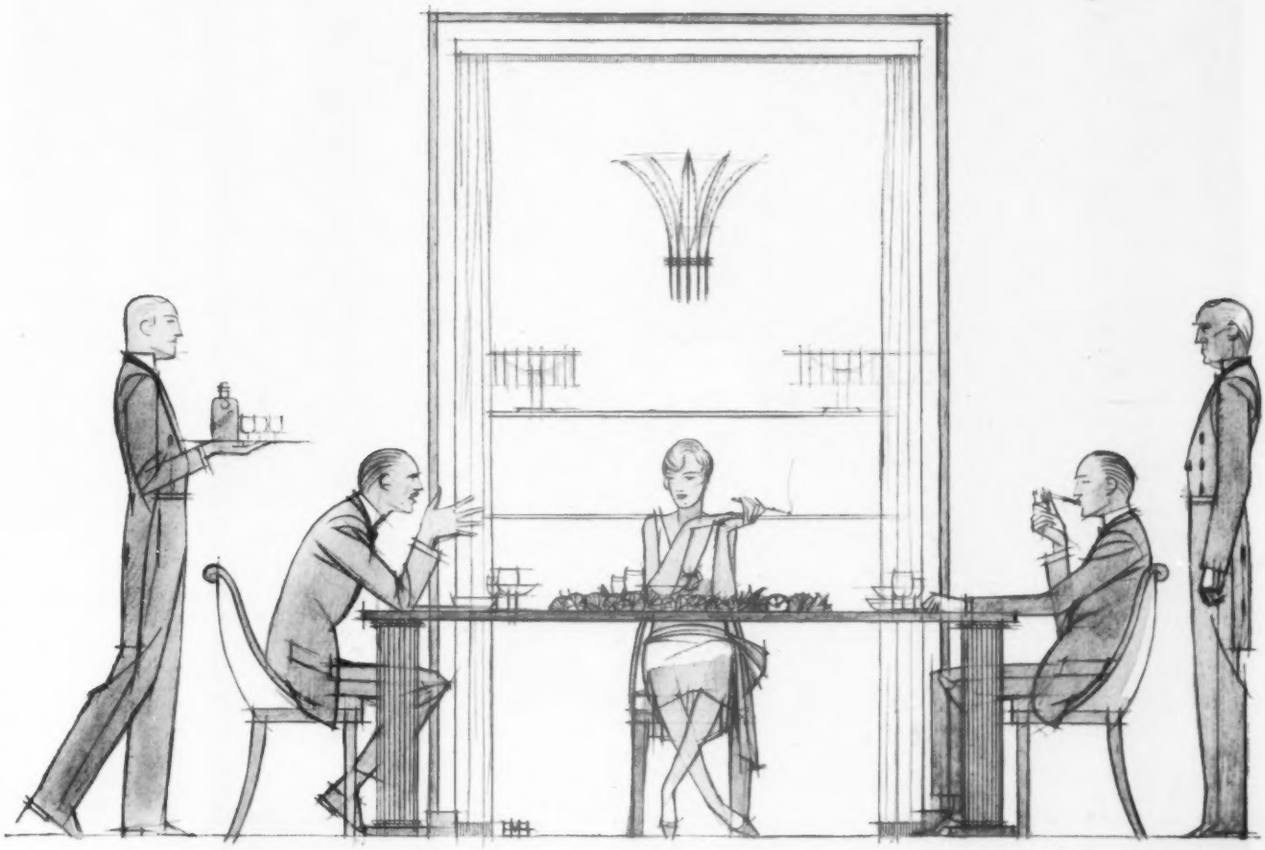
"That sort of thing *is* effective," went on Lester. "Especially in melodramas. But look at the love scenes! Audiences always laugh at them—the voices somehow bring out all the silliness. My point is, that the human voice is so wonderful, and important, that no mechanical reproduction of it will ever be quite good enough. That's why (*Concluded on page 190*)



Gertrude Lawrence

As seen by that clever artist, Mary MacKinnon. Miss Lawrence is the latest recruit to the talking and singing pictures, of which Mr. Hamilton so entertainingly writes. Her lovely English voice should please American audiences.

By Porter Emerson Browne and Joseph Hilton Smyth:



FROM CAVIAR TO COINTREAU

It all Happened in the Brief Time that it Takes to eat Dinner

Drawing by Bernard Boutet de Monvel

JOHN ENDICOTT set down his consomme cup with characteristic precision.

"Aren't you," he asked, glancing from his wife to their dinner guest, "staying in America a bit longer than you intended?"

Huntley Drayton smiled.

"Possibly. Always I seem to find myself staying in places longer than I intended, or not as long."

"Don't you make plans?"

"Only for the pleasure of changing them."

"I should think that you would find a certain amount of stability essential."

"Stability?"

"Social stability, definiteness of aim."

"Just what do you mean," Faith Endicott asked, looking up at her husband, "by 'social stability,' John?"

"One's duty to Society. Which so few people, especially women, seem to realize nowadays."

"After all," queried Drayton, "isn't a man's definition of social responsibility a matter of personal desires and prejudices? You, for instance, are a lawyer. Consequently your idea of social responsibility is a legal one; consisting of briefs, courts, and cross-examinations. Faith is your wife; yet her idea is not the same. Social responsibility, for her, means running your home, entertaining your friends, administering to your physical and mental well-being. My ideas as to my own social responsibility are unimportant, and a bit inchoate."

"Inchoate? In what way?"

"Every way. My life has been a disordered one. Owing to circumstances which I had no desire to control I have been led at many times to do many different things. It does not make for positive opinions."

"Haven't you always been a novelist?"

Drayton smiled slightly.

"There are those who still dispute the fact."

"Even after the tremendous success of 'Sunlight'!" cried Faith.

"Even after that."

He took a cigarette and lit it slowly.

"I would not be dogmatic," he went on, fingering his briquet, "and I loathe platitudes. But I have found, in this world, that the more one knows, the less one knows. What is true to-day is false to-morrow. Most astounding truths, as you will have to admit. Life is so entirely a matter of individual opinion."

"I can't see that," said Endicott. "Can't see the individual part of it at all. There are certain fundamentals of life which should be clear to everyone, which everyone should obey."

"Such as—?"

"Home. Family. A respect for established institutions and an honest effort to preserve their integrity."

"I used to believe that, too—until experience taught me that mass morality is as futile as mass legislation. Both, in an attempt to raise the masses, stultify or ignore the individual. Murder, committed by an individual for personal reasons, is illegal and unethical. But wholesale slaughter in time of war is not only legal and ethical but patriotic and praiseworthy; and the man who then refuses to break the sixth commandment finds himself as much of an outcast socially and legally as he who killed in time of peace.

"There is also marriage, an abstract ceremony permitting a relationship which may be pure, or may be impure."

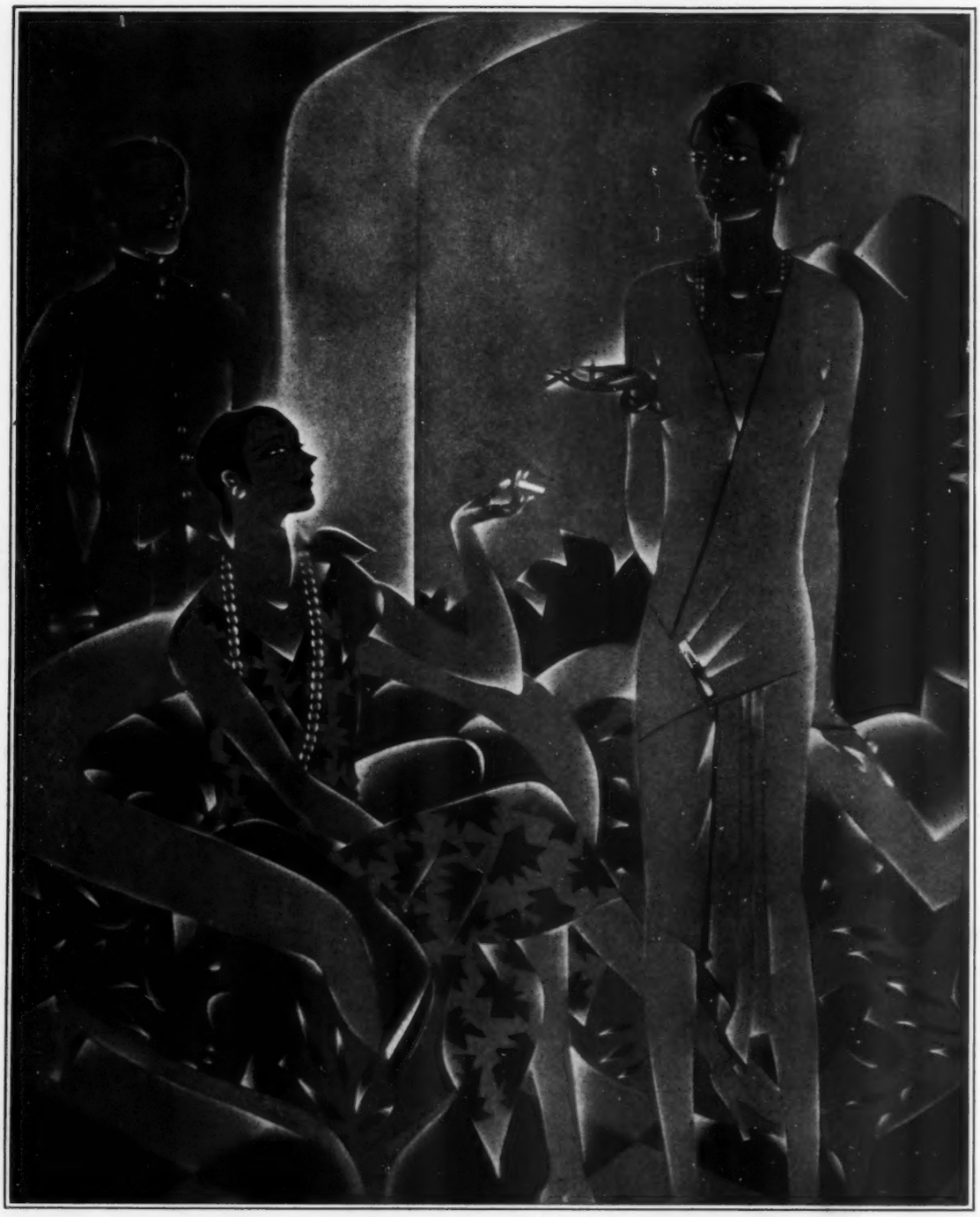
"You are citing simply exceptions and abnormal conditions." (*Continued on page 126*)

Photographs by Martin Brueht

HAVE YOU AN IDLE PENTHOUSE TERRACE?

Harper's Bazar took the nine-by-thirty terrace of Mr. Jacques Darcy in the raw. Nothing to start with but the Sutton Place sun and the exciting mid-town New York skyline. We invited a decorator to develop a sympathetic contemporary background for breakfast and luncheon—and afterwards for lounging and chit-chat. To show how simple it is to simulate the remote calm of a Tuxedo hillside above New York's hurly-burly.

On this page the Arden Studios have arranged a decor for a solitary breakfast; opposite a background for luncheon à deux. All equipment practicable, sudden-shower-proof, and very gay in coloring. Goldfarb has supplied the growing things. The Mayhew Shop the terrace umbrella. Black Knight the china and glass. McCutcheon the table linens. International the silverware.



"'Of course,' said Cynthia, 'I didn't know what you were like when I talked the way I did last night, Mrs. Barbour. I didn't know you'd take it like this.'"

By Margaret Culkin Banning:

THE GENEROUS THING

Is it Easier to let a Man go, or to Take him Back?

Illustration by Samuel Davis Otis

GAIL had no sooner arrived than she began to regret having come. It was all very well to act on impulse and this impulse had seemed very gallant and liberating and handsome at first. The trouble was that it didn't wear well. Already it had begun to fray into a tattered fringe of doubts. Leaving Tim alone just now might be the worst thing she could have done. It might force a conclusion too quickly, throw everything into a wrong focus. And she had left the household at loose ends. Stray things that should have been attended to kept cropping up in her mind. The cook should have been told not to give the children waffles every morning. They were sure to try to wheedle Olga into it. Everything was so confused. To be worrying about an excess of waffles in the face of her husband's infidelity! But it was hard to realize that the world had fallen to pieces and that she must rebuild it before she could keep house again. She was so used to keeping house.

She stood before a mirror in the small bedroom at the inn, twisting up her smooth brown hair with a few, deft, abstracted motions. There was a slow grace in the process, suited to her splendid, powerful body, full of throat and shoulder, and ripe in young maturity, somewhere at the beginning of its thirties. She looked as if she had borne her children with an increase of vigor; her body was well tended and handsome in a simple way, just as her possessions were, the heavy blue silk kimono and shining brushes. But her face stopped her beauty short somehow. It was like a landscape that might be beautiful in sunshine or even in wind or storm but in shadow or stillness grew dreary and unalluring.

In the mid-afternoon everything hushed, as if the town were deeply sunk in its own peace. Gail had deliberately chosen to come here because of the quiet; but it was beginning to prey on her. Her impulse to get away, without seeing Tim at all until she had thought things out, had not been able to leap over the fact that hotel bills in New York would be too expensive; and she did not want to go to any friends or relatives who might pry into her reasons for coming, even in kindliness. She wanted to be alone, to expose her mind, and her wound, look at facts as they were without the presence of the children to hurt her or sentimentalize her thinking, without Tim's unregulated bursts of good humor to wheedle her into thinking it wasn't true or didn't matter. It did matter, even if she was only one of a new set of characters in a commonplace drama. Again and again in the last few days she had told herself that women were constantly forced to meet this situation. But the thought gave her no companionship, only a deeper sense of humiliation. Was there no new solution or must she go through the old, set speeches and choose one of the stock outcomes, spying or shrewishness, clinging or release?

It had seemed to her that here in this familiar college town, full of midsummer stillness and haunted by wisdom and thought, she might possibly regain that clear impersonality which had been so adulterated in the last eight years, first by her love and later by so many intimate responsibilities. Her jealousy shamed her with its claptrap violence and she had wanted to cool it by putting distance between herself and Tim. But so far it had not worked that way. For twenty-four hours she had only been obsessing herself with speculations about what had happened since she had left. Tim no doubt would be glad that she had gone, welcome it as unexpected opportunity, hurry away to the girl. Perhaps she should have had it out with him before she came away, told him that she knew now why he had been so restless and unlike himself, why he had seemed both hangdog and exhilarated. Instead she had simply left word with Olga that she was to be away for a few days and where she was to be. When you had children you couldn't do what you wished, hide yourself. It was necessary to leave the address of your escape. But he would not follow her. He was probably on his way back from Chicago when she left; and when Olga told him where she was, he would imagine she was having some college reunion.

The other people staying at the inn were few, for it was out of season for college people; and they were all strangers to Gail, though undoubtedly most of them had once been educated here as she had been. It was an informal place, public, and yet it had plagiarized something of the gravity of academic buildings. Its flagged verandas turned away from the Post Road and looked serenely out over distant blue hills without making any attempt to coax motorists to stop as they dashed by on their way to or from New York. A place to rest—if one could rest. She put on one of the few cool dresses she had brought with her, a pale green one, and went out on the veranda to pretend that she read of someone else's troubles in a book, although her own were always between her eyes and the page. Gail had that quality which is close kin to beauty, the power to assemble herself and her effects with grace; the scholarly or elderly ladies who were her fellow guests looked at her with admiration as they passed on their orderly afternoon walks. But Gail did not notice. She was too busy fighting chaos.

She would not even have seen the new guest if there had not been such a stir about her arrival. The car that brought her was one of a foreign make, round-hooded and impressive and full of men and girls who did not seem to want to leave the one girl who got out and insisted on saying good-by to them.

"Why don't we all stop and have something to eat here?"

"You ate just an hour ago. You'll lose your pretty figure, Sammy," said the girl who was staying.

"Come on back with us, then. What's the idea of this nunnery, anyway?"

"Someone's disappointed the poor girl in love."

"It's time someone did. It's certainly coming to her."

They were a persuasive, riotous chorus. From her corner of the veranda Gail watched them. They all looked very rich and confident and out to amuse themselves; the girl whose bags the chauffeur had taken in seemed richest and most confident of all. She stood beside the car, the center of attention, in a sand-colored motoring coat of suède. Her very bearing proved her youth. Women who were older did not hold their heads as if they were expecting to see new and interesting things every minute, thought Gail idly.

"Won't you let anybody stay?" asked the one they called Sammy, who was tall and slight and dark and spoke in a deliberately falsetto voice, which seemed to be his special line of comedy.

"Not even me?"

"I will not," said the (*Continued on page 157*)

A SAILOR TO HIS BRIDE

By DANIEL WHITEHEAD HICKY

HOW can my heart be now content to know
A low-thatched roof and April at the gate,
A crimson hearthfire and the mellow glow
Of yellow candles when the night grows late?
I who have known white gulls above my head,
The fingertips of breakers on my lips . . .
How can these tender words your heart has said
Be anchorage for me, long loving ships?

Your hands will keep the cups and saucers bright,
And you will sing a song for me each day,
But should you wake one cold and starswept night
And reach for me and I have gone away,
Oh, say a prayer to God with lifted hand
And ask of Him to help you understand!

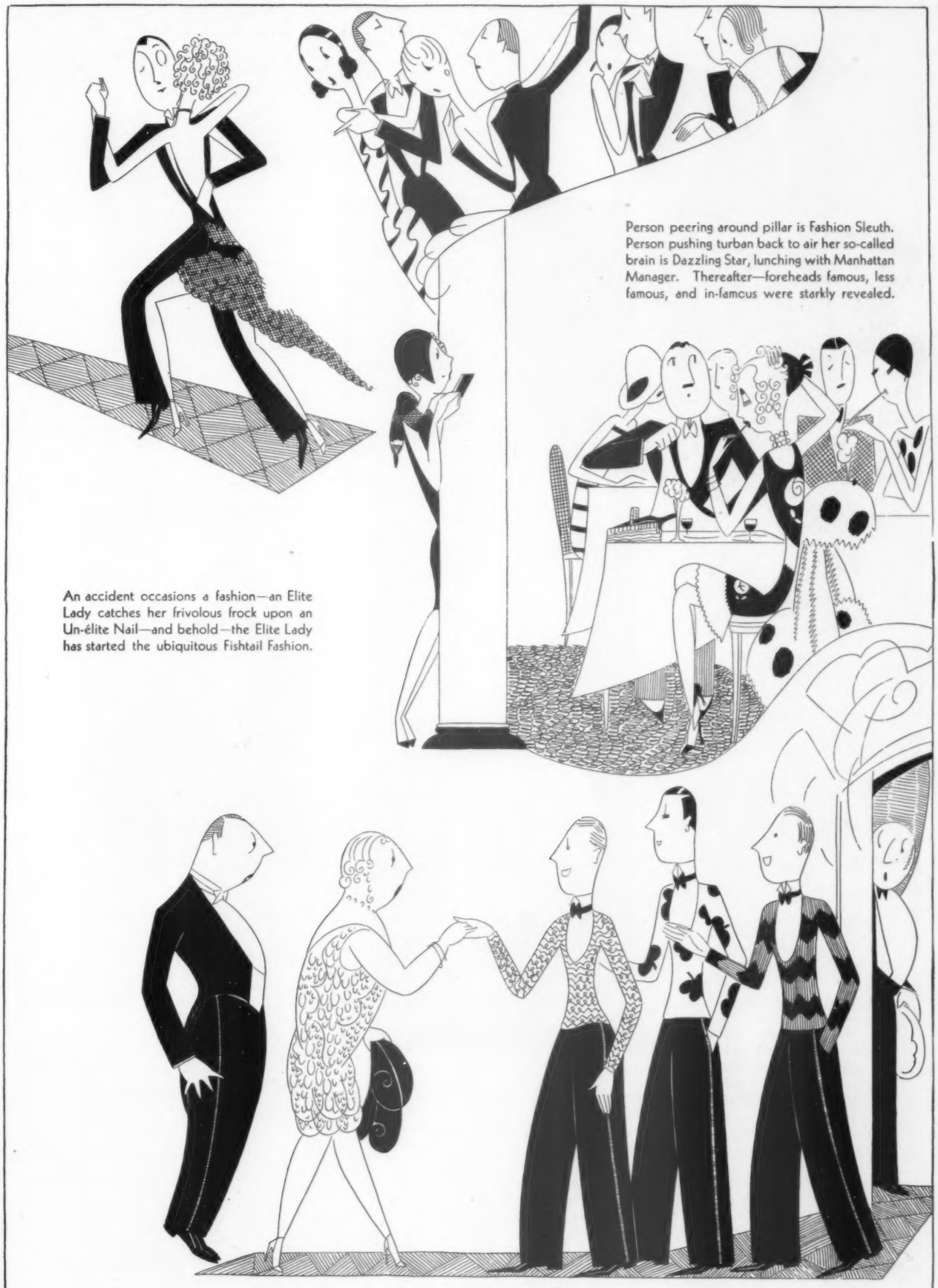
THE BIRTH OF A FASHION

Derisively Depicted

By FISH

Couturiers in conclave—sketches in unison—a sanctioned silhouette—lengths by legislation—hips by edict—curves by conference—Think you that fashions are so created?

No, it's every man for himself. The couturier—what a man-nequin!—drapes and plucks and pins priceless fabrics upon his own elegant form—but alas, how can any woman expect to wear a feminine garment with such ineffable chic as he bestows upon it?



Person peering around pillar is Fashion Sleuth. Person pushing turban back to air her so-called brain is Dazzling Star, lunching with Manhattan Manager. Thereafter—foreheads famous, less famous, and in-famous were starkly revealed.

An accident occasions a fashion—an Elite Lady catches her frivolous frock upon an Un-élite Nail—and behold—the Elite Lady has started the ubiquitous Fishtail Fashion.

Once the royal Welsh blood of the Prince of Wales ran cold—he donned a Fair Isle sweater—the scions of Schenectady followed—and the Fair Isles were on the map.

FISH

LUXURIOUS EVENING WRAPS ARE MADE IN ERMINE

This charming coat, which is distinctly fitted and flaring in line, is made in very fine beige-colored caracul. The hem-line is uneven, dipping slightly in the back, and there is a huge high-standing cape collar. From Saks-Fifth Avenue.

A stunning coat in cocoa-colored caracul is made by Bergdorf Goodman. The long shawl collar and the elbow cuffs are of marten, blending perfectly with the caracul and making a rich color effect. It is straight and slim in line.

A very graceful evening wrap, made in ermine, comes from Saks-Fifth Avenue. The full skirt, which is much longer in the back than the front, is set on to a wide hip-band and a soft bow of the ermine ties at one side. The collar is long.

F A heavy coarsely woven woolen coating material with a white zigzag design on a black ground. Walther.

A Botany's "Silver Gravel," a fine light gray woolen fabric with a silver rayon thread woven through it.

B "Kamelpak," a camel-colored cloth with a thick woolly pile for sports and children's coats. Shelton Looms.

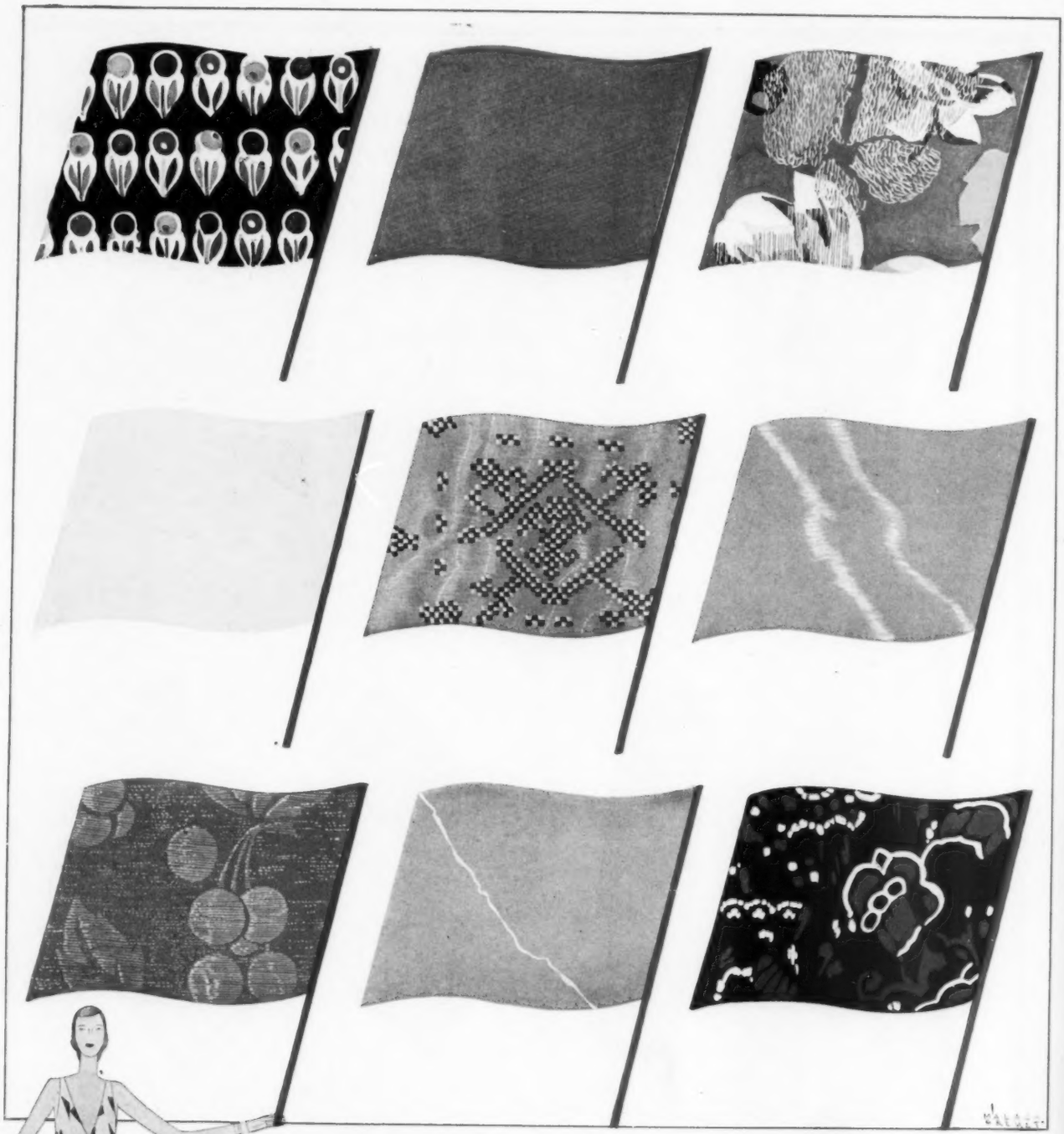
◆ Haas Brothers' "Nubella," a soft loosely woven woolen coating material in a lovely shade of bluish green.

R "Llama," a heavy natural-colored wool fabric with a soft downy nap suitable for sports coats. Stroock.

I Dark blue heavy woolen material with an indefinite silver gray thread woven through it. From Gera Mills.

C A fine wool fabric from Forstmann and Huffmann in the red-brown that promises to be a good fall color.

S An excellent coating material is this soft light beige wool fabric with a fine basket weave. Walther.



AN ARMY OF AMERICAN

From Amory Brown is a printed silk voile, a small pattern on a black ground.

Mallinson makes a tissue velvet of transparent texture in chartreuse called "liqueur."

A metal brocade from Cheney in a deep capucine shade, for evening wraps.

"Gros de Londres," from L. O. Thompson, a crisp taffeta in a lovely soft blue.

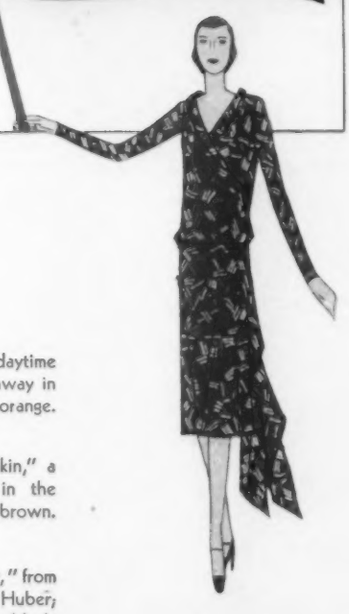
A two-tone metal brocade in coppery gold and mauve in geometric design. Cheney.

Celanese "Satin" in brilliant turquoise blue tone, with a highly reflective surface.

Overprinted, embroidered metal sheer crepe, in green and gold mixture. Cheney.

A transparent velvet from the Shelton Looms in a peach beige with lustrous surface.

"Sparrow Hawk" is a printed velvet in mixed brown and pink. Marshall Field.



FABRICS WITH BANNERS

A printed faille crepe from Corticelli in subtle shades of brown, orange and yellow.

A heavy - weight printed faille in fine geometric design. From Stehli Silks.

A printed crepe, brown and beige with shaded stripes. Marshall Field.

A heavy quality of faille crepe in dull maize color called "Tacca." Stunzi Sons.

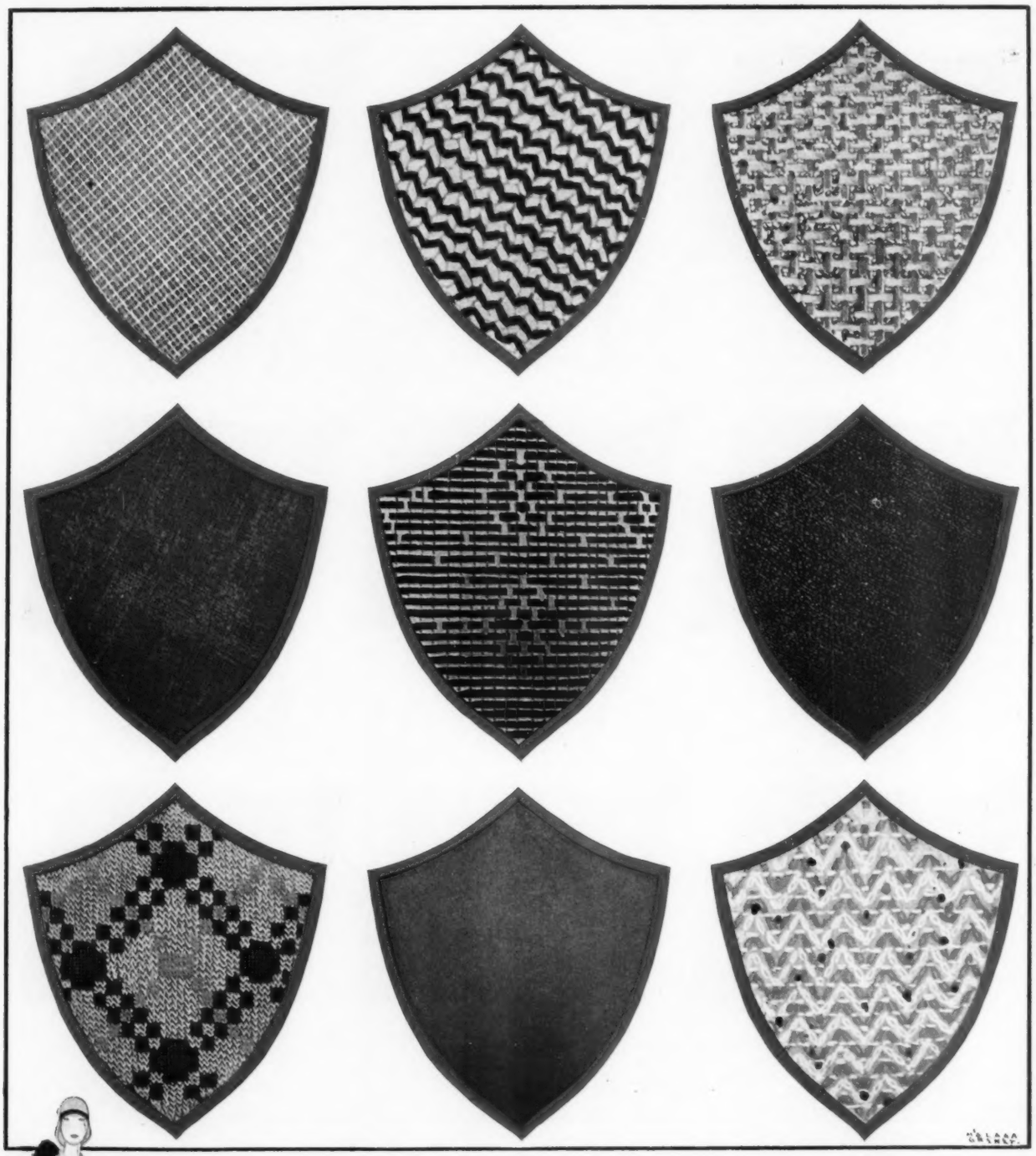
A satin-back printed crepe in brownish tint called "Mozart Molly O." Mallinson.

"Moleskin Superior" in a soft peach shade, a heavy satin - back crepe. Haas.

A printed crepe for daytime from Belding Heminway in reddish brown and orange.

Onondaga's "Deerskin," a heavy satin crepe in the season's smart red-brown.

An "Aquarelle Print," from Schwarzenbach and Huber; small colored sprigs on black.



TWEEDS AND WOOLENS

Loosely woven thin woolen fabric in beige with a fine thread of silver. Gera Mills.

A reddish brown thin woolen material, a Roubaix fabric from Haas Brothers.

A rayon and wool fabric in beige with an allover design in browns. I. A. Wyner.

A heavy tweed mixture in mahogany, beige and green. Forstmann and Huffmann.

Heavy tweed mixture in black and beige with a fine thread of red. Botany.

A violet blue wool crepe. An Orion crepe from Forstmann and Huffmann.

A rayon and wool mixture in beige, green, brown and silver. Holland and Sherry.

Closely woven thin wool cloth in dark brown with a thread of silver gray. Botany.

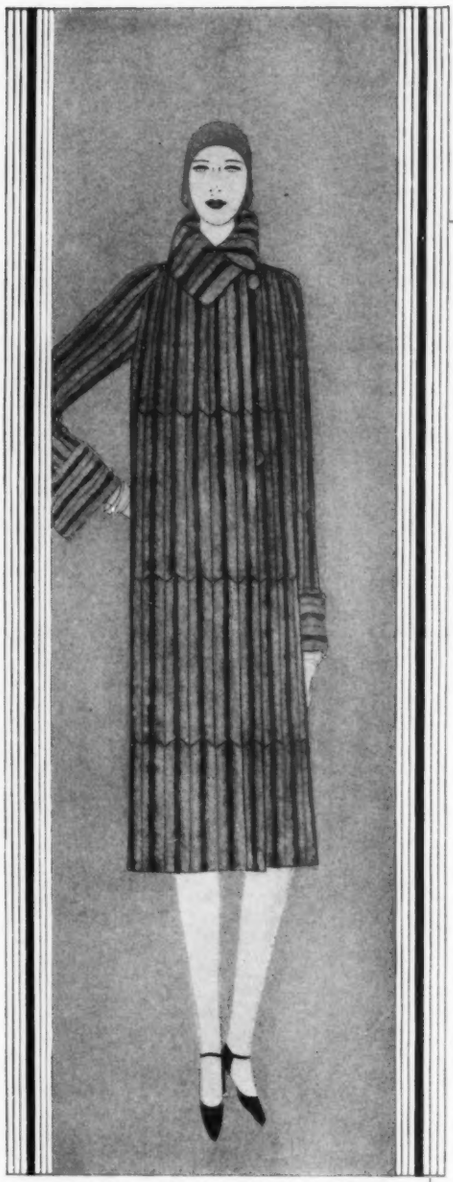
An open mesh woolen fabric in beige and white with colored nubs. Security Mills.

MANY DAYTIME COATS SHOW RICH FOX TRIMMING

Smart and conservative is this coat of fine black broadtail from Jaeckel. There is a long shawl collar of silver fox and gauntlet cuffs of the broadtail. The little turban, also of broadtail, is made for Jaeckel by Hattie Carnegie.

This lovely ermine evening cape is trimmed with sable-dyed ermine. A wide flared flounce makes a graceful skirt of uneven hem-line and is slightly longer in the back. The soft collar contrasts effectively with the ermine. Revillon.

Natural brown caracul is used for this wrap-around coat, which is made on princess lines and is longer at the back and the sides. There is a long fluffy high-standing collar of natural blue fox and deep cuffs of the caracul. From Gunther.



THE SMART FUR COATS EMPHASIZE HUGE COLLARS AND CUFFS

For the woman who likes leopard, Gunther makes a good-looking wrap-a-round coat, using finely marked skins. The silhouette is straight and slim and the long shawl collar of fisher, which stands high around the neck, is new and smart.

Chic in its very simplicity is this summer ermine coat from Jaeckel. It is made on slightly swagger lines with fine gathers across the back and has raglan sleeves. The high turnover collar and the deep wide cuffs are also ermine.

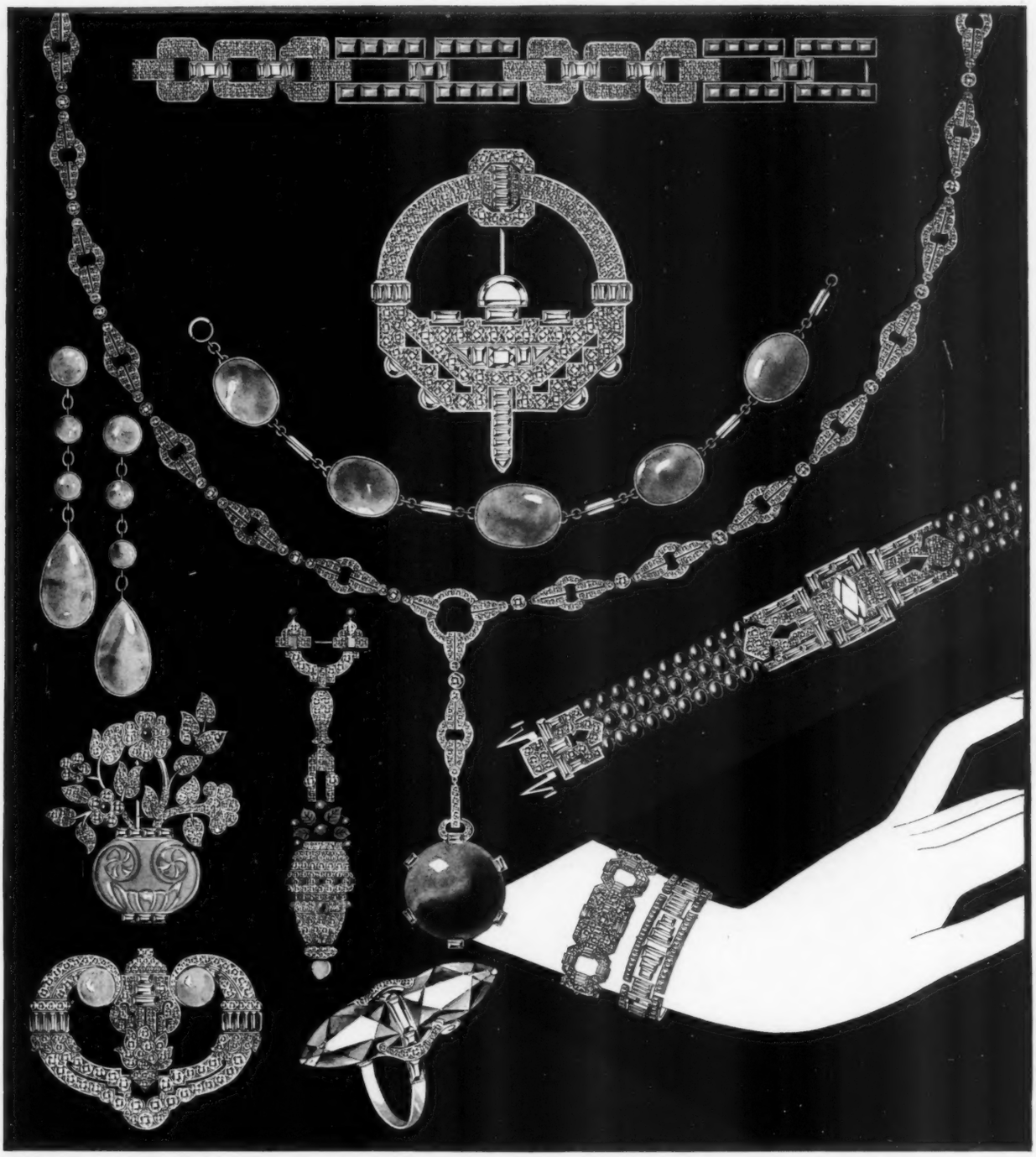
From Revillon comes this black Persian lamb coat which is slightly fitted and flaring in line. A striking color contrast is made by the enormous shawl collar and the unusual cuffs, which are fashioned of very fine natural gray Persian lamb.

THE FLARING SILHOUETTE BECOMES IMPORTANT FOR FUR WRAPS

Stein and Blaine makes a mink coat that is distinctive because of its slim princess lines. The back is quite straight but there is a definite flare across the front. The large, softly rolled collar can be buttoned up high around the neck.

A lovely evening wrap is made in ermine with a huge collar of sable dyed marten which is shirred on to the coat so that it stands away from the face. The flaring skirt is hung from a wide band at the hips. From Stein and Blaine.

Natural gray broadtail is used for this stunning coat, from Bergdorf Goodman, which is very pliable and clings to the figure. The silvery gray effect is repeated in the huge shawl collar which is made of a single silver fox skin.



RARE JEWELS MAGNIFICENT AND COLORFUL

At the left center, moonstone earrings with large pear-shaped drops. From Marcus.

Below, a carved rock-crystal pin; diamond flowers, emerald centers. Caldwell.

At the lower left, diamond paved brooch-watch with two black pearls. Dreicer.

To the right, diamond pendant-watch with emeralds and rubies. Kirkpatrick.

At the top, a linked bracelet of diamonds and square sapphires. From Paul Flato.

A buckle-shaped pin of paved diamonds with baguettes. From Mauboussin.

The bracelet below is four oval moonstones in a setting of white gold. Marcus.

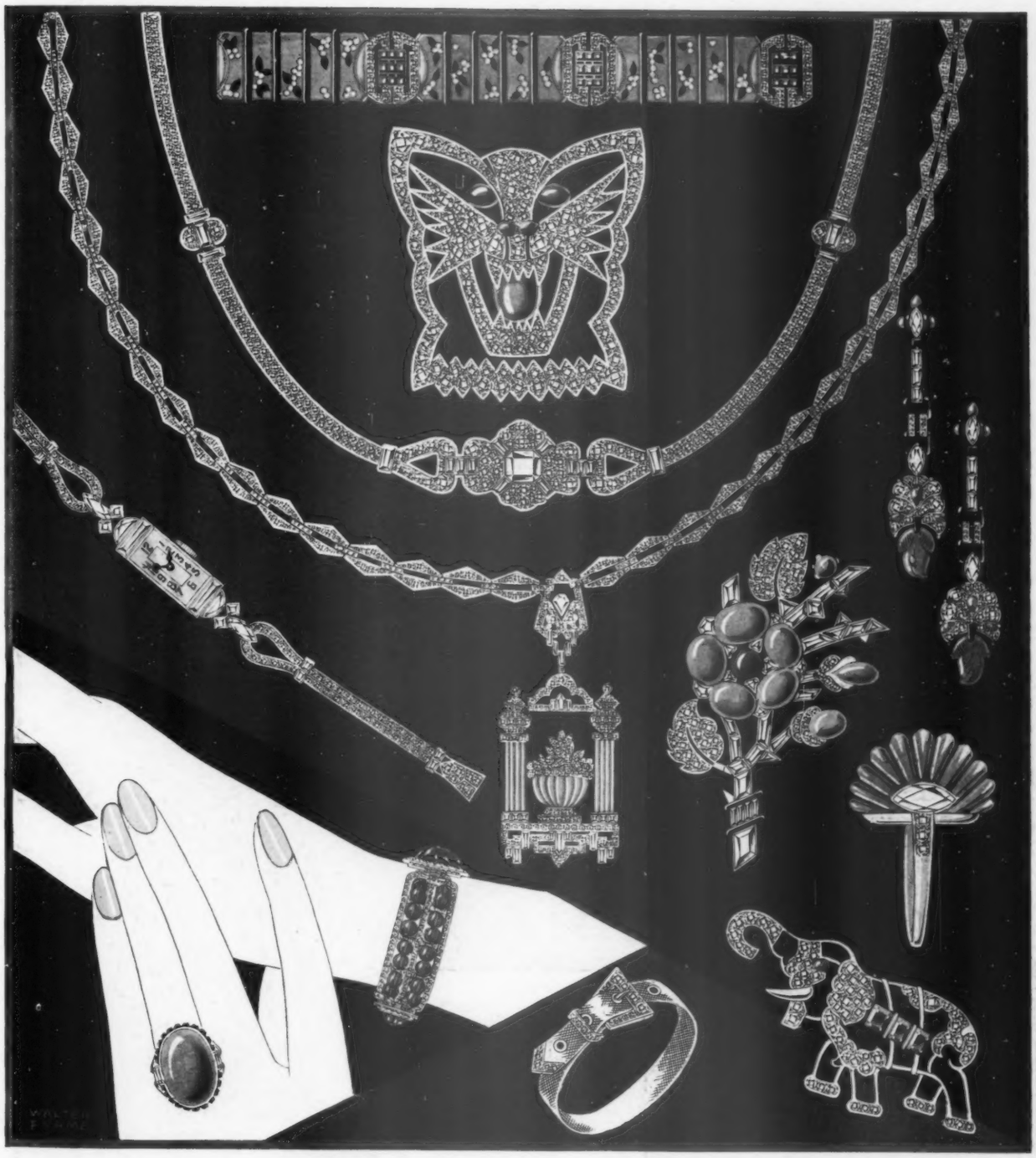
The pendant is a star sapphire on a diamond paved link chain. From Lebolt.

At the center right, ruby bead bracelet; baguette diamond links. Udall and Ballou.

The bracelet at the left, on the figure, is of large diamonds linked together. Mauboussin.

The other is of solid baguette diamonds set in an unusual way. From Lebolt.

A ring of two pear-shaped emeralds with diamonds. From Black, Starr and Frost.



ADORNMENT OF QUALITY AND DISTINCTION

At the top is a lapis lazuli bracelet with paved diamond and jade links. Paul Flato.

Tiger hat pin of diamonds; ruby tongue and nostrils, emerald eyes. From Kirkpatrick.

Below, diamond choker with a large square-cut diamond in the center. Brand Chatillon.

A diamond and crystal pendant on a diamond link chain. Black, Starr and Frost.

Wrist watch; baguette diamonds at either end; diamond wrist chain. Dreicer.

At the lower left, star sapphire ring set in cabochon sapphires. From Charlton.

On the figure, emerald bead bracelet with baguette diamonds. From Caldwell.

At the lower center, platinum mesh ring; jeweled buckle. Udall and Ballou.

Shoulder pin; baguette diamond stalks; ruby petals and diamond leaves. Charlton.

Schumann makes these long diamond paved earrings with finely carved ruby drops.

Below, melon cut, ox-blood coral ring with marquise diamonds. From Schumann.

Elephant hat pin of diamonds and large rubies set in platinum. From Brand Chatillon.

Agnès black velvet turban, flat on one side, flaring on the other—an entirely new line. Bergdorf Goodman.

Rose Descat black felt, short in back and front, and setting well off the forehead. From Saks-Fifth Avenue.

A Réboux dark blue felt, very long on one side and trimmed with blue grosgrain ribbon bows. From Rollée.

VELVET AND FELT ARE PROMINENT FOR FALL

A charming Agnès turban of black visca and tomato-red antelope as soft as a glove. From Herman Patrick Tappé.

A black felt, brimless on one side and long on the other, lifting off the forehead. From N. Gibson Clark.

Réboux makes this hat, baring the forehead completely. Dark green felt, with shaped velvet insets. Henri Bendel.

THE PARIS MODISTES UNCOVER THE FOREHEAD

A Novel by Harford Powel, jr.:

"This made such an unusual railway luncheon that they lingered pleasantly over it till the train crossed the river at New London."

MARRIED MONEY

The further Adventures of a Rich young Boston girl Who tries to Take New York by Storm

Illustrations by Wallace Morgan

Part Four:

JERRY lay sprawling in the bottom of a small dinghy, tanned to the delicate brown of old pine. On this glorious sunny day after a picnic with Wee, he wore nothing but a pair of old rowing trunks. Wee's costume was a wisp of chiffon; in this solitude, this glowing heat, she needed nothing more.

"But I don't tan as you blond Nordics do," she said regretfully. "I just get niggery. But it doesn't matter, Jerry. To-morrow we start for New York."

He sighed, and sculled the dinghy a little farther out from the small desert island on which they had spent most of the day. He looked back regretfully at the stiff, dark hemlock trees which made it more private, more mysterious, than any isle in the South Seas.

Only the passing of an excursion steamer from Rockport made him push a coat to Wee; and when the excursionists had passed by, she wriggled out from under it, and they lay silently for a long time on an ocean as blue and shiny as an aquamarine.

"This North Atlantic Ocean would be just right for a canoe," Jerry said. "No—a dinghy is better. A canoe has all those cross-pieces that get in your way."

"That," said Wee, sleepily, "is why they call them thwarts."

"Must we go back? I don't want this honeymoon to end."

"It isn't going to. We're just going to stop taking all-day sun baths, and do some other interesting things. We'll motor to New York to-morrow."

But Kidney reported, when the time came, that the Valkyrie had stubbed her low-hung vitals on a "thank-ye-marm" in Maine.

"I hate the railroad," said Wee, "and all the common-looking people and screaming babies you meet on it. We will cruise back to Boston, but I think we will have to take the railroad from there. It would take much too long to go to New York on this pokey old boat."

Jerry blinked.

The *C* had not been old or pokey three weeks before, and it was far from decrepit now. He wondered if all Wee's enthusiasms would last for only three weeks. She had yawned, that last afternoon in the dinghy. She yawned now, as the *C* slashed in the water between Islesboro and Boston. But on the following morning she was all smiles.

"You know that very nice man, Mr. Rich, in the Back Bay station," she said. "Well, he tells me that by buying twenty-six tickets we can have a whole Pullman car to ourselves. I wish we had a private car, Jerry. It would be so nice for long trips to Florida and—and the Yosemite."

"Meanwhile, we'll have to rough it in the way you propose."

"Ah, don't be sarcastic."

"I'm not. But I really think—" He paused, wondering if all husbands have an irresistible desire to criticize their wives. A wife is the thief of her husband's pocketbook. Fantastically and fatalistically she charges things at stores, trusting that her spouse's bank balance will somehow rise to the occasion by the first of the coming month.

Wee was not doing that. Her money was her own, of course. But how much of it she was spending—spending for such incredible things as the Valkyrie convertible saloon, and twenty-six seats in a Pullman car! She was like a child in a toy store, screaming, "I want! I want! I want!"

He put the thought aside. If she wanted some of the luxuries she had never known, who had a better right? Then he looked at her, and saw in her eyes that she wanted all these things for *him*.

"You darling," he said. "I will have a little surprise for you on our car. No doubt you have eaten many meals in a diner, so-called?"

"Not many," admitted Wee. "Uncle Roger used to advise a basket lunch, as more sanitary and cheaper. But once in a while, I have been in dining-cars."

"Lobster salad made of red rubber, dressed with sewing-machine oil. Bread coated with big black dirt, like caviar. But don't worry. I will surprise you at lunch time to-morrow."

Wee expected a box of sandwiches, and perhaps a bottle of bootleg claret. But the sur-

prise turned out to be Chiffinch, jr., in a neat black traveling suit, with purple livery waistcoat. There was a serving man, too, from the Glim Club; and a special refrigerator had been sent aboard the car.

The lobster was not rubber, and the wine was Chateau Lafitte. On the hideous yellow table provided by the abashed porter was laid one of the thick damask cloths of the Glim. The glasses were from the Club, too, and the silver; and Chiffinch stood behind Jerry's chair, and the serving man behind Wee.

All this made such an unusual railway luncheon for two people that they lingered pleasantly over it till the train crossed the Thames River at New London. As always, crossing the bridge, Jerry looked down at the muddy stream and remembered the four springs he had passed there, and the gasping ecstasies of his races against Yale.

Then he looked at Wee, who was finishing a bit of Cheddar cheese. "What I like about this way of traveling," he said, expansively, "is that no one can disturb us. It is wonderful to think that nobody can bother us here."

"Poor darling. I think this is a very stuffy car, and upholstered in the most abominable taste. But if you like it, I'm glad. At least, it's nicer to be lunching here than to be dodging around the city, trying to peddle bonds."

"You're a most unmoral young woman—but I venture to say you're right."

Chiffinch took advantage of the stop at the station to fill two liqueur glasses very carefully with Chartreuse.

"I'm glad you're not being bothered, Jerry," said Wee, as the train started again. "I'm glad the dreary old bond business is out of your life for good."

A man came forward at this moment—a young man in a beautifully pressed blue flannel suit, with a new yellow necktie. "I hope I'm not intruding," he began, in softly modulated tones. "My name is Gerard Hosmer, you know. I met you in New London after the race, five years ago."

"Glad to see you," Jerry said. "Styward, a glass for Mr. Hosmer. Mr. Hosmer, this is my wife."

Wee looked up uncertainly. "Were you a crew man, too?"

"No—I wasn't on the crew. I am Amherst, you know. We have no chance to row at Amherst; but I came to the race with some people on a yacht, and met your husband at the Griswold Hotel. And so—" he raised his glass and drank a few drops to Wee—"I took this opportunity to come in and offer you my best wishes, you know."

Wee smiled. There was no doubt that she felt attracted by this courteous young man.

He produced, (*Continued on page 180*)

"Jerry sighed and sculled the dinghy a little further out from the small desert island on which they had spent most of the day."

By Richmond Barrett:

The combined court—tennis and theatre building at the Newport Casino in 1892. A very fashionable crowd on the lawn, waiting patiently during the inevitable seven-minute entr'-acte after the third set of the morning's tennis match while the players bathed and changed.

THE FALL OF THE FOUR HUNDRED

A Vivid Contrast between the Old Formal Régime and the New Order of Society

NOT long ago, I visited in the country a woman whose entire time seemed to be devoted to the frantic and unavailing task of keeping a wary eye on her fifty-two servants. I couldn't resist jotting down some of the most outlandish facts about the establishment. For instance, Madame had three personal maids. There were four chauffeurs, besides a man to wash the cars; two watchmen; a Swiss whose only duty was to look out for the clocks; a man to beat rugs; a window-cleaner; a chef; a second cook with a corps of assistants; four men in the dining-room; and heaven knows how many maids and laundresses and seamstresses.

A diverting household—for a little while; but of course, in such an atmosphere it was impossible to achieve one sane, reasonable thought. The whole place hummed and buzzed and quivered with nerves. Eating, sleeping, bathing at the corner of Fifth Avenue and Forty-Second Street in the glare of the mid-day sun couldn't have been more distracting.

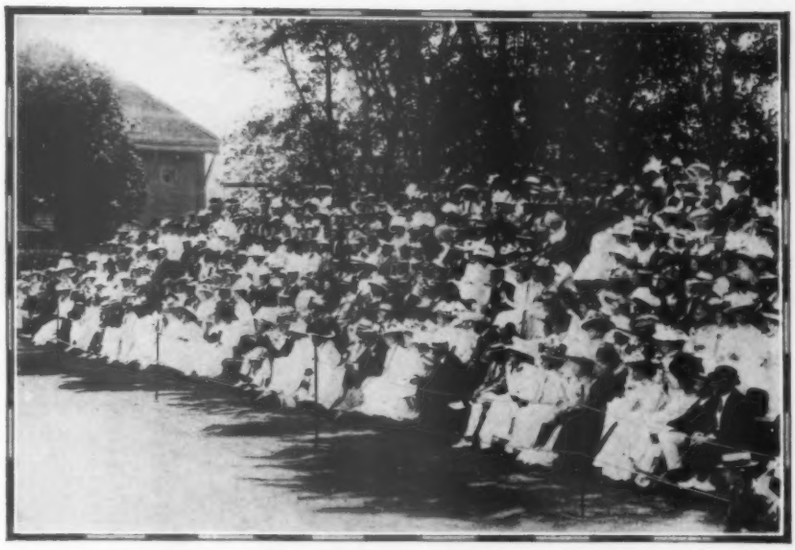
So much ostentation sounds vulgar and showy and *nouveau riche:* and yet this particular woman comes of the most conservative stock that New York can boast. Her grandmother was one of the four hundred who received invitations in 1892 to Mrs. William Astor's historic ball. The grand-daughter is a link between the massive, oppressively formal *ancien régime* and the casual, disorganized new school. Most of the tough roots that anchored her to the past have been violently torn up; she does represent, though, a tradition of feudal pomp and ceremony run stark, staring mad. As somebody expressed it to me, "The baronial estate gone Biltmore." When she was born, her parents probably ran a smooth and dignified establishment with twenty-five or thirty servants. By the time the daughter of the house grew up, the life-long strain of such an existence was beginning to tell. The crowd below-stairs was showing signs of independence and revolt. It was inevitable that it should end with the servants running the mistress—over-running her, in fact. The unfortunate woman to-day is the explosive but helpless slave of her retainers, like a Roman Emperor under the powerful thumb of his Pretorian Guard.

During my visit, my nearest approach to tranquillity came late at night when I would read a few pages in a volume of memoirs that had been put on the table beside my bed. "It's really enchanting," I was told by my hostess. "It was written by a great-aunt of mine." My few attempts to discuss it with her soon convinced me that she'd never even looked inside the covers. An utterly unimportant chronicle it proved to be; the author (she probably called herself the "authoress") was a complacent old woman who had made her début in the 'eighties and insisted garrulously that the twentieth century had done nothing to justify its rattle-brained existence. She spoke of "the age of jazz" fretfully and attempted with feeble viciousness to interpret it. Her style was reminiscent of Queen Victoria's. She did succeed, however, in reconstructing for me the old "400" and in giving that much maligned crowd an almost crushing weight and significance. She even made me long, with a profound nostalgia, to be back again in the vanished days of cotillions and Germans and beribboned dance-cards. I found myself wondering what would have happened to any man so suicidally reckless as to try "crashing" a ball in her youth.

Nowadays, no divinity doth hedge our kings of finance; when they give a party, they find it necessary to warn the caterer that three hundred invitations have been accepted so he'd better furnish enough champagne for four hundred. In other words, "crashing" a party has become a recognized and formidable sport. Emily Post, if she ever publishes a revised version of her "Book of Etiquette," will be forced to add a chapter on the correct method of "crashing." Even Newport, which has remained for years the last crumbling post of conservatism, is being shaken to its foundations this season by the bold assaults of the unclassed and uninvited. Society is no longer sacrosanct. The ballroom has degenerated into the public dance-floor and apparently

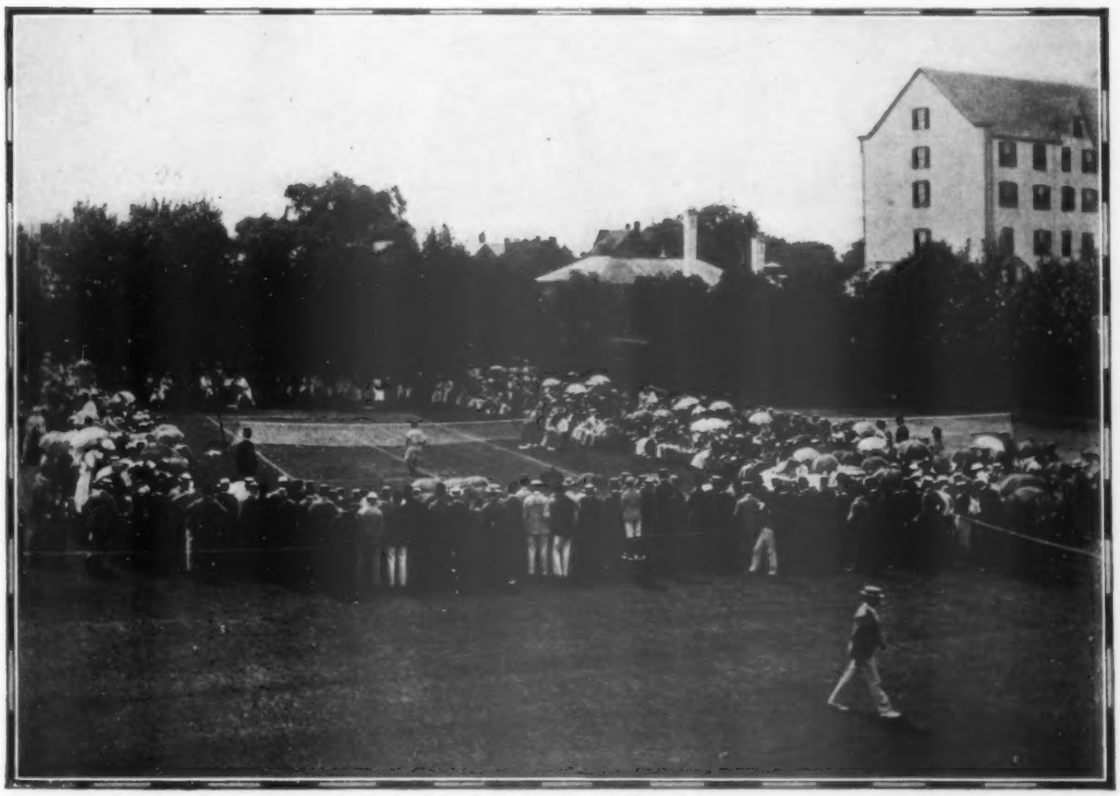
nothing can be done about it. Policemen and detectives swear solemnly that none but the elect will get by; long before dawn, however, a life-guard from the public beach will in all probability be cutting in for a dance with the season's most specialized débutante.

When the Bradley Martins gave their notorious ball at the brand-new Waldorf Astoria, representatives of the detective bureaus and the police-force may have been on hand; but it wasn't fear of the law that kept the rabble safely outside in the street. It was rather the fixed belief in the mind of every man and woman who hadn't received an invitation that this was a banquet of Olympians. If a mere mortal ventured inside the hotel, he'd soon have a thunderbolt hurled at him. Acæon spying on Artemis at the bath was no rasher than a youth of the New York populace would have been had he crashed the gate that night. Few social groups in the history of the human race have suffered more ridicule than the old "400" of New York; but it must be remembered that in its solemn prime that estimable company was never laughed at. The snickers came later, much later. At the time of the Bradley Martin and W. K. Vanderbilt balls, the oligarchy of Fifth Avenue could boast of divine right and the world at large would never have thought of smiling. The middle class craved a nobility of some sort, an outrageously rich and autocratic clique to make the daily paper less monotonous to read; the butcher and baker wanted vicarious romance and the "400" supplied it. No wonder the wives and daughters of millionaires took themselves with lugubrious seriousness. They might be narrow, provincial, parochial, these important people of New York; but they had an undeniable greatness after all. Their way of life possessed a certain quality of unhurried pageantry; in their C-spring barouches they were drawn smoothly past the gaping crowds on the sidewalks. They didn't go streaking along Fifth Avenue in automobiles.



Watching a match in the National Tennis Tournament at Newport. In the group at the right on the front row are Mrs. Philip Lydig (in the big black hat) Miss Beatrice Mills, later the Countess of Granard (with the white parasol) and Miss Gladys Mills, later Mrs. Phipps (left of the woman with the white veil).

The automobile, in the last twenty-five years, has proved as great a leveler as death itself. Of course, the rich man's imported motor costs fifteen thousand dollars and the poor man's can be picked up for four hundred; that fact safeguards a few prerogatives and distinctions from utter collapse; still, in the modern hurly-burly of traffic jams where the whole world drives—some to work in basements, others to the matinée at the opera—the privileged class doesn't get the same awestruck attention it did when everybody else had to walk. The carriage, in days gone by, served not only as a way to get somewhere but also as a show-case for the display of (*Continued on page 172*)



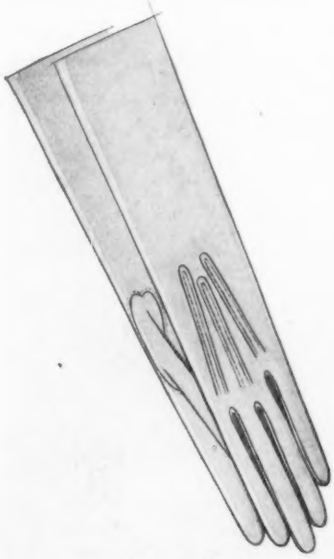
A tennis match at the Newport Casino in 1889. At the right, the old Ocean House, a famous hotel in its day that had fallen sadly from grace when it was burned to the ground ten years later.

From the New York Shops

Evening jewelry of baguette crystals. Franklin Simon.

Mahogany calf bag with gold buckles. Lord and Taylor.

Chanel rope of black and greenish blue beads. Wanamaker.



Pull-on suède gloves in pale rose beige. From Lord and Taylor

Ermine evening cape with a scarf tie. Little matching muff. Hattie Carnegie.

Black suède pumps; black calf and lizard trim. Shoecraft.

Veronica E. Kelly

Bracelet and choker of wood and silver. Saks-Fifth Avenue.

Necklace made of rice; chartreuse and black strands. Altman.

Bag in soft taupe calf with wooden frame. Bonwit Teller.

Brown umbrella. Strap handle attached to ferrule. Bonwit Teller.

Wool suit in blue and gray zigzag design. Gray for collar. Hattie Carnegie.

Goupy necklace; black and white seed pearls; two onyx beads. Best.

Moccasin sport shoe; brown calf and tan pigskin. Shoecraft.

A Story by Marie Van Vorst:

SO SHE CAME TO ITALY

And Found there a Magic Stone which Money could not Buy

(Conclusion)

IN THEIR suite at the hotel, Severne faced his daughter.

"He's a crook!"

"Dad, darling!"

". . . An American girl—best schools—best college—handsome clothes—own bank account—nothing ever refused . . . Good night! *My* daughter to line up with a foreign crook!"

Diving into pigeon-holes for things he had ached to say, dilating on American supremacy, over-plus of American prosperity, slipshod Italians—Severne soared to unimaginable heights.

"I won't stand for this another hour!" He hadn't tackled the immigration question, but he was out of breath. "I won't stand for it—*Pietro Rondinelli!*" he fairly snorted, "*is* that a name! . . . I'd break his neck if I got my hands at it! Sit right down there, my girl, and write out this cable . . ."

Severne towered over her: it was a great and glorious feeling to overawe and command his lovely daughter's attention. (He'd keep her at home when this thing blew over!) He dictated: "Don't sail or communicate—engagement broken—writing—and sign it Joel Severne."

"What for, Dad?"

"Go on!"

". . . Without waiting for an explanation from Pietro?"

"Explanation!—probably in jail now! Do you realize that this man has given you as an engagement ring a celebrated jewel stolen from the Vatican? Why, I've been a maniac! . . . Coliseum! Moonlight! . . . a crook and my daughter!"

Gloria saw his lip tremble, flew at him, threw her arms round his neck. "Dad darling!" and she had him cool again, her cheek near his . . .

"Why, you don't seem to sense sense, Glo!"

"Sit down, darling! I've never heard you like this—it's awfully impressive; but I'm not a riot! I'm not trying to do you out of a million! Sit down, darling!"

He did, she sat on his knee, his face relaxed.

"Don't hand me cake and ice-cream stuff, Gloria! This is a case of beef, I'm going to take a knife to it!"

"Pietro doesn't know anything about this old stone, believe me! He bought it in some old shop."

"Rot! Thieves don't buy things in old shops and give them away!"

Gloria caught this. "Of course, they don't! A man doesn't give a stolen jewel for an engagement ring! Dad, have a heart!"

"Glo!" said her father sternly, "call this off at once. He'll be sailing in a day or two!"

"Can't, Dad! This *isn't* a case of goo, or necking-party, or cocktail jag! There's no divorce in Pietro's camp—it's sticking where you fall: he explained it to me. Altogether, there's a lot of difference in the codes! If Pietro thought I kissed or necked—why, he'd kill the boy! Me, too—like a shot—I like him for it!"

"But if this man turns out a thief? . . ."

"I'll marry him before he goes to jail!"

Severne sprang up, grabbed hat and coat.

"Dad, Dad! Where are you going?"

"Back to Severne! You've got your suite . . . do just what you please! I'm through."

She flew to him and clung to him. "You *can't* go back on us, Dad! The poor darling's ruined—he wrote me all about it—savings, passage money, everything gone in some frightful bank failure. He's written me a perfectly gorgeous letter; when you're cool I'll read it to you!"

Talking in her honeyed voice, in which her father loved to listen to the rolling r's, the daughter spun her magic web.

"Of course, Pietro gave me back my freedom; he says he can't think of marrying me now he is poor! He doesn't know you're rich, Dad. But I wrote him that my parents had started poor in a tenement room in Detroit, and that he and I would pioneer!"

"When did he get that dumb letter, Glo?"

"Ten days ago, I guess. I told him to come and not to bother to wire."

"Has he wired that he would come?"

"No."

"He won't come, Glo—we're safe enough! No decent man on earth would come like that to a girl!"

RONDINELLI left his cab below the Janiculum hill to cut off down one of the roads leading into the Roman Campagna, where he was to meet a woman in a third-class eating place—a little café jutting out from the chocolate-colored wall, apparently nothing more than four sticks draped over with an awning of feeble vines and boughs. There were catacombs at the side, running down, ugly, bony and deep, the stars and a few straggling cypresses, and the Campagna stretching away.

As he went in under the low door of the trellis he saw a clean cloth over a little table, a bottle of wine and two glasses, a candle burning in a bottle, flickering its light on the moonlit air. The table, thrust out, had an air of being afraid to front the night. Someone touched him on the arm . . . "Signor Avvocato."

"Giovanna!"

Long earrings dangled from her ears, her dress and shoes were neat and smart. Wrapped in a rich shawl with a heavy fringe, her eyes darkened, her lips scarlet, she came languidly over to the lawyer, smiling a nebulous smile of welcome, and bent and kissed his hand. With a thrust of her head back of her, she indicated—

"My aunt's café—wine from the hills . . ." and poured Rondinelli out a glass, which he drank and found to be sour as lemons. Giovanna sat opposite to him, chin on palm, folded hand under elbow, her magnificent eyes magnetizing him with subtle melancholy. "Signor Avvocato, a wild, strong boy from the hills wants to marry me and take me back home to the Abruzzi."

"Splendid, Giovanna, splendid! Marry the wild, strong boy by all means, at once!"

She shook her head and said sullenly: "Signor—there is only one splendid thing—love!" But as Rondinelli was impassive and sat nonchalantly smoking, she continued desperately: "I am only a poor peasant, but I could have been better if a good man had loved me . . ."

Rondinelli stirred and said sharply:

"Don't romance, *figlia mia!* You didn't send for me to make love to me, did you? Of whom are you afraid—what are you up to? . . . Look out—I sha'n't keep you from jail a second time, Giovanna!"

The thin starlight filtered down through the trellis; Rondinelli lit a cigarette and pushed away from the table.

"Presto, Giovanna, presto! What have you got to say?" (*Continued on page 166*)

UNSAID

By CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS

I THIEVED a skein of gossamer thread
And wove me a pair of moonbeam wings,
That I might hover over your head
And dare to whisper into your dream
The lovely, disastrous, scarce-thought things
That even my eyes had left unsaid.

Under the veil of your slumbering eyes
I caught the heart of your dream by surprise,
I uncovered your dream and found there hidden—
Sleeping cherished but waking forbidden—
All the disastrous, scarce-thought things,
The wonderful things I had left unsaid.

PRINTANIER

The soup which jells itself — nothing to add!

Campbell's famous French chefs never sent to your table a more precious delicacy than Printanier Soup. Placed overnight on the ice, this clear soup of exquisite flavor jells in the can, all ready for prompt service in the chilled cups. Served cold or hot, this is a formal soup *par excellence.* Its chicken and beef broths are beautifully clarified and blended with carrots and turnips in small fancy shapes, celery, cabbage, leek, parsley, small peas, aromatic herbs and seasoning. Your grocer has it or will be glad to get it for you. 12 cents a can.

Look for the Red-and-White Label

EAT SOUP EVERY DAY AND ENJOY A DIFFERENT SOUP EACH DAY

Pin stripe lisles or plain pastels are just as smart for brother as they are for sister. Mothers approve this fashion, too, because lisle pull-overs tub so easily. Often they are worn with matching lisle socks.

As soon as one is tall enough, one insists on having a checked gingham suit. But when one is a very little sister, one must be content to use exactly the same check in a long-sleeved dress for school.

LET'S DOUBLE FOR SMARTNESS IN COTTONS

FOR PLAY

•

FOR SCHOOL

•

FOR PARTIES

Our observing Scotty expresses his approval of the new cotton prints for play. The patterns, even for little sister, are quite a bit larger, and usually they are in clear monotones.

UNDIES FOR PLAY—Have you noticed that amusing cotton prints make the newest daytime undies?

When one's voile party dress is a copy of Rouff, one is sure to be in step at dancing school. Of course, all really smart dancing frocks are handmade of exquisite cotton.

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PACKARD

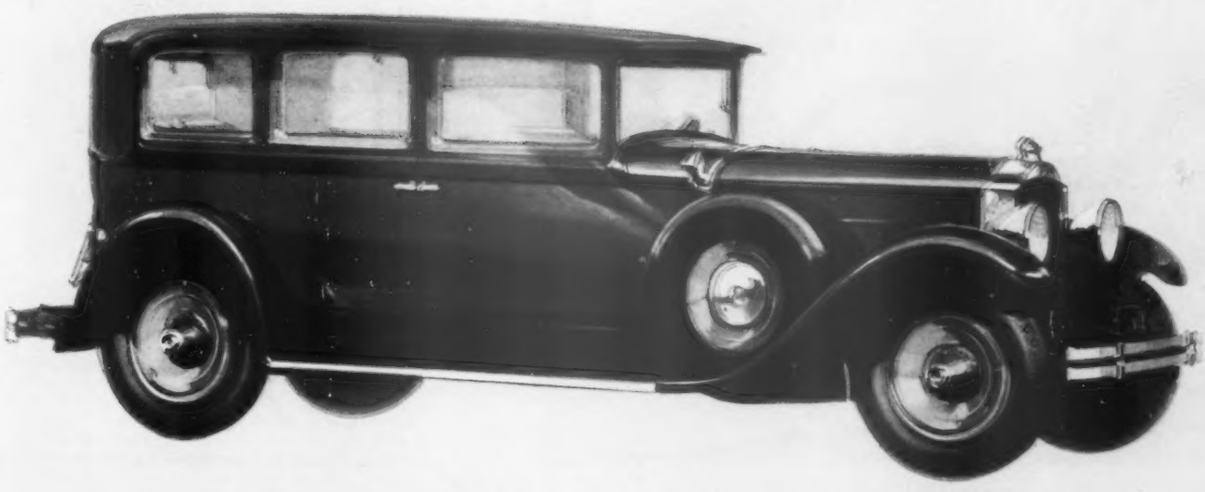
The Roman priestesses of Vesta were consecrated to the protection and continuance of the pagan temple's sacred flame

Reputation is the most treasured of all Packard assets. It is as jealously guarded, as carefully maintained, as was the undying flame of an ancient empire. For to Packard, reputation is not alone a reward, but a continuing responsibility.

Packard reputation is the result of thirty years of fixed intent—to build the finest of motor cars for a clientele which places quality before price. But the Packard management firmly believes that reputation is never completely earned—it is always being earned.

As a result Packard cars today are far in the forefront of the quality field—in beauty as in engineering. And Packard holds its well-won reputation to be the strongest guarantee that that position of leadership will forever continue.

ASK THE MAN WHO OWNS ONE



On pleasure bent

One may drive a Citroën or a Hispano-Suiza . . . and one may range from Biarritz to Cannes. But no matter where one goes, nor how, there is always at command this added pleasure . . . this cigarette so mild, so fresh, so delicately fragrant that it has come to be an article of living . . . a sure reflection of instructed taste.

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AN AMERICAN LADY SEEKS ADVICE

(*Concluded from page 72*)

they believe to be their precious "individuality." To make this clear to the reader, listen to two women's conversation discussing clothes:

"My dear, I do believe it started by being a Patou model . . . or was it Chanel? Anyhow, I had to have it altered, it was nothing but a rag. Shortened the skirt, lengthened the waist-line, in fact, gave it proportion and had it carried out in velvet instead of Georgette."

"Now it looks a dream."

MY wrist-watch tells me it's nearly one. So I shall have to move on to Bedford Square.

I find, on arriving, Lady Oxford has only just come home. This gives us a quarter of an hour's time before lunch.

By way of introducing the topic of Mrs. Potts's new house, I praise Lady Oxford's ivory drawing-rooms—toning to parchment in places, remark on the beautiful ceiling, on some red lacquer cabinets, and on the perfect arrangement of flowers.

I tell Lady Oxford of my own apartment in Paris.

I—It's all French, of course!

Lady O—Sounds all very tiresome. Why French?

I—Because of my living in France.

Lady O—What has that to do with it? Were I an English woman, living in Paris, I shouldn't consider it necessary to give my house a different atmosphere from my own. Why change one's furniture, one's taste, in fact, to suit the country one lives in?

I—How might this theory apply were you to settle in Rome?

Lady O—Italy would be different. In Rome do as the Romans do. Besides, I've found that English furniture in Italy looks hideous. No one can be expected to struggle against battle scenes on the walls and frescoed ceilings!

I—By the way, Lady Oxford, a friend of mine, Mrs. de Vere Potts, has just bought a house. She talks of settling in London.

Lady O—How distressing! I have noticed that most Americans settling in London have the worst possible taste!

I—Mrs. Potts may be an exception, especially as she intends entrusting her house to some firm of English decorators.

Lady O—Let her avoid them all! A house decorated by a professional rarely becomes the owner's home.

I—But if too inexperienced to do it herself?

Lady O—Then let her apply to me. It has always been my ambition to decorate other people's houses, far less expensive than doing one's own.

I—How would you go about it?

Lady O—On its position in street and square and its exposure to the sun would depend my fundamental scheme of decoration.

I—What furniture would you suggest?

Lady O—You don't expect me to do you a period room, by any chance? Period rooms are ghastly—not to be countenanced, even for fun! Almost as unforgivable as houses "too beautiful" for comfort. All houses I've lived in have been more comfortable than beautiful, in spite of my having been brought up among my father's fine pictures. I do adore beautiful things—but would not care to live in Kensington Museum. Personally, I hold that works of art are a handicap in making a livable home. Never having cared for intrinsic value, the cost of a thing has no interest for me at all.

I—What would you suggest Mrs. Potts should avoid when decorating?

Lady O—Colors too bright and objects too brilliantly new. Remember, the patine of age is England's charm. Tell her to avoid all chairs and sofas too beautiful to be sat on, as well as furniture too heavy to lift, for fear of breaking a blood vessel. Should she decide on French furniture for her principal reception-room, tell her to avoid all Italian carvings of the kind she is sure to have picked up in Italy. They will look coarse away from their native soil.

I—How do you feel about modern furniture? The kind much to the fore in France at present, deriving from the simple lines of American skyscrapers?

Lady O—I call it unsuited to lovely England! How can skyscrapers compare to the glories of Leeds Castle or Warwick? America is undoubtedly two hundred years ahead of us in architecture, railway stations, telephones, and drains. Although such progress undoubtedly exists, I consider Americans an uncivilized, backward race! Their progress seems to have gone beyond civilization. They lack originality; and are most of them very stupid.

I—Won't my repeating your words cause trouble, Lady Oxford? My friends are all good Americans—there is Mrs. Potts, for instance.

(Here ends our conversation . . . which is, of course, not fiction; and which Lady Oxford authorizes me to repeat, word for word. G. A. de M.)

FIVE P.M. the same day. Mrs. Maugham (Syrie Ltd.) had asked both Mrs. Potts and myself to tea at her house in Chelsea. Tiny, it has a huge music-room and almost as large a dining-room built out at the back. There is no color used anywhere. Nothing but white, or shades of cream, the furniture either painted ivory color or pickled and bleached. All flowers are white.

Seated on a comfortable Chesterfield sofa, with its loose, white satin cover, I listen to a conversation on the subject of decorating houses, to Mrs. Maugham's views on "pickled" furniture, and especially to her original remarks about blond sunlight white.

Mrs. Potts—May I present myself as a bold American, having just bought a house in London? How would you furnish it?

Mrs. Maugham—To suit myself, principally, but also to suit the house. I would use English furniture, of course; but should not mind a bit of French furniture, introduced here and there.

Mrs. P.—Do tell me . . . shall I entrust my house to a decorator or furnish it myself, assisted by friendly advice?

Mrs. M.—Alas! intelligent friends are so scarce, a decorator is so much more convenient. Whatever you do, don't have your American furniture sent over. Except Early American—Colonial pieces, of course—which at present are all the rage in England. American walnut, for instance, fetching, so dealers tell me, incredible prices.

Mrs. P.—Shall I have to spend much money before I get settled?

Mrs. M.—Not necessarily. If I were you I should decorate my house with the utmost simplicity and spend all my money on the choicest furniture imaginable.

Mrs. P.—What is there I should avoid?

Mrs. M.—All fussy detail, as well as what is superfluous. I personally eliminate as much as I can. I have a mania for empty spaces. American houses I find, as a rule, are filled by too many beautiful things, these being detrimental to comfort. The same applies to France. In England an impression of comfort is produced by the introducing of some shabby bits among one's belongings. Bits of furniture far from beautiful, but oh! so comfortable!

Mrs. P.—And what about color?

Mrs. M.—That one should nowadays try to get one's house *toned* modern, even if one's furniture isn't. Let yours be fair and blond, and give a sunshiny look to faded and bleached looking colors. Bleach walls, bleach oak, and bleach everything else, for . . . take it from me . . . the era of darkness in houses is over. Many Americans I have found to feel as I do. They now clamor for white walls, for white taffeta and satin.

Mrs. P.—But doesn't it soil?

Mrs. M.—Much less than you think. Anyway, it washes splendidly.

Mrs. P.—And do you never use color in houses you are asked to decorate?

Mrs. M.—Only very rarely. I sometimes use green, but I much prefer all white. I adore blending chalk white with tones of ivory and parchment, or glacier white with bluish, dazzling snow white! I feel exhilarated in doing so.

Afternoon Oxfords
of ruddy-brown...
with bag to match

the formal oxford...now as necessary as the sports oxford...in a combination of suede, kid and lizard, with contrasting pipings . . . 22.50
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And Dobbs has exceptional facilities for tailoring to your order, coats, dresses, hats, riding habits and furs.

FIFTH AVENUE AT 57th STREET

FROM CAVIAR TO COINTREAU

(*Continued from page 97*)

"As you wish. Only it seems to me that abnormal conditions have the faculty of recurring with an astounding normality until, in time, they are accepted as normal."

"But don't you admit that there are certain standards in life that, adhered to, bring happiness, ignored, bring disaster?"

"I could answer that better if I were sure what happiness and unhappiness, or disaster, as you term it, really are. That which is happiness for you might be unhappiness for me; and a thing that might make you and me happy might make your wife acutely miserable." He turned to Faith Endicott. "Isn't that so?"

She shrugged her shoulders faintly. "Possibly."

"However," he conceded, smiling at Endicott, "you have the advantage of me. I have learned the futility of crossing swords with you lawyers. You are far too able at proving your theories." He picked up his wine glass. "This is a most excellent Sauterne. You seem to be as fortunate in your cellar as in other things."

"Not fortunate—far-sighted. But, to return, isn't that what you writers try to do, prove your theories?"

"In a way. But we are interested primarily in motives; whereas you are concerned solely with results."

John Endicott watched the butler as he replaced the fish course with one of venison, waited until he had retired to the pantry, and then said, "And the prevention of results."

"Isn't that apt to be a bit dangerous? Who is to decide whether the results, if permitted, might be good or bad?"

"Established conventions. There are some results that obviously should be prevented."

"Such as?"

"For example, a case recently come to my attention. As a general rule I don't handle divorces. This, however, seemed unavoidable. Unless, of course, the divorce itself can be avoided."

FAITH looked up. "Must we talk shop?" she asked, with a suggestion of weariness in her voice.

"This, I think, should interest our friend Drayton, as a writer."

Drayton looked at Faith Endicott, then at her husband. "By all means, go on," he begged. "What is it? Another ever-eternal triangle?" and laughed easily.

"You are very quick," Endicott said. "A perfectly natural supposition. As a general rule no one ever goes through the bother of getting a divorce unless it be to marry—someone else."

"Really!" Faith broke in.

"Oh, there are, certainly, exceptions. I'm not interested, however, in exceptions. And this case is in no way exceptional."

"Then why tell us about it?" Faith asked, "if it is not unusual? Do you want our opinions?"

"Not exactly. It just happens to be on my mind; it is an example of the social instability I was speaking of. Another case of a husband, a discontented wife, and an outlaw; a social outlaw, that is."

"Your sympathies, I take it, are with the husband."

Endicott looked at Drayton steadily. "Naturally. As far as I can see there is no reason for the wife's discontent."

"The husband, then, is above reproach, beyond criticism?"

"I think so. He has established himself in his profession, provided a good home, obeyed to the letter his duties to his wife and to Society."

Drayton smiled. "What more could any wife want, eh?"

"You forgot to mention," Faith remarked, "whether or not he was in love with his wife."

"He married her. Honeymoons don't last forever, you know."

"Some do. I see no reason why they shouldn't." She turned to Drayton. "Do you?"

"I should want mine to. I shouldn't like to look upon a honeymoon as a strange interlude that I entered as a lover and came out of merely a husband."

"A pretty idea," Endicott observed dryly, "but, unfortunately, both psychologically and physiologically impossible."

"I should hate to be a lawyer; and lose my belief in Santa Claus."

"Some of us must be practical."

"I suppose so. It seems rather too bad."

"We are generalizing too much. A practical viewpoint, however, is what I am trying to take in this case I mention. The husband does not believe in Santa Claus, and he has no intention of sitting supinely by and seeing his wife taken as a Christmas gift by another man."

"For which he cannot be blamed in the slightest. Unless, of course—"

"Unless what?"

"Unless the wife wants to be taken. Isn't she to be considered at all?"

"Naturally. That is the husband's first consideration. He promised to love, honor, and protect her when he married her; and that is what he intends to do."

"A noble sentiment," Drayton admitted, "but—let us suppose, for the sake of argument, that she would be happier if she were loved, honored, and protected by somebody else."

"The husband has never given her any reason for leaving him."

"Has he ever given her any reason for not leaving him?"

Endicott ignored the remark. "He has been faithful," he added finally.

"It may be," Drayton suggested, "that she, too, is one of those who believe in Santa Claus. How long have the two been married?"

"Long enough to have settled down."

"Long enough for *him* to have settled down, perhaps. But has she settled down?"

"She should have."

"To what? You said, I believe, that the man is a lawyer."

"I didn't say so, but, as a matter of fact, he is."

"He has clubs?"

"Naturally."

"Golf?"

"Yes."

"Occasional trips? On business, and pleasure?"

Endicott nodded.

"Alone?"

A pause.

Drayton smiled and answered his own question. "Alone. A full and busy life, with a comfortable home and a charming wife—at least, I assume that she is charming, otherwise he would be perfectly willing to get rid of her—to return to. No wonder the husband has settled down; and wishes to remain so."

"But," he went on, "purely for the sake of argument, what about the wife? She has children, of course?"

"No. She has everything else, however, that any other woman of her position has."

"Like your own wife, shall we say?"

"Possibly."

Drayton turned to Faith Endicott. "I'm interested in the woman's angle. Would you mind telling me what you have to settle down on, and be happy, or contented?"

She shrugged her shoulders. "I have never thought—"

"Then won't you, please?"

A beautiful woman, she was even more charming in her attitude of studied concentration.

"Why . . . I have the usual things, I suppose. Bridge, the opera, theatres, friends."

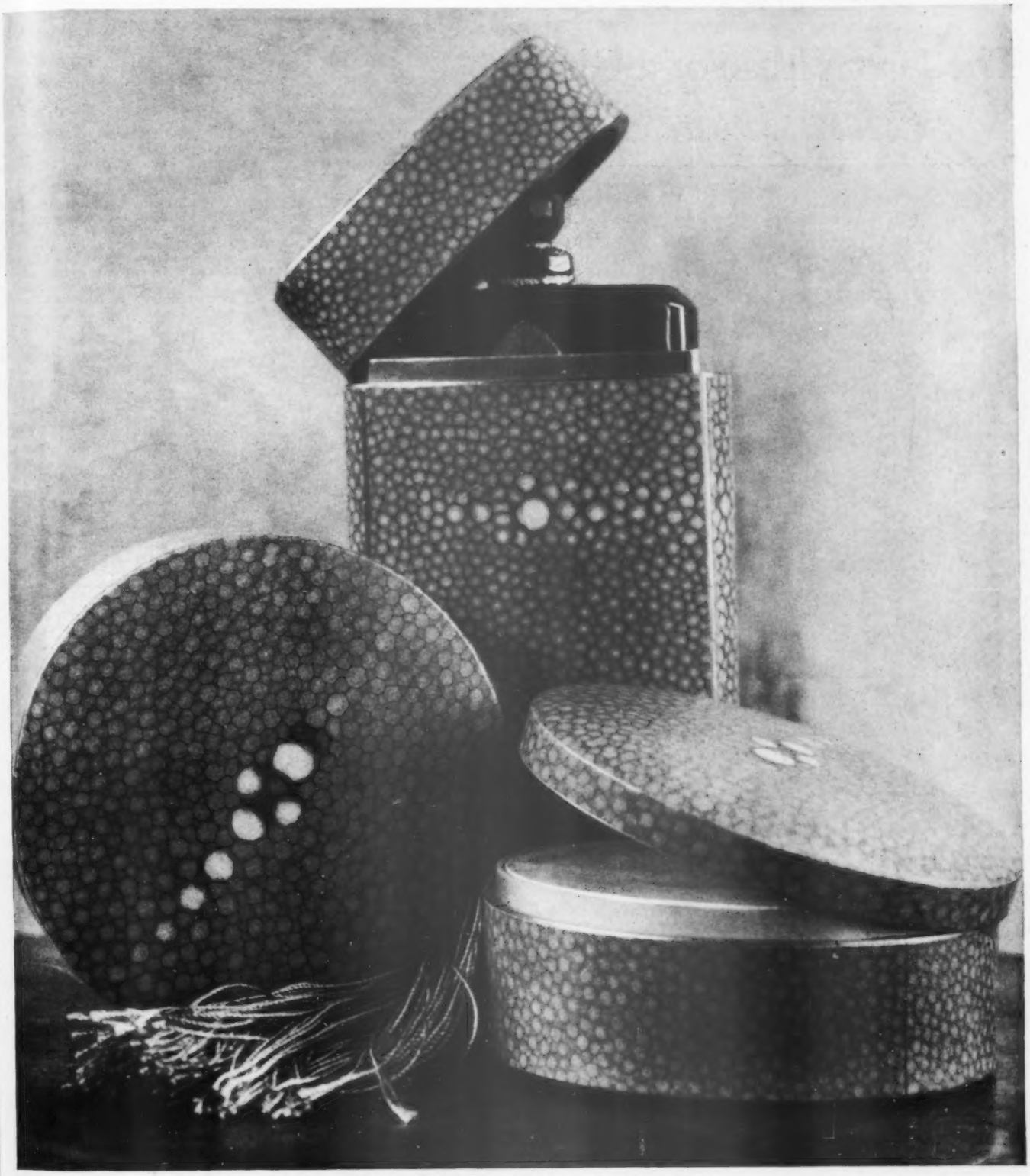
Drayton turned to his host. "As you say, your life is full. And the things you have in it satisfy you completely. That is so, isn't it?"

"Yes, but I—"

"Please." He turned back to Faith. "Do the things that you have in your life completely satisfy you?"

And as Endicott started to interrupt again he continued. "There is, I assure you, nothing personal intended. I'm trying merely by analogy and comparison to find a proper perspective for this case you mention. I hate to see injustice done, especially to a lady."

(*Continued on page 128*)



EXTRAIT ET POUDRE

LA NUIT DE NOEL

PARIS CARON FRANCE

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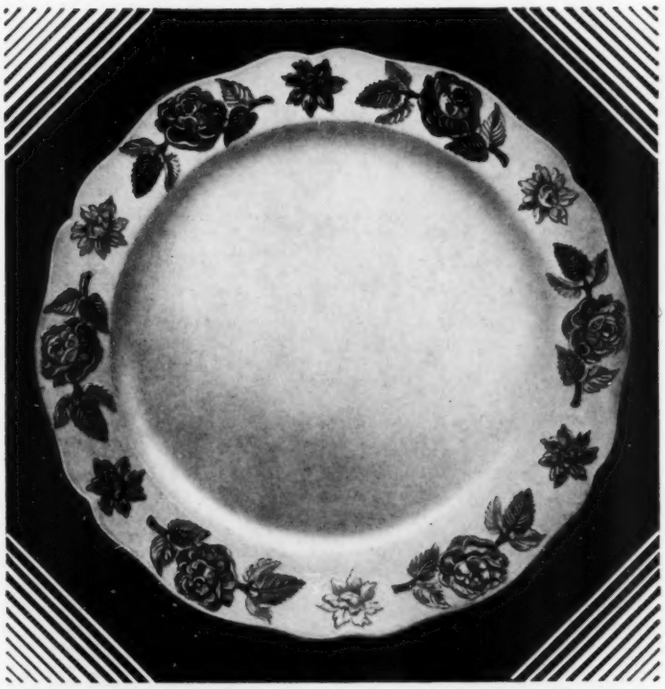
Exclusiveness



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FROM CAVIAR TO COINTREAU

(*Continued from page 126*)

"Or to the other man?"

"The other man doesn't interest me very much. A single man, without entanglements, should be able to take care of himself. In a case like the one you cite it is the woman who suffers most."

"If she does, it is her own fault."

"There, I'm afraid, you are wrong. It is her misfortune."

ENDICOTT eyed him impatiently. "If she is married to a man and he gives her no reason for leaving him, she should stand by the bargain."

"Even if the bargain is a bad one for her?" Drayton protested. "My dear chap, I do not cavil at marriage. It is, I am all too ready to admit, an ancient, honorable, and quite often successful institution; but it has two essential faults. It is too easy to get into and too hard to get out of. If two people enter into a business partnership, and one becomes dissatisfied—even slightly dissatisfied—it can be terminated almost at once, *sans peur et sans reproche.* But a marriage contract can be terminated, as a general rule, only at the cost of scandal, unpleasantness, and mutual recrimination. This, to me, is not fair. Never having been married I can, of course, talk authoritatively on the subject. And my observations have taught me this: That marriage is a matter of constant adjustment and readjustment; and that the moment either of the contracting parties fails to comprehend this fact, and to provide the other with mental, spiritual, and physical stimuli, then the first thorn appears in the marriage bed of roses. And you remember Schopenhauer. 'Never a rose without a thorn; but many a thorn without a rose.'

"Also, when the fundamentals of marriage seem to center about such tremendously important details as a preference in hors d'œuvres, the relative merits of contract over auction bridge, whether Brittany is better than Normandy for the summer, sec or brut champagne, the amount of air in one's bedroom and when and why a window should be opened or closed, twin beds—and I might remark parenthetically that the American institution of marriage began to slip following this dubious innovation; there's interesting material, incidentally, in the subject of the bed as a coeducational factor—whether, to return, you should travel by train or plane from London to Paris, and if it is socially necessary to entertain the So-and-Sos more than once a month . . . then it would seem rather difficult to make of it all the granolithic corner-stone of an enduring and impregnable edifice. By and large I would say that, if a woman under these conditions feels dissatisfied with what you have termed the love, honor, and protection of her husband, and feels that she can find happiness elsewhere, she should be allowed to go. And the husband is accorded the same privilege."

"Your opinions," Endicott observed coolly, "are interesting, but hardly conclusive. You are not, after all, a husband. And most husbands would neither care to grant this privilege you advocate, nor take it themselves. In the case I cited, that brought about this discussion, the husband has no intention of doing either."

Faith smiled. "What does he intend to do?"

"He intends to keep his home intact; and to prevent his wife's making a fool of herself."

Drayton fingered his wine glass. "From his viewpoint a splendid idea, without doubt. But just how does he intend to go about it?"

"He intends, first, to let them know that he is aware of their feeling—that of his wife and the other man—for each other. He will let them know, secondly, that he will oppose to the full extent of his power, and with the full consciousness that he is within his rights legally, morally, and socially, a divorce. He knows that a capable lawyer can make the most honest woman appear faithless on the witness stand. He will fight to the bitter end."

Faith raised her eyes to his. "Is the wife faithless?" she asked.

"He would rather not believe it—"

"But he suspects it?" Drayton broke in.

"Not without reason."

"And the conclusion?"

"There can be but one conclusion. One way or another the husband will see to that. It is simply a question of avoiding unpleasantness."

"I see."

"Naturally. I mentioned the affair in passing because it was on my mind and I thought, too, that you, as a writer, might appreciate the situation. You might profit by it—in your work."

Endicott finished. His eyes held Drayton's for a moment, then shifted to follow the movements of the butler as he moved silently about the table with the liqueurs.

DRAYTON sipped his Cointreau, and smiled appreciatively. "Again," he said, "I compliment you on your cellar. I fail to see, however, how I can profit by any situation so inconclusive as the one you have portrayed. It seems to me that anything is still liable to happen."

"Only something unpleasant."

"Not necessarily. Although I'm not quite clear on the characters of those concerned, I should gather from what you have already told me that the affair has possibilities, not, perhaps, obvious. The husband, according to your delineation of him, apparently looks on his home as a select and comfortable hotel, and his wife as an efficient housekeeper and charming hostess combined. You have failed to show me any bond of sympathy between them, any attempt to understand each other. He probably knows more about a clerk in his office before he engages him than he now knows about his wife. If he didn't he'd be a very poor business man.

"You say he obeys to the letter the marriage conventions? Yet it is clear that he knows and cares nothing about what those letters spell and signify. Because he has given his wife no reason for unhappiness, he feels that she should be happy. Because he has never given her what Society would look upon as a logical cause for separation, he believes that she should remain with him. The fact that he has, obviously, not made her happy; that he has not kept alive her desire to continue living with him, seems to count for nothing. His consideration for her, that you speak of, is in reality only his consideration for himself, for his position in the eyes of the world.

"His definition of 'love,' which should be self-sacrifice, is self-satisfaction. His definition of 'protection' is possession—all regardless of his wife's happiness and needs. All he has done is to supply her with material comforts; and all that he wants in return is herself, body and soul.

"That is the husband, as I picture him. About the other man you weren't particularly definite. You said nothing about him. What sort of a man is he? A libertine? A rotter? A philanderer? There must be something wrong, or you wouldn't feel so bitter about him. And, on the other hand, there must be something worthy, or the wife wouldn't be attracted to him. Is he a professional man?"

"Not exactly."

"What is he?"

"Nobody seems to know."

"He sounds interesting, at any rate. What do you make of him? You know him, I suppose?"

Endicott gave the appearance of considering his words carefully. When he spoke it was slowly. "I didn't say a great deal about him because I don't know a great deal about him. He is attractive enough, in a way, but I don't care for his outlook on life. He refuses to take the important things seriously."

"That may explain his attraction," Drayton suggested with a smile. "That, and your definition of 'important things.' Is he immoral?"

"I don't know that he isn't."

"The negative process of reasoning still, I see. Besides the fact that he doesn't take seriously the things that you

(*Concluded on page 130*)

Piquante — Vivacious — Chic

MRS GIFFORD PINCHOT II

A lovely young Parisian-American reveals the French philosophy of Beauty

LOVELY young Parisian—welcome to America! Born and bred in France, you bring its sunshine in your smile. As the bride of a New Yorker of distinguished name and family, your pretty ways and sparkling wit have won all hearts.

You are so beautiful, with your golden hair and laughing brown eyes and your flawless fair skin suntanned to coppery sheen. A true "October blonde"! Tell us your French philosophy of beauty! What is the secret of your inimitable charm?

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"Yet to your clever America we owe four wonderful ways to guard our loveliness—simply, swiftly, surely.

"Just the four steps of Pond's Method—faithfully followed every day and never omitted—will keep one's skin exquisitely smooth and fresh and clear.

"The Cold Cream for immaculate cleansing is the best I have found anywhere. The dainty Cleansing Tissues are the perfect way to remove cold cream. The perfumed Skin Freshener to tone and firm the skin bestows the gift of youth, and the delicious Vanishing Cream for powder base keeps your skin like velvet. In all the world nothing is finer or purer than Pond's four delightful preparations."

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DURING THE DAY—First, for complete cleansing, generously apply Pond's Cold Cream over your face and neck, patting with quick caressing upward and outward strokes, letting the fine oils penetrate every pore. Do this several times and always after exposure.

SECOND—wipe away all cream and dirt with Pond's Cleansing Tissues. They are so much softer, more absorbent—such a saving of laundry and towels.

THIRD—soak cotton with Pond's Freshener and briskly dab your skin to banish oiliness, close pores, tone and firm, and preserve the youthful contours.

LAST—smooth on Pond's Vanishing Cream for powder base and exquisite finish.

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Beautiful MRS. GIFFORD PINCHOT II *was recently married to the young scientist and sportsman of this distinguished family. She was Mademoiselle Janine Voisin of Paris, daughter of the French "industriel." A radiant October blonde, her golden hair and brown eyes contrast with her fair skin. Imagine this lovely coloring set off by this Russian coat of crimson velvet embroidered in gold!*

(right) *She is enchanting in evening dress, with her lovely neck and arms. Her Lanvin frock is of ivory taffeta and tulle.*

(below) *On her Florida honeymoon, this young Parisian discovered the delights of deep-sea fishing. A keen sportswoman, she rides, drives, swims and dives superbly.*

(left) *Pond's four delightful preparations—famous Two Creams, Cleansing Tissues for removing cold cream and fragrant Skin Freshener to banish oiliness after cold cream cleansing.*

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20-22 West 57th Street
New York

FROM CAVIAR TO COINTREAU

(*Concluded from page 128*)

take seriously, what else have you against him?"

"If he were a gentleman he'd respect another man's property."

"If he is a gentleman he may not necessarily regard a woman as property. But continue."

"Apparently our ideas differ too greatly."

"My misfortune—"

"If, however, he were a gentleman he'd have respect for established conventions. I haven't anything against him, except that he is trespassing now."

"Trespassing?"

"Yes. Trying to take another man's wife away."

"Or, possibly, help another man's wife to escape."

"You evidently don't take the affair seriously."

"Ah, but I do. You begin to interest me. I feel that a somewhat different conclusion could be worked out than the one you seemed so sure of. About the wife, now. Her position hasn't been quite clearly defined." Turning to Faith he said, "Couldn't you, being a woman, suggest her attitude?"

"Is it necessary?" Endicott protested.

"It would be interesting." Again he turned and addressed Endicott's wife. "Do you mind?"

FAITH ENDICOTT glanced first at her husband and then at Drayton. "Being a woman," she said at last, "I have, I suppose, a certain natural sympathy for her. Is she in love with the other man?"

"Her husband seems to think so."

"Then," she went on slowly, toying with her liqueur glass, "it rather depends. She might never have admitted, even to herself, that she cared deeply for the other man, until she discovered that her husband credited—or rather, discredited—her with doing so. Then she might turn toward the other man. A woman who finds that, despite her faithfulness and abnegation, she is nevertheless distrusted by her husband is apt to grow bitter. Having been faithful, and unhappy, she might wonder whether it was worth it. And, wondering, might do anything—"

Endicott spoke up quickly. "Very interesting, I'm sure; but I still maintain that only one outcome is possible, without scandal."

Drayton, who had been watching Faith as though he expected her to continue, took him up. "Ah, but how wrong you are! It is a situation as old as Life itself, and with as many possible variations. In novels, I admit, the number of feasible endings may be limited; but not in life. In fiction, in a case like this, the husband has the whip-hand. But it counts for very little; there is, really, almost nothing he can do. He can refuse to permit a divorce, of course. That, however, does not necessarily mean that he will continue to keep his wife, apparently his only object. He can, if he wishes to be dramatic, threaten to shoot the interloper; he might even kill him. That would be rather futile, for his wife could most certainly free herself then. Nothing in particular would have been gained, except that freedom, and a great deal would be lost.

"Or he might, if he wished to be a bit unusual but still dramatic, shoot his wife. It has been done. Again he gives her her freedom, the freedom he seems so bitterly opposed to, even though she wouldn't, unfortunately, be able to make any active use of it. In doing any of these, the conventional things, he defeats his own purpose. There is, really, only one course open to him."

With a trace of uncertainty showing for the first time in his manner Endicott said heavily, "And that is?"

"Give his wife the freedom that belongs to her, that he has misused." He leaned forward and spread his hands in an eloquent gesture of appeal. "Don't you see? That is the only way he might keep any part of her; retain a portion of the respect she once held for him. A respect that she can't, now, feel. For the husband, in trying to keep her, has lost her. In doing this, in attributing dishonor to her, he has succeeded only in bringing about his own dishonor. Out of what were merely the possibilities of a situation he has brought about a crisis. It isn't the outsider, the other man, who has broken up the home; it isn't the wife. It is the husband himself, who, by crystallizing the unadmitted hopes of the other two, has fashioned them into definite desires."

Turning to Faith he said, "Don't you agree with me?"

For a moment she was silent, and then said softly, "I believe that I do."

"Then marriage," Endicott asked slowly, "marriage means nothing?"

"It means everything, or nothing," Drayton said.

"Nothing!" Endicott repeated, in a voice grown suddenly subdued and weary. "I suppose . . . but it doesn't matter." He looked about the room as though he were seeing it for the first time, to the paintings on the wall, the furnishings, his wife. Possessions. Legally his. He shook his head foggily, and pushed back his chair.

Without a word he consulted his watch, rose, and walked toward the door. Turning, his glance wandered from his wife to Drayton and back again. "I'm sorry," he said at last, "I must leave you. An engagement."

Then, as neither spoke, he looked at Drayton and continued, "Faith is leaving for Paris shortly. Her first visit. I would appreciate anything you could do for her."

NEW MATERIALS FROM PARIS

(*Continued from page 83*)

rather like the water-mark on moire.

Moire cannot be ignored, though it is not a first fashion. There is continued interest in the new designs of the water-mark, one of which shows a bird in flight, another a rose, while a third is like water-drops sprinkled from the hand. Moire is often combined with gold or silver, and it also serves as a basis for printing. On page 81 Suzanne Talbot has designed a charming coat in Ducharne's most attractive printed moire, in black and cream.

Faille and taffeta both figure in the winter collections of materials, plain, and patterned either with warp printing, or with lamé. Bianchini shows three weights in faille, one called "giralda," almost like a taffeta, another "jeunesse," heavier with a more distinct rib, and a third "super-faille," almost as stiff as a grosgrain. This is intended for coats. An interesting faille at Ducharne's is illustrated in the fabric compass. It is called "faille française lattée," in a heavy quality almost like a silk rep, in which is woven a small colored flower, in scattered blossoms, and four or five colors. *Taffeta is broché* with gold or silver, or printed on the warp, and sometimes both together. Sometimes it is "façonné" or woven with a figure, as well. Chanel is lining her new jersey coats with taffeta to make them slip on easily over a woolen blouse.

AS TO color, all the fashion world of Paris is talking of greens and browns for winter. The greens are dark, unless they are intended for evening, bottle greens, myrtle greens, and deep blackish greens being most frequently mentioned. The browns that are being discussed are seal, a deep taupe, and a very dark grayed brown. There are many votes for chestnut, and even for the rust tones, but the latter, I believe, will not be a generally smart fashion, at least not in the beginning of the season, for the simple reason that rust is not becoming to a sunburned skin. Women return to town sunburned in October to order their

(*Concluded on page 141*)

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GAZE INTO YOUR MIRROR —CRITICALLY

MME. HELENA RUBINSTEIN

GAZE into your mirror critically—and view the destruction wrought in your beauty by the summer sun. Squint lines cobwebbing the area around the eyes. A dull, murky color clouding your complexion. Possibly, too, you may find freckles, insidious wrinkles, coarsened texture, drooping contour and visible signs of fatigue.

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The stimulating, skin-enlivening Valaze lotions and balsams are precisely what the summer-coarsened skin needs to recapture its exquisite delicacy. The beautifying creams restore its smoothness—the anti-wrinkle cream is incomparable for combating and correcting all fine lines and wrinkles. The effective bleaching creams banish the last vestiges of tan, sallowness, freckles and discoloration.

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ALL of the famous Arch Preserver assurances of foot happiness and foot energy are hidden beneath the charming exteriors of these shoes — the arch bridge that prevents awkward strain, the metatarsal support that keeps the step elastic and youthful, the flat crosswise inner sole that eliminates pinching and permits complete freedom of action to nerves, muscles and blood-vessels.

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"WITH ALL JOHN'S LOVE"

(*Continued from page 89*)

Maybe she acted on quite another impulse.

"I don't see why I shouldn't lend you my pass-key just this once? Miss Chard don't know as what it opens the door of 'er room too. But I don't care, as she'll be gone to-morrer. You go up and just wait in there, comfortable-like. But don't you forget to put my key in the letter-box as you goes out!"

He thanked her, awkwardly. And, a few moments later, he was fitting the key in the lock of the room where, till now, he had never been alone.

As he walked through the door, he turned on the electric suspension lamp in the center of the large square apartment which was the paradise to which his thoughts, each livelong day, were ever turning. But it was with new eyes that he gazed about him, for, when his love was there, he saw only her.

He hadn't realized, till now, what a comfortable, even luxurious, room it was. But its owner had a right to comfort, for she earned a big salary in the beauty parlor of which she was the best advertisement.

Leaving this fine room which she had made so nice? Not likely! The spiteful old dame had said that just to tease him. Still, he felt a bit uneasy. Emmy had gone off all in a hurry to a sick married sister in Suffolk five days ago, and she hadn't given him her address in the brief note which had told him she was off. Then, about four to-day, she had telephoned to his place of business to say she was back, and to ask him to come along at eight.

He walked forward in the bright light, his heart beating thickly. How he loved her—how he longed for her. Those five days had seemed like five years to him. He stooped and kissed the pillow on which her bright head lay each night.

Then there went through him a violent shock, for on the floor, close to the bed, he suddenly saw a new hat-box, on which was pasted a big railway label marked *Paris*.

Then Emmy hadn't been to her sick sister in Suffolk? She'd been to Paris. With whom, and why?

He looked about him, and full, now, of jealous, burning suspicious thoughts, he suddenly focussed his angry eyes on the chest of drawers between the window and the fireplace. Feeling in a way ashamed, for he'd never been one to go nosing about, he went across the room and opened the left-hand top drawer. As likely as not there might be something in there which would give Emmy away? There was.

Lying across a neatly folded red and white silk scarf, was a bulky blue envelope, of which the flap was open. On the envelope was written in pencil, "With all John's love."

He took the envelope out of the drawer and, turning, walked to the door and bolted it.

With fumbling fingers he drew out of the envelope inscribed "With all John's love" a fat packet of bank-notes secured with an india-rubber band, and, pinned together, ten one-thousand-franc French notes.

Stuffing all the notes back just anyhow, he put the envelope in the drawer just as he had found it.

"John"—not a doubt of it—must be the toff who had fallen for Emmy five or six weeks ago, and had asked her out, first to lunch and then to dine, with him in a small, quiet restaurant just off Piccadilly. She had not been able to resist boasting of her conquest to Joe Hathersage; but she had refused, obstinately, to tell him the old chap's name.

He went down-stairs at last, and so out of the house, to try and walk off his seething turmoil of jealous misery.

It seemed like an hour, though it was only twelve minutes, when all at once she had run up behind him in the empty, dark street, and cried in his ear, "Bo-peep!" Then, opening the hall door, and laying her parcels on the dirty hall-table, she had flung her arms round his neck. "You're the one that's never late. But I'm afraid you're dreadfully cold, lovey—"

Lovey? Dear funny old term of endearment she'd learned as a child, no doubt. Emily Chard had been born a farmer's daughter. So much he, Joe Hathersage, had extracted from her when they had first become what she called "friends."

AND now, full of vague, disquieting thoughts, and jealous suspicions, his mind swung back to that meeting in the street. Where had she come from? Not from where she worked; she was far too grandly dressed for that this evening. After she had telephoned to him, where had she been and with whom, for the best part of four hours?

She smiled across at him, and all at once his sore heart felt assuaged. How could he doubt that she had been overjoyed to see him again? She had proved it, bless her, after that silly row of theirs, in the one way that convinces a young, passionate lover. Nothing mock modest about *his* little girl.

With softened eyes he smiled back at her. "John—a side line"? Quite a funny idea that! If "John" chose to make an old fool of himself, Emmy, being the smart, up-to-date girl she was, could not be expected not to take advantage of it.

"Had enough?" she asked. And, as he nodded, she went over and sat back luxuriously in her rocking-chair, while he boiled up some water on the gas ring behind the screen, and washed up.

Joe Hathersage was not only Emily Chard's lover. He was her slave; and till one terrible moment this evening he had felt sure that some day he would be her husband, though he had never said one word to her of that. Very early in their acquaintance she had gaily declared that, to her thinking, any clever girl who becomes a poor man's wife must be a potty fool, indeed.

The young man had finished his tiresome job, and he was walking quickly toward the fireplace when there rose from the street the postman's rat-at-tat echoing down the long row of houses. He had heard those sounds many a time before, without knowing that he heard them; but to-night, his love turned her head toward him, and he caught an intent, listening look on her face.

"I'll run down and see if there's a letter for you!" he exclaimed.

She half got out of her chair, a word of protest on her lips. But he took no heed of that. Filled anew with furious fears and suspicions—he knew not of what—he opened the door, leaped down the two flights of stairs, and rushed to the roomy letter-box in the dimly lit hall.

There was a clutter of letters and circulars for the people who had their offices in the house; but one envelope—the best superfine business kind of envelope—was addressed "Miss Chard," and marked in the corner *Private*.

With it held tight in his right hand, he raced up-stairs, two steps at a time, and, bursting open the door, "Here's a letter for you, Emmy!" he cried defiantly. "I know who it's from—it's from that old bloke. For all he's marked it 'private,' I'm going to read it—just to see if he's as much of a 'side-line' as you say he is!"

She sprang from the rocking-chair, and he sensed the fear, an abject terror, almost blotting out the blazing anger in her now dilated eyes.

Desperately she gripped his arm and tried to reach the hand he held high above his head. He was standing in the middle of the room, close to the little table on which now lay, all clean and shining, the plates, dishes, knives, forks, and spoons, which had served their meal.

"It's no use, Emmy—I mean to read it!" he shouted.

She relaxed her grip on his arm so

(*Continued on page 134*)

READY-TO-WEAR *by a* FAMOUS DRESSMAKER

DEFT fingers pluck at a last stray thread... trained eyes are narrowed for a final approving glance... a new costume is created. Whether from our own workrooms, or from the leading Paris houses, every Joseph garment is an individual interpretation of the mode. Typical is this three-quarter coat suit with its new, important silhouette.

Joseph

2 WEST 57TH STREET
AT FIFTH AVENUE · NEW YORK

"WITH ALL JOHN'S LOVE"

(*Continued from page 133*)

suddenly that he reeled, and nearly fell.

"All right! Do as you like, Joe. It's you who'll be sorry—not me."

Sullenly she watched him, as he began to read the long letter which was written in the clear, firm hand of a man who, though no master of himself, had yet built up a huge fortune by his mastery of others.

And then it was the young man's turn to lunge forward, and grip her soft rounded arm. "Emmy! Say this isn't true? You're not going off to this old chap to-morrow to be his—?"

She stopped the word on his white lips. "—wife? Yes, Mister Hathersage, that's what I am going to be—rather sooner than later, if you're so set on knowing. And there's another thing that'll interest you. He's one of the richest men in London city. So there!"

There came over the face of Joe Hathersage a strange change. Emily Chard was a brave girl, but that mad glare made her quail. "Joe," she faltered, "don't look like that! And—and don't hold me so tight. It hurts—dreadfully. Nothing'll be changed between you and me. We'll still—"

But the word "meet" was never spoken, for his left hand all at once felt for and then fastened on her throat, while his right felt blindly for the short sharp pointed knife with which she had dismembered the lobster less than an hour ago.

"WELL, here I am at last, Annie!"

"It seems such a long time since you went away, dear, yet it's less than a week."

Mrs. Eastcote got up from her low chair by the fire. And, going toward her husband, she lifted up her small faded face for him to kiss. He did so, a trifle awkwardly. Then, together, they went toward the fireplace, across the spacious drawing-room which was over-full of chintz-covered furniture.

"Ring, John, and Fanning will bring some fresh tea," she said placidly, "I've had mine, for I didn't know you were coming home so early."

"It isn't early. It's after six. I had tea at the office," he said quickly.

She accepted what he said without demur. But there came a slight look of anxiety in her light blue eyes, as she saw him sit himself down heavily opposite her, on the other side of the big, roaring fire.

Though these two people were the same age, fifty-eight, John Eastcote, a fine, upstanding man, had gone to considerable trouble to keep himself fit during all his long life, and that though he had always worked hard. He looked, even to-night, when he felt unwontedly tired, ten years younger than he was. Newcomers generally supposed Mrs. Eastcote, who had always been a delicate, housekeeping woman, to be many years older than her husband. They had been married, now, thirty-one years; and when Eastcote, the faithful apprentice, had married his master's daughter, he had, as the saying is, hung up his hat in her hall. They had lived with the old man till his death, and then they had gone on living in this big, ugly, substantial house.

Annie Eastcote loved the house where she had been born, bred, and married. Her husband, at one time, would have liked to move. Even then, twenty years ago, they could well have afforded two houses. But he had seen that the notion had hurt, as well as frightened her; and he had given it up.

The John Eastcotes were regarded by their large circle of friends and acquaintances as a model couple, the only pity being, as Eastcote was known to have become a very rich man, that they had no child.

"Aren't the tea-things going to be cleared away?"

There was a touch of irritation in his usually level voice. Feeling mildly surprised, she put out her thin hand and rang the bell. A moment later the head maid, who had been with them seventeen years, came in and took up the heavy silver tray on which her mistress had just had her small tea.

"Hold on, Fanning! If any telephone messages come for me or for Mrs. Eastcote, please keep them. We don't want to be disturbed."

"Very good, sir."

Fanning thought it very natural the master didn't want to be bothered. He'd just been away for a week, or six days to be precise.

After the maid had shut the drawing-room door he got up and came close up to where his wife was sitting. "Annie," he said abruptly, "I've something to tell you."

She looked up with a slight sensation of discomfort in her quiet heart; yet she was not surprised. John had been so unlike himself, lately, that she had known that there must be something serious the matter. But being the manner of reserved woman she was, and still, even after all these years, a little shy with her husband, she had kept her vague fears to herself.

Business, the one word, the one thing in the world which loomed large in her imagination, must be going wrong. Was John about to tell her that he was ruined? If so, he would find her quite ready to move into a smaller house. Of course, he would! Thank heaven, *her* money was all right. Not a fortune, still quite enough to keep them in what she thought comfort.

"I'm afraid," he said slowly, "that I'm going to give you a great shock, Annie."

"I've feared that something was the matter, John."

He stared down at her. Was it possible that she knew what he was about to tell her? Careful though he had been, even during these last two or three weeks when he had, so to speak, gone quite off his chump, someone might have spied on him and told his wife. Infamous—but, even if infamous, what a relief!

"I didn't like to say anything," she went on slowly.

"I wish to heaven you had—"

IT WAS a cry from his heart. And he went backwards, and again sat down opposite her.

A faint color had crept up into her bloodless face. She got up and, moving across the wide Persian rug, she put her hand on his shoulder.

"I thought it would only worry you if I said anything. I hoped that things would come right."

"They've not come right," he said in a somber tone, "in fact, they're more wrong than ever."

He looked up at her, his face working. After all he did care for poor Annie very, very much. Of course, he did.

"I've no defense, and I know I haven't! You've been the best wife man ever had."

She felt deeply moved; but it was not her way to show what she felt.

"You've been a very good husband, John," she said gently.

"How much does it cost us to live here—as we do live?" he asked.

She had expected that question. He had always left everything here to her. She even paid the six gardeners and the two chauffeurs their wages. She was a good manager, liberal yet never wasteful; and she was mildly proud of the fact.

"We're spending six thousand pounds a year. But, of course, there's a great deal we could cut off, John."

"That won't be necessary," he said quickly. "I was only wondering how much would make you *really* quite comfortable."

A little bewildered, she took her hand off his broad shoulder and stepped back across the rug to the low, and not very comfortable, high-backed chair, in which her mother had always sat before her.

"Have you been making your will, my dear?" she asked.

For a moment he remained silent; then, looking away across to the large bow window, he blurted out, "I want you to divorce me, Annie."

"Divorce you, John?"

She repeated the words mechanically. She could not have been more surprised if he had said, "I want you to kill me, Annie."

(*Continued on page 136*)

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SOCIAL CALENDAR

for SEPTEMBER 1929

SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 1—Open Polo Championship, Meadow Brook, L. I. To continue through September 30.

MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 2—General observance of Labor Day.
Annual Labor Day Horse Show at Myopia Hunt Club, Hamilton, Mass.
Dog Show, Fairfield County Hunt Club, Westport, Conn.
National Amateur Golf Championship, Pebble Beach, Calif. To continue through September 7.
Sailing races under auspices of Barnegat Bay Yacht Racing Association, Barnegat Bay, N. J.
Horse-racing under auspices of Westchester Racing Association, Belmont Park, L. I. To continue through September 16.
Labor Day Golf Tournament, Biltmore Forest Country Club, Asheville, N. C.

TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 3—Wedding of Miss Mary Frances Loud, niece of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur H. Lea of Philadelphia, to M. Edouard le Ghait, in Paris.

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 4—Wedding of Miss Betsy H. Richards, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. John H. Richards of No 44 East Seventy-sixth Street, to Lieut. John Lyford Hornor, Jr., U. S. A., in Park Avenue Baptist Church, New York.

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 5—Dance by Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Markoe Robertson at "Guinea Hollow Farm," Old Westbury, L. I., in honor of Miss Virginia Thaw, débutante daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Thaw, 3d.
Wedding of Miss Katharine Amory, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Copley Amory, of Washington, D. C. and Boston, Mass., to Lieut. Douglas B. Smith in Walpole, N. H.
Dog Show under auspices of Rochester Exposition Kennel Club, Rochester, N. Y. To continue through September 7.
Wedding of Miss Margaret Schuyler Baldwin, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ezra Baldwin of Jackson Heights, L. I., to Asher Atkinson.

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 6—Wedding of Miss Mary Emily Porter, daughter of Mrs. George W. Porter of No. 155 East Fifty-fourth Street, to Lieut. Perry McCoy Smith, U. S. A., at the Hotel Plaza.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 7—Wedding of Miss Margaret Hitchcock Sims, daughter of Rear Admiral and Mrs. William S. Sims, to Robert Holbrook Hopkins, at Newport.
Men's National Tennis Championships, Forest Hills, L. I. To continue through September 14.
Wedding of Miss Carol Stevenson, daughter of Mrs. Francis B. Thorne of No. 771 Park Avenue and Bay Shore, L. I., to Joseph Sears Lovering in St. Mark's Church, Islip, L. I. Reception to follow at Timber Point Club.

(*Concluded on page 187*)

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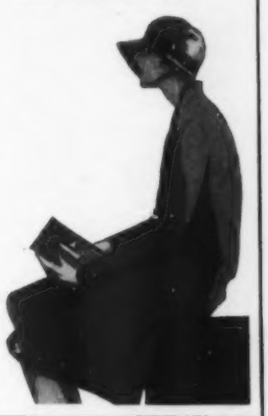

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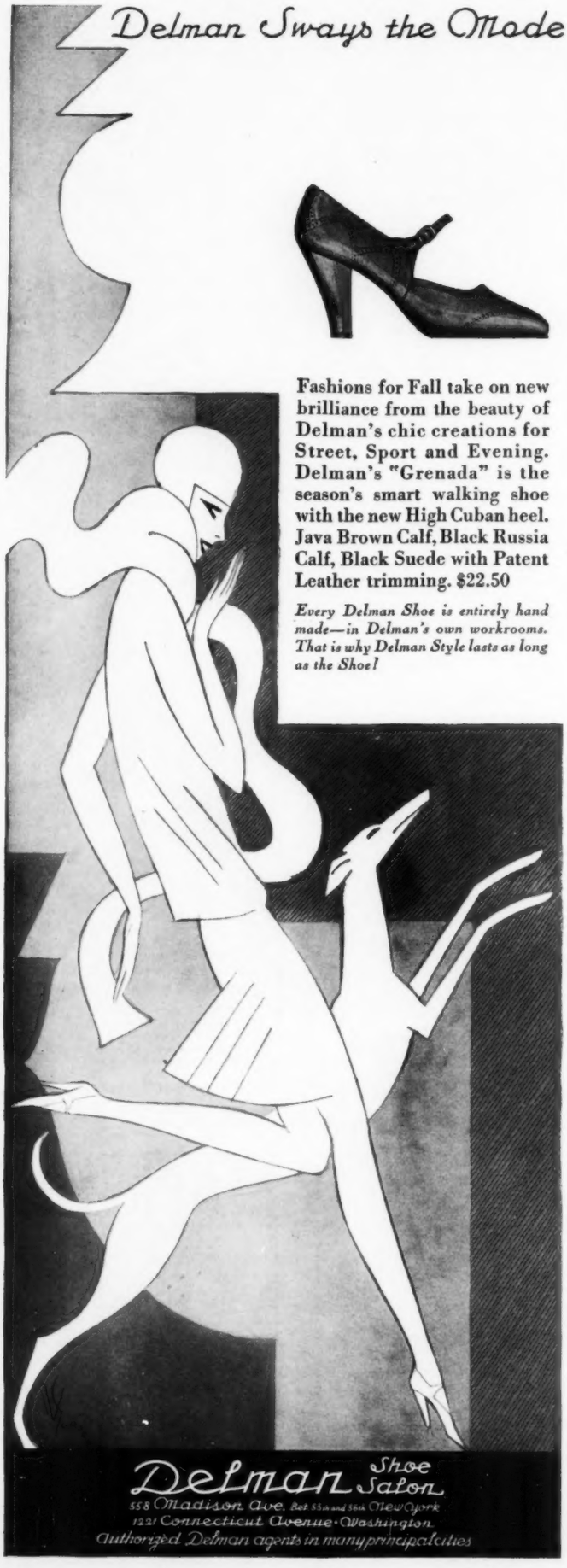
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"WITH ALL JOHN'S LOVE"

(*Continued from page 134*)

"I know you'll think me a fool, and a wicked fool. Maybe I am. But—but I've fallen in love."

She said nothing to that. What, indeed, was there to say?

"I want to marry the girl," he went on desperately.

And still she said nothing.

"I've asked Tom Parswell to dine here to-night. He'll advise you what to do. I've written him a letter," he began fumbling about in his pockets. "Here it is!" and producing an envelope, he got up and put it on the mantel-piece.

There had come over him a feeling of strong misgiving, of dismay. Her silence was beginning to frighten him. "Won't you do it, Annie?" he asked hoarsely.

"Yes, I'll do it. I've always obeyed you, and I'm not going to begin disobeying you now."

The words, "Thank you," stuck in his throat. For the first time in his life he flung himself on his knees before her.

"I want to tell you—" he began.

"John! Get up! Someone might come in—"

He rose, rather shamefacedly, to his feet, and gazed down into her now upturned face. It looked like a waxen mask.

"What is it you want to tell me?" she asked in a still voice.

"I want to tell you that until I met *her*, I'd been faithful to you in word and deed. By God! it wasn't always easy—but I was."

To that again she made no answer.

Pulling himself together he said in measured tones: "I told Parswell you wished to see him about some worrying business, and that you'd have early dinner without dressing. So he'll be here soon. I'll motor over to the club, and stay on for dinner there; but I'll be back before he leaves."

"The club" was John Eastcote's golf club, some three miles away.

He walked across to the door, hesitated there a moment, and then, opening it, he passed through and, as they both thought, so out of his wife's life.

ANNIE EASTCOTE sat on where he had left her, feeling as if all power had left her, and as if she had suddenly become an old, old woman.

No convulsion of nature, not the coming of the Judgment Day in which she firmly believed, would have affected her as had done this confession, this request, of her husband. She had always kept herself, perhaps overconsciously, unspotted from the world. John Eastcote had early learned that he must keep from his Annie even the mildest "naughty story."

Her husband had filled all her placid universe. Her only care, her only object in life, had been to make John comfortable, and to be pleasant and, as far as was possible to her, forthcoming, to John's business friends.

He went away now and again on business trips to Paris. But even as a young woman she had never accompanied him. For one thing she had never been very strong, for another she would not have known what to do with herself while he was seeing his French clients. She would have regarded any one who had dared to insinuate that her husband might meet with a certain kind of temptation on one of those trips, as possessed of a revoltingly evil mind.

And yet Annie Eastcote was very human under her still, sedate manner, and she loved her husband passionately; though even in their now long-vanished youth it would have appeared to her unwomanly, as well as indelicate, to have betrayed her passion.

She rang the bell at last. "Fanning, Mr. Parswell is coming down to dinner. But you need only lay for two. The master is obliged to dine at the golf club with a friend."

"Obliged?" "With a friend?" She felt ashamed of telling Fanning such lies. And yet, her husband being the manner of man he was, would almost certainly find some man with whom to share his dinner. That perhaps made the lie less of a lie.

ON AND on she sat, her hands folded in her lap, losing count of time. But at last the door opened again, and the one real friend that Annie and John Eastcote had in common walked into the room.

Tom Parswell was a successful lawyer, an alert, highly intelligent-looking man. He lived in a handsome house near the British Museum with his twin sister, a clever, bustling person, of whom gentle Mrs. Eastcote had always felt a little afraid.

"Well, Annie, my dear—? I hope there's nothing much the matter?" he said in a hearty, cheerful tone. "I had a kind of S.O.S. from John this afternoon, saying you wanted to see me about some rather painful business. So I've cut another engagement, and here I am!"

She looked at him wanly. It seemed to her as if this terrible thing couldn't be true, with Tom here—Tom who had been John's best man at their wedding thirty-one years ago.

She was locking and unlocking her fingers with a curious nervous movement. He felt, rather than saw, that she was terribly distressed.

At last she said in a still, toneless voice, "John and I are going to be divorced."

"Divorced? Rubbish!"

Quickly the lawyer asked himself what foolish things John Eastcote could have been doing, and who could have been so cruel, so dastardly, as to give him away to his wife.

"It's a pity I didn't die when I was so ill eight years ago," she went on in the same still, toneless voice. "But he did want me to live, then."

Tom Parswell did not allow himself to look as dismayed as he felt. He said in a firm, matter-of-fact voice, "I've no doubt you've a justified grievance, Annie; but I can't believe John's done anything so very bad. Whoever put such a wicked idea as divorce into your head?"

"John did."

"John did?" repeated Parswell incredulously. He almost added, "I don't believe it!"

"There's a letter for you on the mantelpiece. He wanted you to read it before I spoke to you. I ought to have remembered about it."

He took up his old friend's letter, and then turned himself away from that old friend's wife as he opened the envelope, for he did not wish Mrs. Eastcote to see his face.

THE letter was not a long letter; and it was very clear. Partly to give himself time, the lawyer read the few lines it contained again and again; and, in a heart that had grown hard, hard and cynical with much knowledge of the seamy side of life, there swelled up a feeling of deep distress, almost of horror. John Eastcote must be mad. Mad!

"Tom?"

He turned quickly round. "Yes, Annie?"

"I want you to be kind enough to take me away to-night, back to London, to some quiet hotel."

With sudden passion she went on, "John expects me to stay on here, and he wants to settle a fortune on me. As if I'd touch his money now. I've more than enough of my own. I don't want to have a house. I'll live in a hotel, where I hope people will think I'm a widow."

He put John Eastcote's letter in his pocket, and faced her squarely. "This affair is far too serious to be settled in a few minutes. Don't give up the fight now, Annie. You'll be doing John a cruel ill-turn if you take this sort of thing lying down. You're not *bound* to divorce him."

"I've told him I would."

"You were very foolish to do that—I mean in his own interest, of course."

"In his own interest? I don't understand what you mean. You don't think, surely, that he ought to go on committing—" she could not bring herself to use such a word as "adultery."

Once more he looked straight into her

(*Continued on page 138*)

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"WITH ALL JOHN'S LOVE"

(*Continued from page 136*)

quivering face. "D'you seriously mean you think he'll be doing right to marry this young woman?"

She shrank back as if he had struck her. But he went on, ruthlessly, "Now look here, my dear. You can take it from me that John, just now, is mad—as mad as if he was in a high fever. Once the fever's fallen, whether he's married then to this girl, or still married to you, he'll hardly believe he's the same man as the writer of the crazy letter I've just read. Believe me—"

The drawing-room door opened again, and this time the maid, shutting it behind her, walked sedately across to her mistress.

"There's a gentleman come to see the master. I thought I'd better not send him on to the club till I'd asked you, ma'am. This is his card."

"Mr. Barnham, Detective, Holborn Police Court," said Mrs. Eastcote aloud in a surprised tone. "Did he give you any idea of his business, Fanning?"

"He says it's very important," murmured the maid. "I've shown him into the smoking-room."

Tom Parswell glanced at Fanning, and he surmised that she had been told something she meant to keep to herself. Had petty thieving been going on in this well-ordered household?

"I'd best see the man, Annie; it's probably about some quite trifling matter. If necessary, I can telephone to John."

Quickly he walked through the house, till he reached the comfortable book-lined apartment where he had spent so many pleasant hours with John Eastcote.

AS HE came into the room a young man stepped forward, and the lawyer glanced at the card in his hand. "Mr. Barnham? What can I do for you?"

"I'm sorry to tell you, sir, that a serious affair has taken place at No. 3, Blue Lion Street. A young woman, name of Emily Chard, was murdered by a young chap called Joseph Hathersage it is supposed early this morning. After killing her with a kitchen knife, he inflicted severe injuries on himself. They were not found till this afternoon. Hathersage is in a serious condition; but he was able to give a statement."

Emily Chard? That was the name of the girl John Eastcote had given in his letter as having just been to Paris with him, and whom he intended to make his wife as soon as the divorce was through.

On hearing that name uttered by the police court detective Tom Parswell's heart seemed to give a sudden leap in his bosom, a physical phenomenon of which he had heard, but always pooh-poohed as impossible.

"And I'm sorry to tell you, sir, that Hathersage admits the immediate reason of his crime to have been the perusal by him of a letter written by you to the young woman."

To the speaker's shocked surprise the gentleman he took to be John Eastcote exclaimed, "Phew—I'm sorry for that!"

With some severity, the detective went on: "We have got possession of that letter. In it you suggest that Emily Chard should take possession, as from to-day, of a furnished house in Bilberry Road, St. John's Wood. While conducting a search in the young woman's room, we found other letters from you. So I'm afraid I must trouble you, sir, for a statement."

And then the man whom the speaker supposed to have been Emily Chard's rich lover, gave a queer little smile. "I'm not Mr. Eastcote; but I do happen to be Mr. Eastcote's lawyer, Mr. Barnham. And, if he follows my advice, he will refuse to make any statement, now. I'll undertake to tell him all you have told me; and what he has to say will be forthcoming at the proper time, if, that is, a statement from him is ultimately required in connection with the story you have just told me. I take it the young woman had other lovers, and that letters from other men than my client were found in her room?"

"That is so, sir. But the direct cause of Hathersage's crime was a letter from Mr. Eastcote. I should much appreciate even quite a short statement from him."

Tom Parswell again smiled a little queerly as he gazed into the young man's discomfited face. The detective had not only had a journey for nothing, but his chief would most unfairly feel that he had failed where, maybe, a sharper young chap might have succeeded.

"Now look here, Mr. Barnham. You are not, I think, too proud to take a word of advice from a man very much older than yourself. You will do well to go back and tell at once whoever it may concern that you had the bad luck to find, in place of Mr. Eastcote, Mr. Eastcote's lawyer, Thomas Parswell. Your chief will know my name, and that will make the absence of any statement from my client quite clear. D'you see what I mean?"

"I do, sir, and I'm grateful for your advice," replied the other in a mournful voice.

TOM PARSWELL saw the young man out of the house, and then, with slow, reluctant steps, he went down the corridor leading to the drawing-room which had remained practically unchanged since he had first been shown in there thirty-two years ago, to be introduced to John Eastcote's future wife.

How lucky he had thought his friend that day! To be marrying an heiress, such a sweet, old-fashioned-looking girl, too, who evidently adored John!

She was now a sweet, old-fashioned-looking gray-haired woman; and alas! he feared she still adored John.

He found her sitting exactly as he had left her, gazing into vacancy. She did not even turn round as he came into the room.

"Annie," he said gravely, "I'm afraid I'm going to give you a shock."

She winced inwardly, for that was exactly the phrase John had used. But she knew, or thought she knew, that nothing could ever shock her again. Then she realized she was wrong as to that, for a terrible fear suddenly assailed her. "John hasn't killed himself?" she exclaimed, in a voice over which she had lost control.

Getting up, she faced him, her eyes full of anguished questioning.

"Great Heavens, no! But the girl he thinks he was in love with was murdered, knifed last night, by a young lover."

She covered her face with her hands, as if to shut out a dreadful sight.

"That isn't all, Annie. I'm afraid, in fact I know, that John will be brought into the affair—I mean at the inquest, and later, at the young man's trial for murder."

Quick for once, she murmured in a stifled voice, "I suppose letters were found—?"

He nodded, and she went back to her chair, a little to his surprise, and sat down.

He followed her, and as he stood by the hearth-piece there was a long pause. Parswell was asking himself how he should word what he felt must now be said.

"I've been thinking the matter over, Annie. And what I propose to do, after I've seen John (for I'm going now, at once, to the Golf Club), is to take you to London, to my house. Under the circumstances you can't go to a hotel, however quiet. We—I mean my sister and I—will be glad to have you stay with us right on till this horrible business is over."

He felt far more sorry for her now than he had before. But—

"I'm grateful to you," she said quietly. "But I can't leave John to bear all that trouble alone. And surely it would be better for you to tell him what's happened here, in his own house, Tom, rather than at the club?"

"Well, yes, I agree it would. But I thought you'd rather not see him, under the circumstances."

Her face quivered. "I'll keep out of the way. He won't have to see me if he would rather not. But—but I do hope he will see me."

(*Concluded on page 141*)

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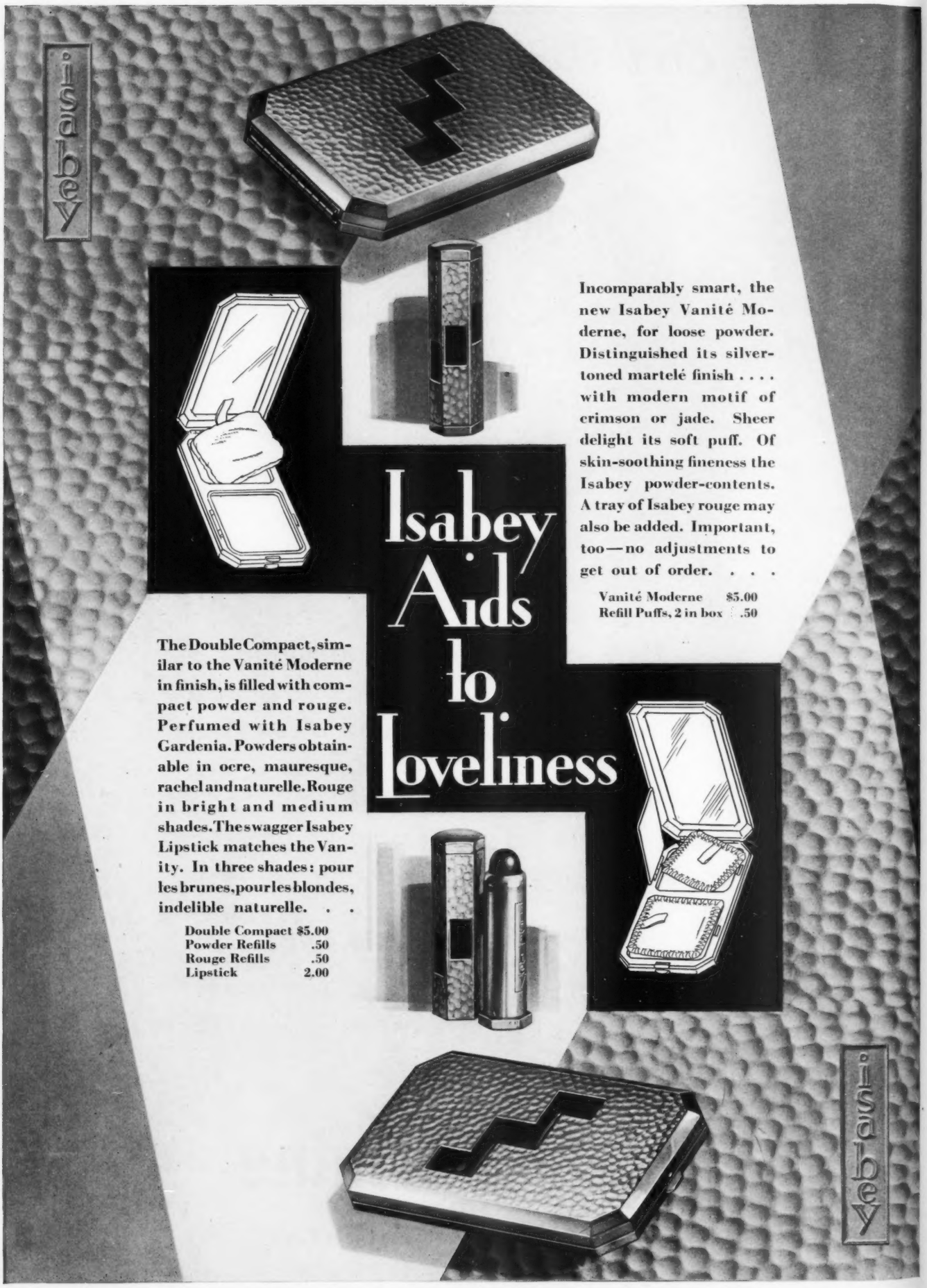
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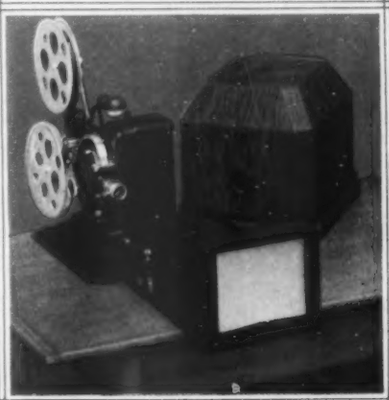

New Ciné-Kodak equipment big step forward . . . greatly adds to convenience of taking and showing . . . latest Ciné-Kodaks in smart colors with handy cases to match . . . improved Kodascope in handsome walnut case . . . and new cabinet, splendid piece of living room furniture in modern mode, provides storage space for every item of equipment.

YOU'VE seen advertisements pointing out the ability of home movies to record today's high spots for tomorrow's enjoyment. You've seen home movie films, marveled at their excellence, decided that some day you, too, would make some.

But have you seen the new Ciné-Kodak equipment now creating a sensation in home movie circles, equipment that has become the center of interest in Ciné-Kodak stores the country over?

First to excite admiration have been the Ciné-Kodaks. Once they were made only in sober black; today you see them in a variety of colors. And a new model (the BB) has just been added, a model that meets the constantly growing demand for a light, compact camera with a lens fast enough to take Kodacolor full-color pictures.

Cases show a radical advance...in beauty and convenience, too. With exteriors of colored leather to match the camera covering, and interiors lined with rayon-felt to harmonize with both, they are smart as next year's fashions. With compartments for extra film, Kodacolor attachments, and lens for telephoto effects, they are as convenient as the pockets in your coat.

Projection also has reached a higher level of convenience, as an inspection of the Library Kodascope quickly demonstrates. Enclosed in a walnut case of up-to-the-minute design, it is good-looking enough to be given a permanent place in any room. To use it, you merely lift the cover off. Pictures may be shown in normal size on your regular screen or in miniature, brilliantly clear, on the small extension screen which is an integral part of the case.

Finally, there is the new cabinet, a splendid piece of living-room furniture of modern design, providing storage space for all home movie accessories. The Kodascope rests on top of it. Ciné-Kodak, screen, films, etc., go inside. All you need for both taking and showing pictures is thus concentrated at a single spot.

Deny yourself no longer the enjoyment of home movies. Easy to take and show from the beginning, they are now easier than ever. Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, New York.

Ciné-Kodak . . . *simplest of home movie cameras*

VAN RAALTE

"BECAUSE YOU LOVE NICE THINGS"

A new season! New hints and rumors! Browns will be good, but which Stocking colors may be worn? Gloves will be cuffed—but how? Underwear, too, must contribute its vital bit to the line of the frock—a service of much greater importance than its delicate texture suggests!

How difficult would be the decisions demanded of the smart woman—were it not for *one name* in Fashion's directory! But her very smartness prompts her to mention *Van Raalte*—in Underwear, Silk Stocking, and Glove departments—and so she has choice of only the correct and exquisite! VAN RAALTE COMPANY, 295 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

Soft as doeskin—and washing even better—Van Raalte Suede Fabric Gloves are the sportswoman's favorites. Holding the field glasses—Style 9253—a pull-on with "cuff-button" gauntlets. Sketched above: Style 9260—a longer pull-on with flattering wrist detail.

Pictured also is Van Raalte Silk Stocking No. 650—at $2. From square heel to picot edge, it is flawlessly fine. Amazing wear is knitted into its glistening filaments, subtly dyed in new tints.

© V. R. Co., 29

Your "Undies" for Autumn

The perfect "underdress" for the tweed ensemble is Singlette No. 9665—with the cup-bust demanded by "feminine" fashions, and a trimly cuffed bloomer. Of Glove Silk—in flesh, sun-tan, and black—$8. Of V-R Tex, in pink, its No. is 9265—$4. Whether you prefer the Singlette—or beautifully proportioned Vests, Panties, Bloomers, and Bandeaux, your Fall lingerie should be the "inspired" Van Raalte kind—beautifully cut, durable, lovely!

"WITH ALL JOHN'S LOVE"

(*Concluded from page 138*)

"He'll be a selfish brute if he doesn't," muttered the lawyer.

He was not only touched, he was also very much surprised. Quiet Annie was proving herself to be—well, words failed him—a very fine woman.

TWO hours later, the three were sitting just as they had so often done after dinner round the fire. A stranger, looking through the wide bow window giving into the beautiful garden, would have taken them to be a happy group of old friends. But John Eastcote looked years older since he had come home to hear both the awful news brought by the police official, and the dire consequences of that news to himself.

Tom Parswell had spared him nothing; and after the first shock of horror, the murmured "poor girl—poor girl!", had come a gust of inward rage at the way that same poor girl had, to use his own unspoken word, bamboozled him—clever, shrewd John Eastcote! But by now he had almost forgotten that personal, humiliating side of the tragedy, in the agonizing knowledge that in a few days every human being known to him and to his wife would be acquainted with the sordid details of his intrigue. Since the lawyer's revelation, he had gone through, in very truth, more than the bitterness of death.

At last Parswell got up. "I must be going now. Cheer up, old man! Nothing is ever as bad as one thinks it's going to be."

But the other remained dumb. He thought he knew exactly how bad it was going to be to him and to his wife. And—he was surprised at it himself—he longed to be alone with Annie. She would understand, as well as share, the agony he was going through.

John Eastcote got up to see his friend off, and, as they were going toward the door, Fanning came in. The maid did not look at her master or mistress; she addressed Mr. Parswell. "The young man who came before dinner, sir, is on the telephone. He asked if you were still here, and I said you were. He wants to speak to you, so I've put the telephone through to the smoking-room."

Heedless of the woman's presence, John Eastcote said in a hard voice, "I'll make no statement, Tom. I—"

But the other interrupted him, "I'd best hear what the man has to say," and he almost ran in his haste to reach the smoking-room.

"Is that Mr. Eastcote's lawyer?" came a hesitating voice.

He answered quickly, "Yes. But I have nothing to tell you, Mr. Barnham; my client declines to make any statement."

"I've got something to tell *you*, sir; something that I expect you won't be sorry to hear, though it's sad in a way. That young chap Joseph Hathersage died half an hour ago. I thought you'd like to know."

"I'm most grateful to you, Mr. Barnham. It was very good of you to ring me up at this time of night to tell me this important piece of news." The lawyer's voice shook a little, for the first time in his ordered life, over a client's business. "And—and—if ever I can do you a good turn, I will!"

As the lawyer came toward the unhappy pair, it was the quiet, simple-hearted woman, not the clever, shrewd man, who sensed at once that John Eastcote was to escape the disgrace, the humiliation, his wife had been ready to share with him.

Twice Tom Parswell cleared his throat. Then, at last, he said in a voice curiously unlike his own, for it was low and shaky, "That young chap, Hathersage, is dead. And I think—I'm sure, John, that we shall be able to keep your name out of this terrible business. Modern coroners are humane sort of chaps. They don't insist on the publication of names if no useful purpose is to be served. You will probably be mentioned, if at all, as 'a certain gentleman.'"

And then quickly he turned away and once more he almost ran; for John Eastcote, for the second time in his life, had thrown himself on his knees before his wife.

This time, instead of telling him to get up, she put her hand on his head, and murmured, "I'm sorry, so very, very sorry you're unhappy, my dear—"

He raised his haggard face. "I was mad—mad. I can't expect you ever to forget, Annie—"

"I've forgotten everything," she said, "excepting that I love you, dear."

NEW MATERIALS FROM PARIS

(*Concluded from page 130*)

winter clothes, and they will not want to kill their golden brown complexions with a rust shade. For this same reason the tertiary colors will remain in vogue for the necessary crêpe gowns.

As to the blues, Bianchini is of the opinion that a dark navy will be a very strong winter color. He draws attention to prune colors, particularly in a very deep tone, that I have called "ink." He also mentions the mauves and violets, which have been worn in the evening by a few ultra-smart women during the Paris season; and he predicts a continuance of the slate-blues, particularly in the darker tones. Dark browns are strong, according to Bianchini; yellows are still good, particularly for sports; and dark backgrounds are almost invariable in printed fabrics. For the evening, pale pinks, especially in fruit tones (tinged with yellow) appear in every group of fabrics.

Ducharne believes in restrained color when it is used in combination, such as green and brown. His backgrounds are also usually dark, black, dark blue, dark brown, or dark green. He shows much yellow, in all shades from maize to deep buttercup; a good many evening pinks, and pale greens, and often combines several greens. A new color combination at this house is taupe and pale blue.

Coudurier thinks that *the* color for next winter is still a mystery, a belief which many of the leaders of the *couture* share with this house. For evening, however, there is still a greater demand for white, or for silver, or the two combined, than for any one color.

RODIER'S collection is full of interesting color combinations, among which are such unusual ones as old gold and plum, orange and deep brown, as well as the more usual red and blue. He believes that this will be a season of color combinations, many of which will be rich and dark. Colors found in every group of materials in this collection are black, beige, browns, dark blue, lees of wine, garnet, coral and stone-blues. Some of the sports materials are in pastel shades, some are frosted with white. Brown, beige and blue might on the whole be called the leading shades in the collection.

At Meyer's there are many browns, blues, dark reds, and quantities of mixtures. In the browns, there is a new shade called "aiglon," which is a very dark taupe. Black and white combinations are very prominent. There are also many greens, both dark and mixed with gray, on the order of réséda; stone-blues, more gray than blue, and many dead-leaf tones. A grayed mustard is seen repeatedly in sports materials. Most of the colors are restrained or mixed with gray or beige, except for a series of rich reds, crimson and geranium, that flash out at you from among the more somber piles of material. Browns and black and whites might be said to be leaders here. In the "lédas," or velours de laine, there is an amazing range of colors, including the most brilliant oranges.

what a whale of a difference just a few buttons make

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EVENING

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INC.

42-46 EAST 49TH STREET
NEW YORK

THERE WAS A SHIP

(*Continued from page 77*)

laughed inwardly even then to think of it—he found his long bulk lifted from the ground; and then with a crash he and his assailant went down together.

Meanwhile, the good fellows who had so promptly sought cover began to peer forth from the edge of the trees, and to take heart; and one of them stole out timidly, as his superior officer's voice rose in voluble curses.

"You whoreson cowardly rogues!" he bellowed. "Where are you all?"

As the other two were preparing to follow, the cry of a hawk three times repeated rose from the woodside; and, almost without being aware of it, they fell senseless, with sorely smitten skulls. At the same moment, a tall, splendid figure of a girl dressed after the manner of gipsies sprang out into the road. She bore a dagger in her hand, the gleam of which swiftly disappeared in the straining bull's shoulder, to be followed by a bellowing roar. Before the roar had been repeated, a lithe, dark youth who had leaped out after the girl had slipped a gag into the wild mouth and deftly tied it at the back of the bull-neck. Like a trapped boar, he lay there, gnashing and grunting on the ground, with glaring, still undaunted eyes.

"My brave Gaya!" Dionysus exclaimed, as he rose from under his late antagonist, and chucked the gipsy girl under the chin calmly as though nothing had happened, "and so the hawk was you, after all—and my brave Alonzo, too. Good boy! Remember, I owe you a life from to-night—for I think this rogue here would have won it from me in another throw or two. But he's a brave rogue. I like his mettle. Look after his wound, sweetheart, we mustn't let him bleed to death."

"And now for my lord in the coach," he added. As he turned away, he stopped silent to listen to a strange sound proceeding from its interior. It was, unmistakably, deep and eloquent snoring.

"Oddsfish!" and his boyish laughter rang out—

"Did you ever know the like? If he hasn't slept through it all."

Nearing the coach, he opened the door and called in.

"Sir Jonas! Sir Jonas! Good Sir Jonas!"

A disturbed snoring was the only reply, as sleep closed down again on the worthy goldsmith.

"I'll call him my lord—that'll wake him," said the young scapegrace.

"My lord! My lord! Ah, see, he begins to hear! My lord Duke!—My lord Duke!—I say, wake up, wake up—they are after your money!"

The financier was a little round man, with a complacent well-fed face, at once overbearing and cringing in expression, shrewd cowardly eyes, and a close-cut pointed beard, that disagreeably suggested some whiskered animal. He was fussily dressed; and, when at last he roused himself, his self-importance momentarily aped the airs of courage—but only for a moment.

"How now!" he began, "what's all this pother! Where in Heaven's name—"

And then his eyes fell on the tall masked figure, bowing in mock respect at the coach door, which with the handsome gipsy wench, and her brigandish-looking brother, all thrown into vivid chiaroscuro by the moon now flooding the wild scene with silver, made a picture sufficiently dream-like to suggest that the goldsmith was still asleep and conferring with dramatic shadows.

"Quite the Commedia del Arte, eh, my lord?" said the harlequin, divining his bewilderment, and again bowing low, with a sweep of his riding bonnet.

"What mummery is this? Ho, there Peter! Jasper! Jeremy! The scoundrels—where are you all?" yelled the goldsmith.

But for good reasons the bearers of these names made no answer; and the bowing harlequin resumed.

"A thousand apologies for disturbing your slumbers, Sir Jonas," he said. "And what a jewel of a conscience you must have, to be sure! However, you shall not be robbed of your sleep for more than a few moments. We have just a little business to transact, the kind of business, Sir Jonas, you so well understand. Then you shall to sleep again—and you shall sleep all the better, eased of certain heavy cares of which we propose to relieve you. Quick, Sir Jonas, your money-bags. They make hard pillows, and the night grows late. The air is bad, too, for travelers, and the roads unsafe. You run the risk of being robbed—whereas we only propose to borrow."

BY THIS the goldsmith was fully awake to the situation. He roused himself, and tried to put on a show of courage, but his belly quaked as he strove to rise and his legs shook under him. Again he called for his servants.

"Peter and Jasper and Jeremy are at present taking a little repose, and the rest of your lordship's bodyguard has disappeared among the bushes," said Dionysus with grave politeness; "but I assure you that you are much safer with us. We will not run away. That is, not till we have transacted a little business, as I have said, arranged a little loan, a forced loan one might call it—but still only a loan. Try and think you are in Lombard Street, and think of us as broken gamesters coming to you for your assistance—so often and so kindly given—"

"Thieves! Scoundrels! Murder!" screamed the little goldsmith. "O but you shall hang for this!"

"Hang! you don't understand, Sir Jonas. Hang—for borrowing a few thousand pistoles or so, at a fair rate of interest. I'm afraid, Sir Jonas, you are still dreaming; and, as time presses, unless you make haste to wake up and point out the secret spring of the little treasure cave you are leaning against, Sir Ali Baba—well, I'm afraid, Sir Jonas—" Here he turned to the gipsy girl, whose white teeth were gleaming with savage merriment. "Gaya," he said, "Sir Jonas is still asleep—suppose you wake him with this little bodkin of yours."

In an instant, Gaya's dagger was flashing in the neighborhood of Sir Jonas's soft and quaking person—threatening to prick him here and there—while he jumped and flopped from side to side to get out of reach, like a fish in a net. Then, with a frightened squeal, he gave in.

"There!" he pointed and pressed with his finger. A panel in the coach side glided back, revealing a small strong box and several small leather bags.

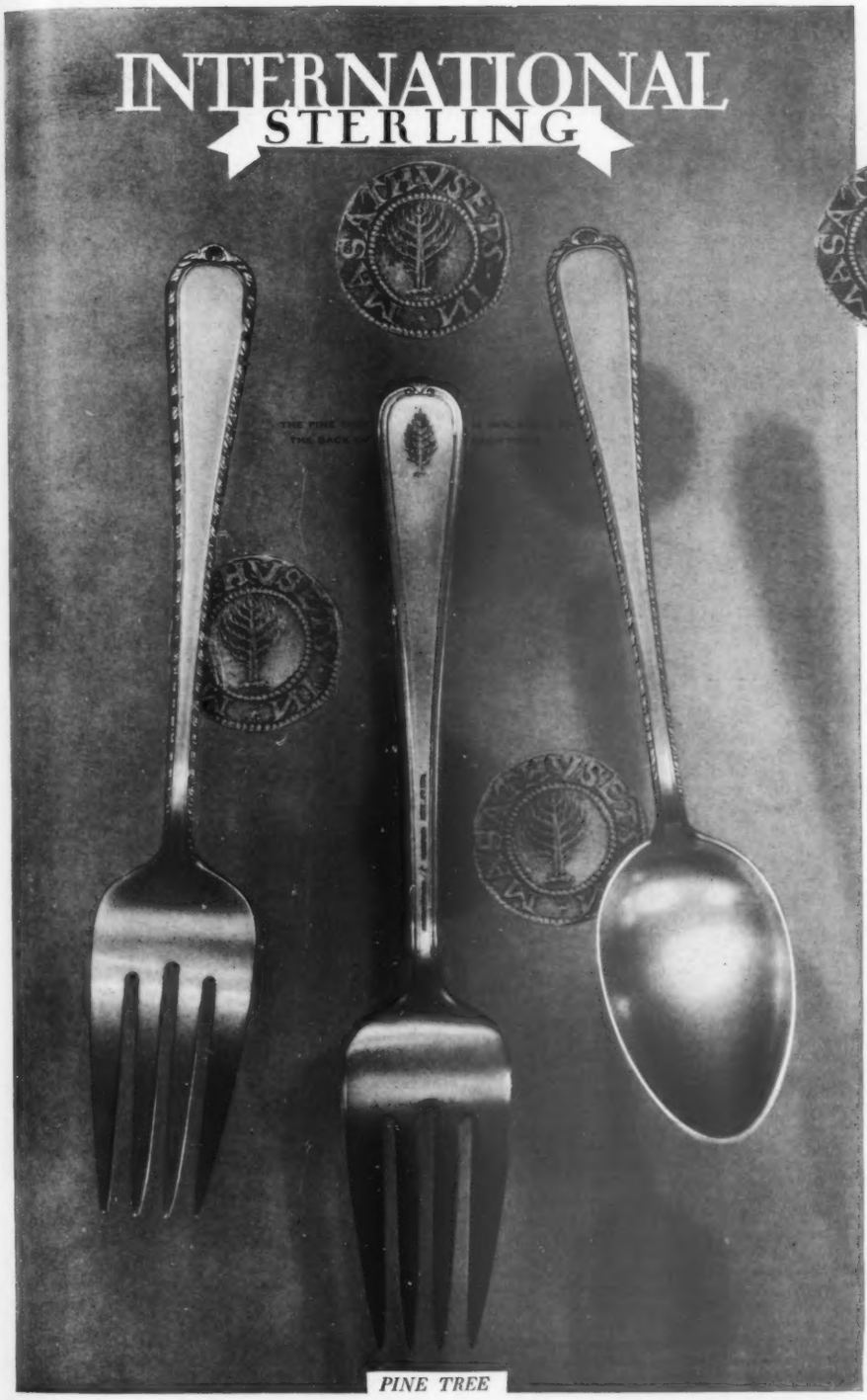
"Bravo!" cried Dionysus, "an honorable surrender! No shame in that, Sir Jonas. We on our side will observe the laws of war. And, if you will be kind enough to step out of the coach and come aside with me for a moment, while my friends, so to say, carry out the loan, I have a word for your private ear."

THE fearful goldsmith did as he was told. Good-naturedly leaning over him, with his hand affectionately laid on his shoulder, Dionysus explained that this was in very truth a loan, somewhat unconventionally arranged, indeed, but still a loan for the benefit of certain gentlemen momentarily impoverished by such gentlemanly games as lansquenet, ombre, piquet, and the like. Sir Jonas had, of course, made many such loans before, though under rather more favorable circumstances for himself.

The term of this loan, he continued, was a little uncertain, but that Sir Jonas might count on its return sometime, at latest within the next five years, Dionysus most earnestly begged him to believe—on the honor of a gentleman. But he added that any attempt to call in the said loan before the borrower was ready to pay it might be attended with disagreeable consequences on the side of the lender. "And this I say," added Dionysus in a lower voice, "by the authority and ubiquity of—the Mohawk Club."

At the mention of this famous fraternity dreaded by all the properous London merchants with fat purses and pretty wives, Sir Jonas felt himself grow pale, and decided to accept the inevitable with as smiling a face as possible. Moreover, there was something curiously reassuring about the charm of his young tormentor.

(*Continued on page 146*)



PINE TREE

PICTURE EACH WITH YOUR HOME AS THE BACKGROUND. THEN CHOOSE!

Minuet *Georgian Maid* *Fontaine* *Wedgwood* *Trianon*

FINE ARTS DIVISION INTERNATIONAL SILVER CO. MERIDEN, CONNECTICUT

Once upon a time,

the primitive image of the pine tree marked America's first silver coin as sterling

How quaint . . . to find that the Pine Tree Shilling inspired today's most interesting design in solid silver!

And . . . linking the new with the old . . . on the back of each piece is a reproduction of the pine tree which appeared on that historic old coin . . . a symbol that still says, "Here is silver that is worthy—solid—genuine through and through."

"Once upon a time—" Any hostess who possesses Pine Tree will delight in relating its story to her guests.

6 teaspoons in this gracious pattern are but $11. Or twenty-six pieces—an excellent foundation set—cost but $73.35. Matching hollow-ware—tea and dinner service—is to be had in Pine Tree, and in other International Sterling patterns.

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What pieces will you need first? The progression from a beginner's set all the way to an elaborate service is discussed in the most helpful of silver booklets—"Correct Table Silver—Its Choice and Use." It shows various International patterns, with pieces and prices on each. Modern table settings are charmingly pictured.

With it will come the PINE TREE booklet, giving PINE TREE's charming history. Send 30c—a fraction of their actual cost—for both.

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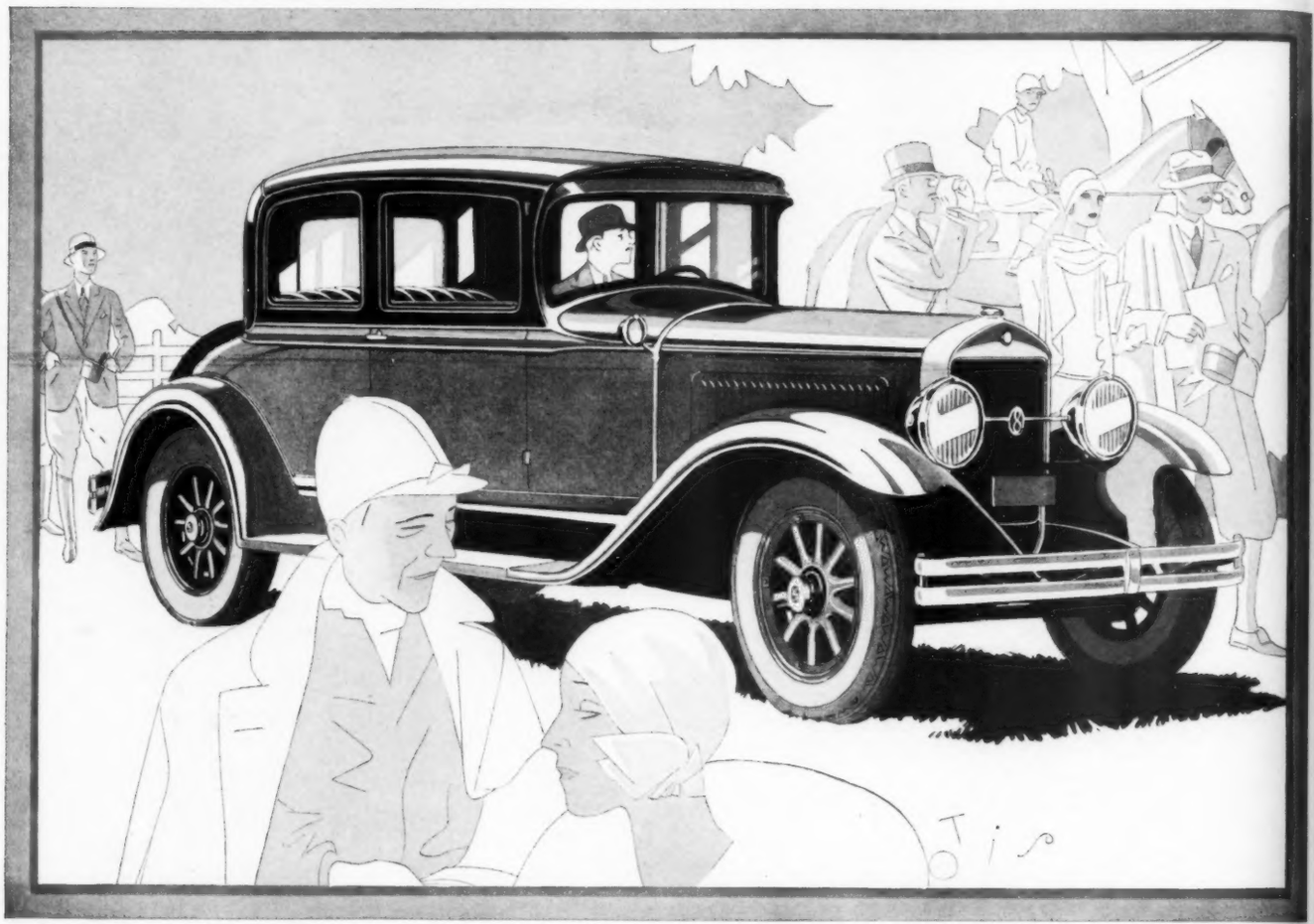
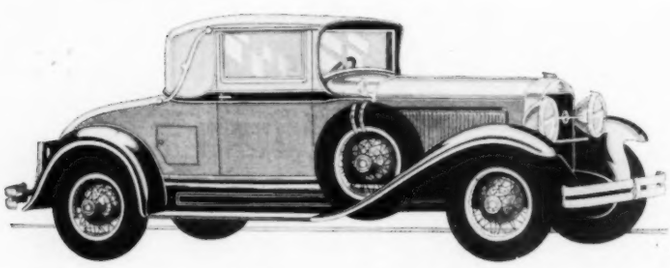
OUT OF ITS SPIRIT GREW ITS STYLE

The youthful, clean-lined vigor of Studebaker's coachcraft was inevitable....and is irresistible!

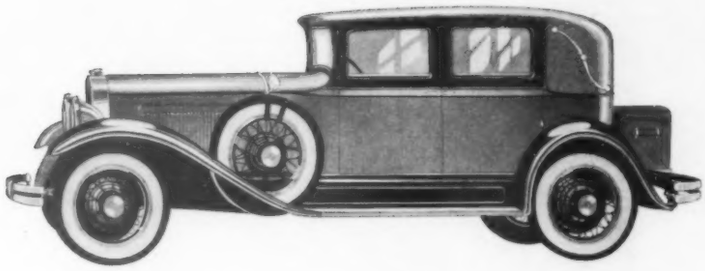


The Commander Victoria for four provides individual chairs for driver and companion; lounge seat for two extra passengers. Sociability is furthered, without crowding. Upholstery is of soft, fleecy mohair. Luggage compartment in rear. A very popular Studebaker for professional or personal-social usage. Commander Eight Victoria, $1475; Commander Six, $1325.



The Commander Convertible Cabriolet for four—an open roadster or closed car, just as you wish. Two are seated in the lounge and two in the commodious rumble. Windows may be raised or lowered with top up or down. Six wire wheels and trunk rack are standard equipment. Priced at $1595 for the eight, $1445 for the six

THERE is no sham to the look of tireless fleetness borne by these great straight eights and sixes by Studebaker, Builder of Champions. Among them, these spirited cars hold undisputed *every* official stock car record for speed and staying power. ¶ With such inspiring performance to quicken their imaginations, is it to be wondered that Studebaker designers were able to create the graceful masterpieces of coachcraft which today wear so proudly the shield of Studebaker? ¶ Nor is youth alone served, though world champion swiftness and keen-tuned style would seem to favor



The President Eight Brougham, somewhat more companionable and smarter than the conventional Sedan, provides ample roominess for five. Upholstery of Broadcloth or mohair. Folding center arm rest in rear seat. Individual hassocks replace usual foot rest. Six wire wheels and fitted trunk are standard. Priced $2195.

The President Eight State Limousine, most luxurious and impressive of Studebaker's fifty-nine models, offers the utmost in comfort and dignity. A movable glass partition isolates the driver's compartment when desired. Upholstery is broadcloth or mohair, with front in genuine Morocco grain leather. Houdaille hydraulic shock absorbers. Six wire wheels and luggage rack are standard. Priced $2350.

those young in years and in spirit. Travel ease, too, of a sort unknown to motoring until pioneered by Studebaker, has its source in ball bearing spring suspension, powerful hydraulic shock absorbers and double-decked upholstery springing. ¶ With such excellence offered at One Profit prices, public recognition has quite naturally been swift . . . as expressed in Studebaker's world leadership in the sale of eight-cylinder cars.

All prices at the factory. Bumpers and spare tires, extra.

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The fur-trimmed three-piece suit . . . This is a most important innovation of the new season . . . and with its skillfully handled lapin collar, its chic jersey blouse, its air of casual elegance, this town ensemble is thoroughly characteristic of the Franklin Fall collection . . .

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Just west of 900 North Michigan Boulevard

WATCH HILL
SOUTHAMPTON
BAR HARBOR
YORK HARBOR
PALM BEACH

THERE WAS A SHIP

(*Continued from page 142*)

"I hardly expected to find the Club so far afield as this Surrey common," he said, with a brave attempt at being at his ease, "and, of course, the honor of a gentleman—well, yes, of course, that alters the case."

"Now I admire you for your spirit, Sir Jonas. Your hand, sir! You have made a friend to-night on whom you can rely under all circumstances. From now on I will watch over you—unseen and unknown by you, though it be for the present. And your money shall be as safe with me as though it were behind the wainscot in Goshawk Manor, where, but for this pleasant meeting, it would soon have been."

While he was thus conversing with Sir Jonas, Dionysus did not fail to note that his gipsy auxiliaries had removed the bullion from the coach, and waited for him with it at a little distance.

"I perceive, Sir Jonas," he said, "that the loan has been completed. Now, perhaps, you have a memorandum of the amount which you might allow me to keep. We might almost tell it over here on the heather, in this beautiful moonlight—'with how sad steps, O moon!' eh, Sir Jonas? Of course, you read the poets—but, as I said, time presses; and I must away to London and my poor anxious friends, starving for a game, with the dice idle in their hands."

"Here is a note of the amount," said poor Sir Jonas, casting still sadder eyes up at the sad-stepping moon.

"It is most graciously done, Sir Jonas, and on my honor, my honor as a gentleman," dwelling on the words which made such music in the ears of the poor city parvenu, "you shall not lose by it. We shall meet again. Now I have the honor of bidding you good-night, with my sincere regrets for disturbing your slumbers so unexpectedly."

"At your service, my lord," bowed Sir Jonas, not to be out-done in courtesy, for he had lent too much money to the gentlemen of Whitehall Palace not to know a nobleman when he met him.

As Dionysus was leaving him with a farewell bow, he turned back for a moment. "There is a servant of yours, by the way, Sir Jonas, who is deserving of your consideration. When the others ran away, he stood his ground like a man. Don't forget him. He lies over there trussed up on the grass. I must leave him a little *douceur* before I go."

HE walked across to where his gipsies stood guard over the treasure. Picking up one of the leather bags, he untied the thongs, and plunging in his hand, brought out a fist-full of gold pieces. With this he strode over to the sturdy coachman who had been almost his undoing, and to whose wound Gaya had already applied some gipsy balm she carried with her for such occasions.

"Cheer up, my friend," he said, "it was only the fortune of war. I wish I had so good a servant. Here is for the tavern and those other wounds of a brave spirit. Who knows, we may meet again!"

The fierce eyes of the man softened, and he made as if he would speak.

"Ungag him, Gaya," said Dionysus. "He wants to say something."

"Mum's the word, my lord," said the man, speaking low. "I know your honor now that I can see you better. I've rowed your honor many a night from Whitehall Stairs . . ."

"The devil you have!" laughed Dionysus, just a little taken aback.

"But mum's the word, your honor! I'll be back at the stairs before long. I want a man's work. Horses is all right, but the water for me—the old river—the salt sea."

"Ah, yes, the sea!" said Dionysus softly, as though it were the name of a girl.

Then he joined his gipsies, secured the little treasure chest at his saddle, and disposed the leather pouches in his traveling bags. "Now," he said to the girl, as he sprung astride Malkin, "up you get pillion with me, my dear."

"That's it," he added, as, without waiting for further invitation, the great lithe girl sprung astride at his back, and clasped him firmly round his waist, with a close pressure of her strong young body in which there was something of the involuntary sincerity of a wild devotion.

"We'll just canter along easily," he said bending down to the young man. "Take hold of the stirrup, my son, I know you can keep up with us. Where's your camp just now?" he asked the girl in a lowered voice.

"Dry Tree Spinney," she answered below her breath.

"*En avant*, then, *mes amis*," cried the gay lad, and off they went, presently disappearing in the wooded shadows.

An hour after, he and his gipsy girl stood bidding farewell at the edge of a little moonlit clearing in the wide wilderness of heath and pine.

The girl's arms gleamed white around his neck, as he bent over her.

"I love you," she was saying passionately in her strange tongue, and he answered her back in the same words, kissing her again and again with a curious tenderness, big over-grown lad as he still was.

Again thrusting his hand into one of Sir Jonas' money-bags, "For your bosom, sweetheart," he said. "Make room for them," he laughed.

As her white breasts shone bravely in the moonlight, he filled the hollow between them till it brimmed over with gold pieces; then holding her once more to his heart, he sprang on Malkin's back, and rode off Londonwards.

CHAPTER II

ANOTHER ENCOUNTER ON THE LONDON ROAD

BUT, fast as he rode, it was written that the night had still something in store for him, something that his gipsy sweetheart had not read in his palm as she had scanned it once more by the light of the moon. Else had her sleep in the heather been less calm and filled with happy dreams.

The heather-honey of their last kiss was still on his lips. There was a sweet trouble in his heart as his eyes held, in the midst of the darkness that flew by him as he rode, that last water-lily picture of her bosom filled with Sir Jonas' gold pieces. He laughed out in the ebullience of his strong youth as the whole mad-cap adventure re-lived itself gaily in his thoughts.

Presently his reverie was invaded by sharp sounds that broke the silence of the night ahead of him, a sudden turmoil of loud voices and the clash of swords. As he turned a bend in the road that broadened just then into a little platform beneath the overhanging hillside, the flash of a pistol lit up a scene of masked figures on horse-back, an old man with his sword drawn, two servingmen fighting at his side, and a tall young horsewoman.

She had a face so lovely, so it seemed in that revealing flash, that Dionysus almost forgot her danger in her beauty. For a moment he hung dazed by it, watching as in a dream two of the masked figures struggling to drag her from her saddle. Though he did not realize it till afterwards, it was one of those moments which hold eternity as in a drop of dew, in which one's life is lived in a blinding foreknowledge through all its fated years. Of all moments these apocalyptic moments are briefest; and this of Dionysus, long as it seemed, scarce lasted through one pulsation of his heart.

Almost before it ended, the butt end of his pistol had laid one of her assailants senseless beneath her horse's feet; and his hand on the other's throat had brought him gurgling to the ground, and beating the air. At this unexpected reinforcement, the other assailants, for whom the stalwart old man and his servants were already proving more than enough, bethought them of the better part of valour. Setting spurs to their mounts, they turned to the right about and made off at a gallop, leaving their prostrate comrades to shift for themselves.

The darkness was already beginning to thin into the half light of dawn, and Dionysus and his new acquaintance could

(*Continued on page 149*)

Beautiful Legs Increase Their Beauty with Perfectly-woven PHOENIX

Just as she selects each lovely frock with an eye to its becomingness so does the woman of fashion choose stockings that increase her beauty. Sheer, clear Phoenix Hosiery is her favorite. For its exquisite quality is highly flattering and no matter what her size—small, medium or tall—Phoenix always fits. . . . Florenz Ziegfeld, the great producer, selected the perfect legs to which Phoenix Hosiery is proportioned. After having measurements taken of hundreds of the prettiest girls in the theatre, he awarded the title, the Phoenix Girl, to Barbara Newberry. Her legs, he says, are average in size, graceful in shape and typical of all attractive women. . . . With the aid of the Accurator, an exclusive Phoenix knitting device which counts and gauges each stitch, this ideal pattern is followed, creating stockings that are marvels of exactness. You will want many pairs when you see the delightful new Fall colors. Now in the stores and shops, $1.50, $1.95, $2.95.

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SILK Hosiery

ACCURATOR PROCESS PATENTED MARCH 12, 1929

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SILVEL
THE DURABLE TRANSPARENT VELVET

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The Shelton Looms
One Park Avenue, New York City

POUDRE

Le Début

Your own skin tint is here!

For LIGHT Complexions:

"PEARL"—*for the fair skin with color.*

"PEARL WITH GLOW"—*a warm tone for the fair skin with little color.*

"NATURELLE"—*to match the medium-toned skin.*

"SUN-TINT"—*a tan for the fair skin.*

For BRUNETTES:

"RACHEL"—*for the brunette with color.*

"RACHEL WITH GLOW"—*a warm tone for the brunette with little color.*

"OCRE-ROSE"—*a warm tone for the olive skin.*

"SUN-TAN"—*a tan for the brunette skin.*

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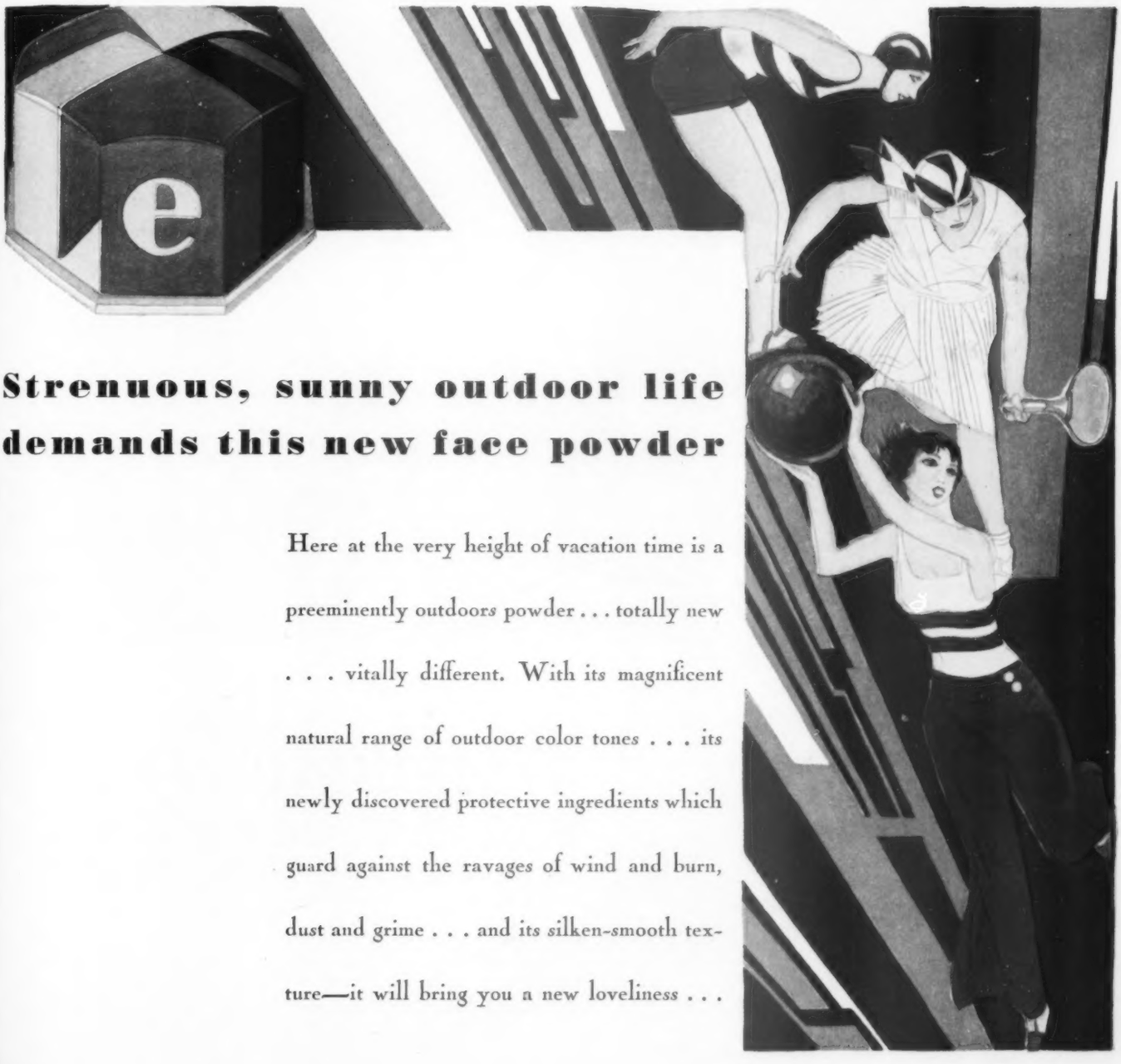

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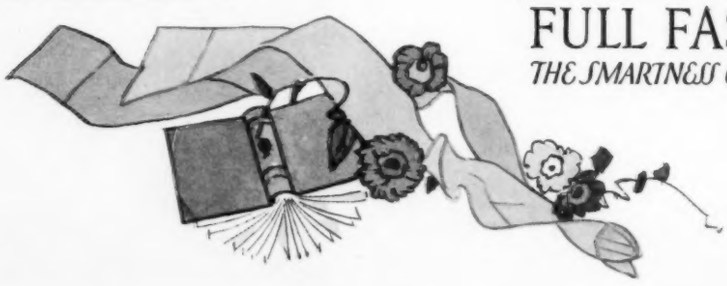

Humming Bird
FULL FASHIONED HOSIERY
THE SMARTNESS OF YOUTH—THE SPLENDOR OF ROYALTY

M1008

THERE WAS A SHIP

(*Continued from page 146*)

now clearly see each other. It was as he had suspected from the brief revelation of that pistol flash, and from certain Biblical references of a savage nature made by the old man as he wielded his great broadsword with a fell mastery. Now, as his stern face and severe clothing were revealed, Dionysus realized that he was in the presence of one of those grim Cromwellian "Iron-Sides," of whose terrible fighting qualities his father had often spoken with reluctant admiration. His servants, too, were evidently made of the same stern stuff.

And alas! that lovely face that had flowered so strangely on the darkness was the face of one of those Puritan maidens, whose beauty was far from being disguised by the nun-like simplicity of their costume. It was rather made the more alluring, as one or two connoisseurs at Whitehall were fond of maintaining to the annoyance of the florid and elaborate court ladies.

Perhaps it is hardly necessary to say that the young cavalier's eyes had first occupied themselves with the daughter, dwelling on her over-long before they turned toward her father. So one might judge from the severity with which that man of God was regarding him, though indeed sternness was so much the habit of those features of furrowed granite that their expression belonged less to the moment than to a life-time. Moreover, as the young man bore in his person and in his clothing the charming insignia of the world to which he belonged, an evident child of perdition, a worshipper of Baal and Ashtoreth, approval of him by that fierce old soldier was under no circumstances, not even the circumstance of his present opportune arrival, to be looked for. Presently the harsh voice of the Puritan left no doubt as to that.

"Young man!" he said, "you come of an evil brood, and I am loth to thank you for a service I could well have spared. My own arm, and the arms of my servants here, with the help of the god of battles, had been enough."

With a winning smile that would have charmed an executioner, Dionysus bowed before this austere address.

"I beseech you, sir, do no violence to your nature. I have earned no thanks. It was my good fortune to come, as any other might, at a moment when this lady was in danger. The opportunity was one for which most men would willingly give their lives."

But this was not the kind of soft answer to turn away the Puritan's wrath. Rather the contrary, for it smacked all too much of profane gallantry.

"Silence!" he thundered. "Keep such speeches for the daughters of Heth, nor affront my child's ears with such playhouse talk."

BUT the ears of the stately child referred to, seated silently on her horse like a serious young goddess, were apparently not of her father's opinion; nor was she content to let him be her spokesman. The beautiful young saint, from whose close-fitting headdress a lock had been loosened in her recent struggle and gleamed like solid gold in the growing dawn, evidently had a will of her own.

"But, father," she said, in a deep, sweet, sudden voice, "we owe this gentleman at least the courtesy of thanks."

"Courtesy! courtesy!" retorted the Puritan, "the word is not for your lips. It is for those courts of chambering and wantonness where it was made, the coinage of false lascivious tongues. I had thought that one who—"

But here her father checked himself, as a flush of heavenly rose mounted in his daughter's cheeks. Then she turned to Dionysus with a smile that passed like a sword of honey through his heart.

"Sir, my father has known much evil of courts and courtiers, and I too—" she half faltered, but went on bravely, "I too have little reason to love them. But you have done me a service this night—" again she faltered and went on, "a greater service than you know." Involuntarily she looked down with a little shudder on the prostrate figures still unconscious where Dionysus had struck them to the earth. "I thank you, with all my heart."

Heedless of her grim father, with his sword of the Lord and of Gideon, Dionysus bent his head where her hand lay on the saddle-bow, and kissed it reverently.

"Lady," he said, "it is you who have done me this night a greater service than you know." With that, strange tears in his eyes, he was astride Malkin in a twinkling; and would have taken the road without another word, but that the voice of the father arrested him. It had suddenly grown strangely kind.

"Young man!" he said, "there is that in your face which speaks of better things than worshipping idols in the house of Jeroboam. Go with God, and listen to His voice in your heart, ere it be too late."

Dionysus raised his plumed hat, made a respectful inclination of his head, and then once more Malkin and he sped Londonwards in the widening dawn.

Chapter III:

At the Sign of The Ship-A-Hoy

GENTLEMEN in all ages have had a curious love of bad company, and have taken pleasure in frequenting those haunts of the vicious and the disreputable where there was small likelihood of meeting the more respectable members of their families. The reason of their preference is not perhaps hard to find; but, as this is not a philosophical work, I will leave the reader to discover it for himself. I meanwhile ask his imaginative presence in a certain long-vanished gathering-place, where high-born souls and low-born met together in a common search for those various exercises of vitality which collectively we call pleasure. In short, a prosperous Carolean tavern, situated on the then lonely north bank of the Thames, at Lambeth, with the lord bishop's palace for one of its few neighbours.

It was known as the Ship-A-Hoy, probably because a portion of its many-roomed and many-gabled edifice hung over the river. It was supported on piles, through which the silver Thames gurgled and eddied. To these was attached a barnacled landing-place, where watermen were wont to disembark patrons who for various reasons preferred to make their entrance up a rude ladder, and through a trap-door in the floor of the building, rather than by the hospitable doors that glowed ruddily across the Lambeth marshes. Sometimes even dainty ladies, masked and bundled up beyond recognition, with nothing but a rustle of silks and a wafted fragrance to betray them, made a giggling entrance in this precarious fashion.

It was a convenient way of entering England for those who desired their presence there to remain unknown. Many a cloaked and secret figure from across the channel had been rowed softly from some furtive bark to ascend that slippery ladder and vanish among the rafters into the mysterious rooms overhead. No few unfortunate men had made their exit that way too, it was said; but of them the Thames mud gave no further sign. Persons interested in evading His Majesty's Customs also preferred this mode of entrance to the Ship-A-Hoy. Many a keg of Hollands and schnapps, hogsheads even of sherris and Oporto, had thus made an expeditious disappearance aloft, to the accompaniment of rough voices and outlandish accents, with but a smothered oath or an unguarded lantern-flash to declare the business.

The Amsterdam smuggler, the seminary priest, the political desperado, the Spanish spy, the broken gamester, the fugitive assassin, the frail court lady out for a frolic; all these put in, once in a while, at the Ship-A-Hoy; but it were to wrong that comfortable and cheery hostelry to imply that all its business was thus surreptitiously nocturnal.

Though the gay little rotund landlord rejoiced in the name of Dick Slye, no man could have looked less like his name. If ever countenance was open and smiling it was his. To watch him briskly direct-

(*Continued on page 150*)

RUTH ETTING
in "Whoopee"

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Amsterdam Creations
for Women of Fashion
Wraps - Coats
Ensembles - Dresses
At Exclusive Shops
498 Seventh Ave. New York

THERE WAS A SHIP

(*Continued from page 149*)

ing the various activities of a successful inn, welcoming new arrivals, passing from one broad raftered room to another, hurrying up the tapsters, calling out an order to the cooks, with a keen yet kindly eye for the needs of his patrons, some supping at the great table, some drinking and dining in alcoves near the huge fireplace, some hailing him to take a glass with them, some buttonholing him to hear a good story—to watch him thus engaged. one could not have imagined what secrets were in the keeping of his simple smile, nor believe him engaged in any other business than that of lining the stomachs and quenching the thirst of his multifarious guests.

It was close on midnight, the day following the little escapade narrated in the last chapter. Though soberer citizens were long since abed, the night was still young at the Ship-A-Hoy. The kitchen and tap-room were busy; and waiters jostled each other to keep pace with demands for late suppers and fresh bottles. Uproarious gentlemen called for silence, while they proposed toasts to which no one listened, but which everyone drank; and some jovial spirits trolled out songs together with a certain harmony which came naturally to men in that music-loving age.

Tobacco smoke mingled its fragrance with the rich odors of succulent dishes and the click of dice-boxes cut hard and dry through the general din. As honest Dick Slye moved to and fro among his guests, a footman in rich livery came hurriedly toward him from the back of the great dining-room, where two or three steps led up to a heavily carved door set deep in the paneling, and spoke a few words to him in a low voice.

The landlord's smile did not leave his face, though there was perhaps a touch of concern in his manner as he turned and followed the footman across the crowded room. As he passed in through the carved door, he opened it as little as possible and closed it as swiftly; but even in that brief moment there escaped into the outer room the unmistakable clash of swords. It was a sound with which the frequenters of the Ship-A-Hoy were not unfamiliar; but it was accompanied by another sound more provoking to their curiosity—a laughter so huge and robustious that it seemed to come from a bull or a mountain rather than from a man. There was something terrible in it, too. So a wild beast might laugh with ferocious mirth.

On the other side of the door the landlord stood still a moment. It was a large wainscoted room, of more elegant design than the common rooms beyond, and richly furnished. At one side, a staircase led up to a balcony off which opened several doors to other rooms, whence came faintly the sound of stringed instruments and women's laughter. At the far end of the room, and round the other side, were handsomely carved and gilded alcoves, where parties of gentlemen sat in threes, or fives, playing at ombre or lansquenet. In the middle of the room stood a faro table, its green cloth enamelled with a complete suit of spades. At its head sat the dealer with a pack of cards in his hand, about to deal; and several players sat around, with various colored counters and piles of gold and silver at their sides. Some of the gamesters were drinking freely; others, absorbed in their game, left the wine untasted in their glasses.

SO THE scene had been till a few moments before the entrance of the landlord, who prided himself on the decorum with which this branch of his business was conducted. But there had been a sudden loud exchange of oaths from one of the alcoves where four young gallants had been playing, and emptying more bottles of sherris than was wise for their game or their self-control. One of them, a dark sardonic youngster, with a thin black line of moustache on his curling lip, rather prettily handsome, evidently vain of his looks, and more showily dressed than his companions, had come to the end of his purse and his temper at the same time. Leaning across the table, toward the player to whom most of his pistoles had gravitated, a high-bred youth with a beautifully curled blond wig and an irritating superciliousness of manner, with the calm deliberation of drink, he had smartly slapped him on one cheek and then on the other, calling out as he did so:

"You damned put! Now you've got my last pistole, you'll fight me for the only stake left me. Let's see if you know the trick of a rapier as you know the trick of the dice-box."

"You orange-wench's bastard!" answered the other, springing up, and upsetting the table with a crash of bottles and glasses on the floor. "You candle-drip of the theatre! You beggarly histrion ——you challenge a gentleman! Oddsfish, but one of my knaves is too good for your business. He'd leave my service instanter, I warrant, rather than touch your mongrel skin. 'Whip an actor! Forsooth, I did not enter your lordship's service for any such gutter work as that,' he'd say."

"My Lord Pox! Call him in then. Hello, sirrah, there!" he hailed one of the waiters. "Call one of his lordship's knaves that he may be ready to mop up his lordship's blue blood for him. I'm just about to spill it—if only to see the color."

AT THIS there broke from another of the alcoves a roar of such laughter that the eyes of the various gamesters which had been suddenly raised from their cards to gaze impatiently at the two drunken young fools that had thus interrupted their games, turned from them in search of the laughter. He was a man of huge build, broad of face and shoulders, as though two men had been made into one. He had the appearance of a ship captain, and he leaned with two enormous hairy fists on the table, gazing with dark, deep-set eyes brimming with merriment at the two young fighters. It was the mirth of a Titan watching some child's-play of pigmies. Ferocious as his laughter sounded, evidently the incident was to him pure fun, like the fisticuffs of schoolboys.

"Who is yonder original?" asked a haughty, singularly handsome man at the end of the room, to whom his two companions seemed to pay great deference.

"Beshrew me if I know, my lord," answered one of them.

"Have the landlord sent for," he said, with an air of command.

And it was to him, disregarding the two fighters, whose rapiers were by now fiercely at work, that Dick Slye made his way, after his first pause on entering the room.

"Your Grace?" he said, standing at the entrance of the alcove, bowing respectfully.

"Dick, my friend," said the nobleman, unbending a little toward the landlord, who was well known to him, "who is yonder fellow that laughs like a bull of Bashan?"

"I'll find out, your Grace," said the host, "he must have come in from the river. I have not seen him before. But I know the gentleman with him. I will find out, your Grace!"

"Do, my good Dick . . . and bring him to us, when yonder lads' business is over. I like his wild looks. And now, gentlemen," he said, turning to his friends, "let us to our game."

Meanwhile, the two duelists, who were both masters of their weapons and handled them well in spite of all the wine that was in them, their heads clearing, it would seem, with the necessity of the moment, were fighting fiercely but with deadly coolness.

And, as they fought, that huge laughter accompanied their every move. There was no stopping it. The "original's" companion, a somewhat pompous, official-looking gentleman, in a wig of which he appeared to be uncomfortably conscious and with an air of authority that seemed not quite sure of itself, was evidently disturbed at the attention thus drawn upon him. But it was in vain he

(*Continued on page 154*)

One of this Year's Very Distinguished Brides

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Mrs. John Hering in her wedding gown of ivory satin, with veil of tulle and a cap of Alençon lace. Mrs. Hering's wedding in Trinity Episcopal Church was a brilliant event of the year.

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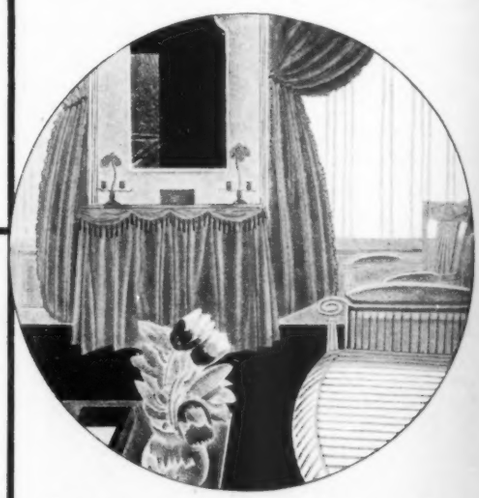

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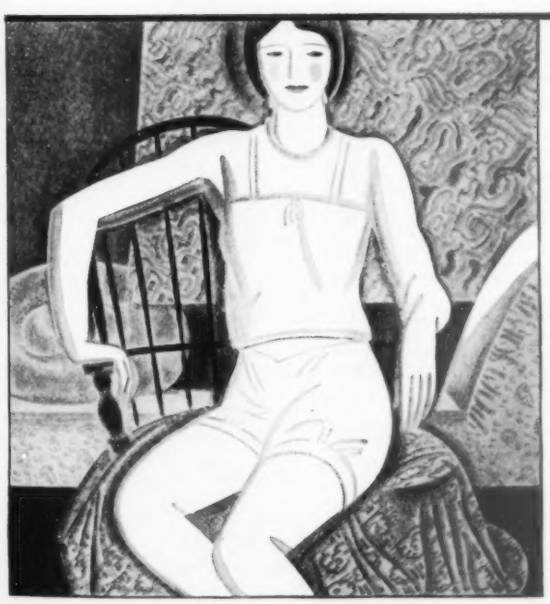

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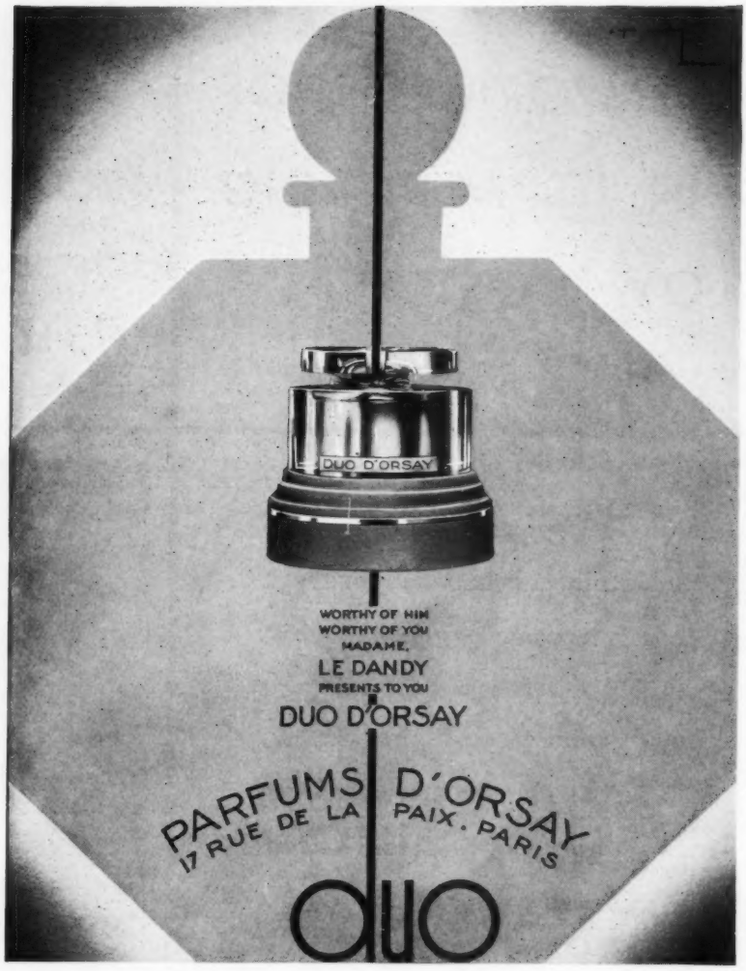

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WHAM, Rochester
KDKA, Pittsburgh
WJR, Detroit
WLW, Cincinnati
KYW, Chicago
WCFL, Chicago
KWK, St. Louis
WREN, Kansas City

THERE WAS A SHIP

(*Continued from page 150*)

laid his hand deprecatingly on the enormous shoulders, and murmured something in his companion's ear. His only answer was a good-natured nudge, and another roar of laughter.

"Mr. Pepys," said the host, "good evening to you, sir." Then with lowered voice he conveyed the message of the personage at the end of the room, who was calmly surveying his cards.

"Will you present my compliments to his lordship," answered the under-secretary of the Admiralty, "and say that, with his permission, I will have the privilege of waiting upon him presently and explaining the matter to him."

Meanwhile the fight went on. Suddenly there was a hush. "The actor-fellow is down," said a voice.

It was true—for the blood beginning to darken the floor was not blue.

WITHIN a few minutes all signs of the combat had been removed, including the combatants. The spectators had left the gallery, and the gamesters were bent grimly, or leaning back nonchalantly, over their cards, according to their natures and their luck. Mr. Samuel Pepys had respectfully introduced his tremendous companion to the Duke of Buckingham.

That nobleman, as is well known, had a great love of odd characters and fantastic adventures. His occasional presence at the Ship-A-Hoy, as indeed that of the court gallants and their ladies who had made it for the while the fashion, was due also to that ennui which in all times has prompted modish persons to seek out such haunts.

Mr. Pepys had introduced his friend as Captain Thunder, a name too appropriate not to be imaginative, but a name very much to the taste of the Duke and his companions. The Duke had genially addressed him as "Sir Orson," as he bade him and Mr. Pepys take chairs and join his party, introducing the two gentlemen as Lord Devil-me-Care, and the Marquis of Hades.

"Sir Orson" seemed in no way abashed at the high society in which he thus found himself. It was evident that here was no stupid Hercules. Not only did he move his huge frame with a dignified ease, but his broad brow wore an air of aloofness and command, and his deep eyes, set obliquely in his head, curiously suggesting a colossal Indian idol, were keen with watchful intelligence. Though his face wore a perpetual broad smile, one saw, in observing him closely, that the smile was largely a trick of his features. The sternness of his eyes and the iron firmness of his mouth suggested that both his laugh and his smile were but a mask with which nature had provided him.

Though, as we said, he was entirely at his ease, his manner had become subdued and rather aloof.

His Grace plied him with questions about his voyages, the strange corners of the world he must have seen, and so forth; but Captain Thunder answered little, making his big laugh do duty for conversation. That is, as a shy country girl giggles when asked a question, Captain Thunder hugely laughed, and so irresistibly that his companions caught the infection and laughed with him—and forgot the question.

"What an original!" exclaimed the Duke once more, turning to his companions. "We must certainly take him to see old Rowley. He would never forgive us if we didn't."

And here Mr. Pepys took the opportunity for a brief conversation in an undertone with the Duke, to which his Grace listened with marked attention, glancing at the Captain from time to time with a renewed interest.

"The very thing, Mr. Pepys. We'll arrange it to-morrow. Bring him to my lodgings at Whitehall at eleven. His Majesty will be enchanted; and, poor man, he's sadly in need of a new toy."

Then, as he looked at Captain Thunder, he smiled to think of the phrase he had just used. The Captain as a toy was certainly a new thought.

"To-morrow, then, Mr. Pepys," said the Duke with a sudden bored air of dismissal. "To-morrow, Sir Orson. You are to come and laugh for the King."

Whereat the Captain let forth a parting roar.

"Yes! Laugh like that," said the Duke, "and he'll give you a frigate incontinent."

At this moment a gay young giant, dressed in the height of the mode, entered the room, followed by a servant carrying a heavy leather bag. His coming was hailed with cries of welcome, particularly from a little party in the alcove next to the Duke's.

"Di!" called the Duke—for it was Dionysus come to pay those debts which no gentleman can ever leave unpaid, whatever new way he takes to pay them.

"Di! Come hither, my sweet lad, and meet your mate!" repeated the Duke.

As Dionysus and the Captain stood bowing to each other, the latter's face broke out into a real smile of surprised satisfaction. Then he shot out his enormous hand and enclosed that of the young man in a grasp that was met by a grasp, hardly less iron than his own.

"A man at last!" he roared. "'S death, but 'tis good to see a man again!"

So auspiciously did Dionysus and Captain Thunder begin an acquaintance that was not soon to end.

AS DIONYSUS sought his lodging in Lincoln's Inn in the small hours of the morning, sauntering with a light heart under the trees of the old garden in which the London sparrows were already awake, he suddenly became aware of a tall cloaked figure standing in the shadows near his arched doorway. Involuntarily his hand went to his sword hilt, but immediately relinquished it, as the figure moved swiftly toward him; it moved with no masculine gait, for all its inches. Evidently some madcap lady of his acquaintance! It was not the first time he had thus been waylaid on his late homecoming.

"Is it you?" he had begun to call out, but before a certain pretty name passed his lips, the figure threw back its hood. Two passionate dark eyes filled with pain were gazing into his own.

"Gaya, by all the gods!" he exclaimed, "you here!"

"Yes! Gaya!"

"But why did you come, my child? And how did you pass the warder at the gate?"

"Gaya can pass through walls, when she wills it. There are no locks for the children of the wilderness."

Then she drew something from under her cloak, and placed it in the young man's hand. It was a small leather bag, quite heavy for its size, and it made a chinking sound as he took it.

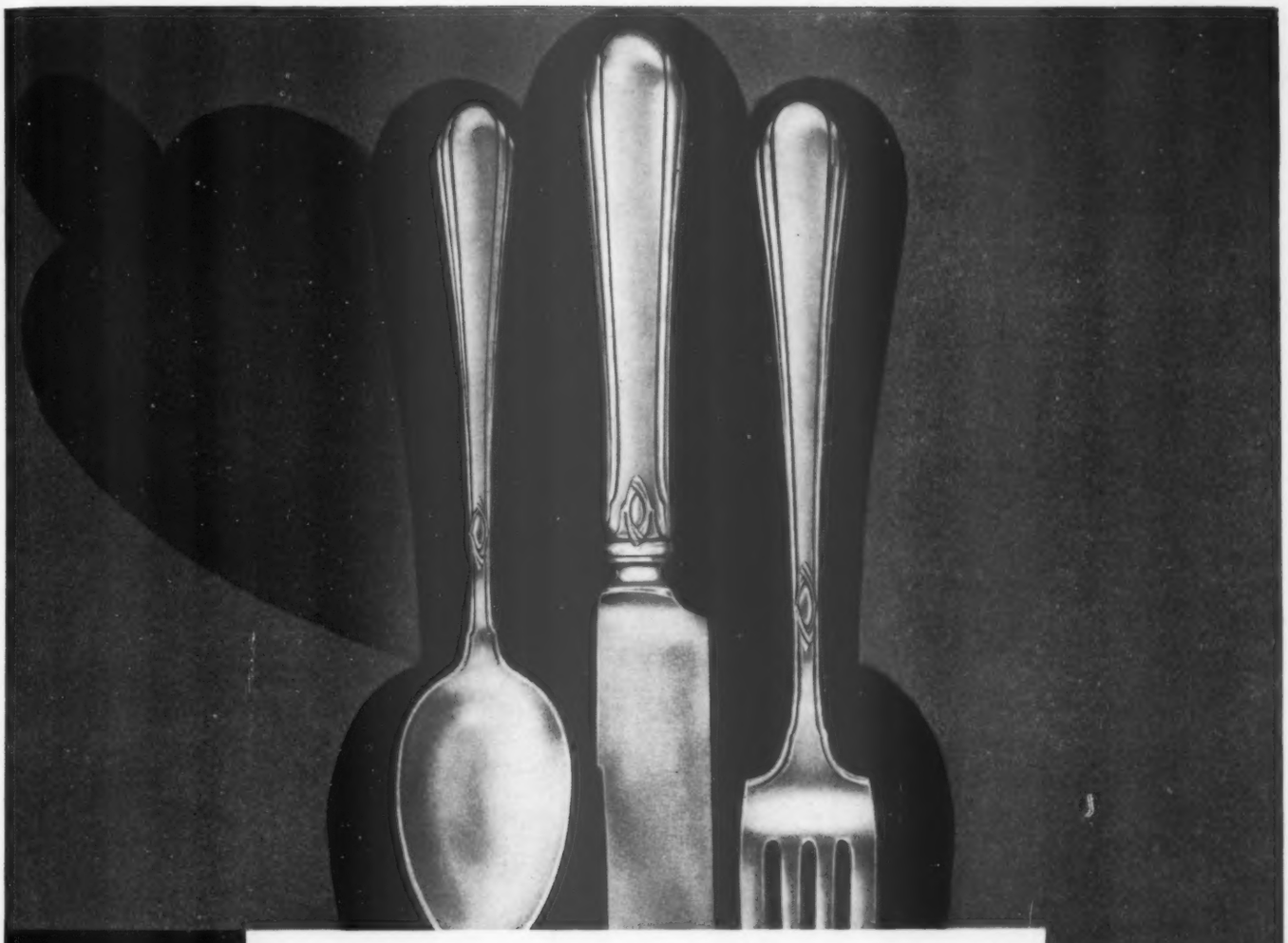
"It is the gold you gave me last night," she explained. "I came to give it back to you. I cannot take gold from you. I love you, and I want only your love in return. Why should I take your gold? I am not a beggar. I come of a race as old as yonder stars. The blood of kings and queens is in my veins."

And as she stood before him in her stern young beauty, she looked a queen indeed, a queen from some mysterious East, a realm royal and magnificent for centuries before England was even a name. How transfigured suddenly she had become in his eyes, this wandering gipsy girl, whom indeed he had loved with the thoughtless love of boyhood, but now saw in the light of her own deep soul and star-pure passion.

His face filled with tenderness as he looked at her; and her voice softened, as, laying her head upon his shoulder, she stole into his arms.

"O my beloved, not your gold. Your love . . . your love . . . unless you love Gaya, Gaya cannot live."

(*To be continued*)



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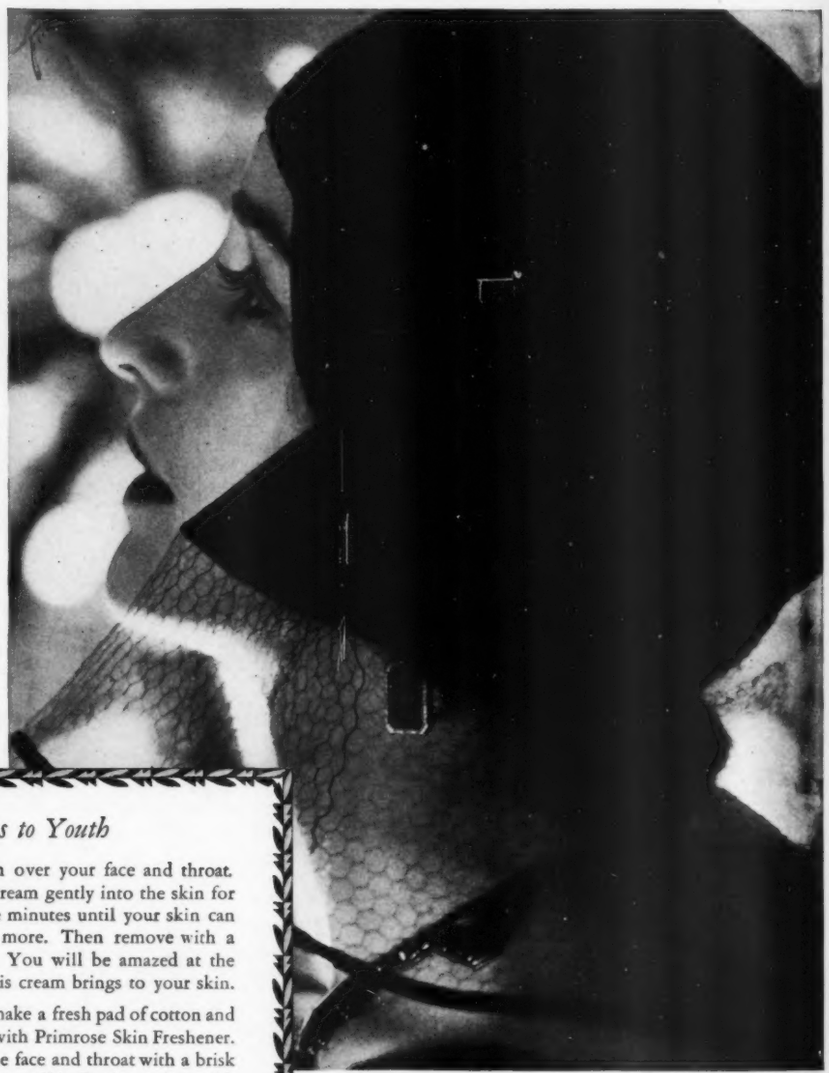

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Rose Leaf Cleansing Cream is the lightest of oil creams. It penetrates the film of natural oil that accumulates on the skin, takes up every particle of dust and make-up, and leaves the pores free so that the skin may breathe.

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3—Now make a fresh pad of cotton and saturate it with Primrose Skin Freshener. Go over the face and throat with a brisk upward sweep. Skin Freshener is a mild, bracing and toning lotion that closes the relaxed pores and refines the skin texture.

4—And last—a bit of rouge, if you need it. Then finish with Primrose House Chiffon Powder—the most luxurious face powder you have ever known. It gives the skin a natural bloom that lasts for hours. Comes in six smart shades—Beige, Brunette, Bisque, Natural, Suntan, Orchid and White.

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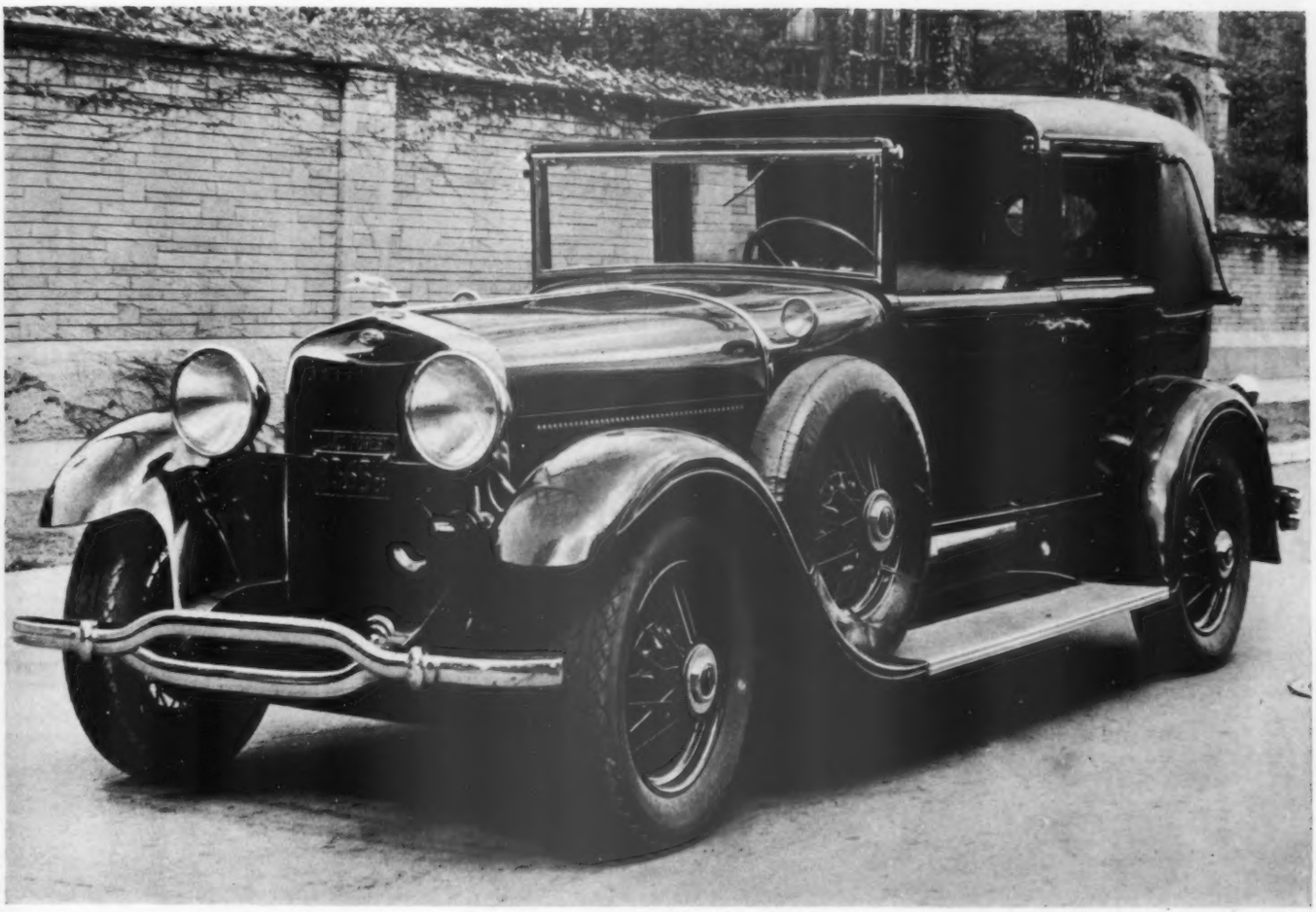

A Le Baron Cabriolet, the property of Edson White, Esq., of Chicago. Mr. White is President of Armour and Company

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Safety in a motor car depends upon a number of things. First, there must be strength . . . strength to resist not only the ordinary strains of motoring, but any sudden shocks. The brakes, obviously, must be dependable, swift-acting and powerful. The glass must be shatter-proof. Acceleration must be fast. . . . And finally, there should be a subtle balance, a sureness of tread, which keeps the car on its feet and holds it to the road.

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Shatter-proof glass, of course, is used throughout. And as for riding qualities, the hydraulic shock absorbers, the torque tube drive, the magnificent spring suspension, and the perfect balance of the whole car make it not only safe, but profoundly comfortable and luxurious.

Safety, sincerity, beauty . . . these beyond all others, are the attributes of the Lincoln . . . "as nearly perfect a motor car as it is possible to produce."

THE *LINCOLN*

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Reduces fatty tissues of face, neck, shoulders, back or bust, $4.75

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"Understanding Your Skin"
The Essential Key to Personal Care

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THE GENEROUS THING

(*Continued from page 101*)

girl, "and you all better hurry. Sammy's likely to get violently hungry before you reach New York and turn cannibal."

THEY were off at last, the long car noiseless by the time it passed through the cedar trees at the entrance to the drive. The girl turned swiftly and went into the inn. Gail had a glimpse of her face and did not wonder that they clamored over her. She was young, not more than twenty-two or three, and her face seemed to have been molded in a few hasty, beautiful lines, with dark, fearless eyes and an eager mouth.

To have beauty like that for an hour, thought Gail, is what I need now, more than anything else. Perhaps the girl to whom Timothy had been trying to write that letter had such beauty. Why did men always write letters in such situations—and then leave them around? She hated the cheapness of having found out through reading Tim's letter. It was like a staged farce. Why hadn't he come frankly to her with his head up and said, "Gail, we've had a wonderful time while it lasted. But it's over. I'm in love again and it can't be helped. You may as well face it."

That, she told herself proudly, she could have borne. It was the furtiveness that was so dreadful. It shouldn't have come to that, not with such love. And at the thought of what their passion had been, Gail felt the tremor of violent, exhausting jealousy. She couldn't let love go just yet. She wouldn't. She was too young!

The girl who had come in the afternoon appeared rather late at dinner, looking over the company as if it were very old and very dull. It was for a fact an exceedingly quiet dining-room, with small groups of women talking together in moderated, well-bred tones; and here and there a scholarly looking man enjoying a leisurely meal. To Gail, fresh from her own cheerful, rather noisy dinners, with the children saying amusing things and everybody arguing about whether the police dogs should be allowed in the room or not, it was strange and over-calm. But she guessed, as she looked at the newcomer, who had taken a place in the most distant corner of the room, that to her it was still stranger.

With her hat off, the girl's beauty was startling. It had the double charm of youth and of sophistication, of health and cosmetics, blended as only lately girls had learned to blend them so excitingly. Her dress was white and scarlet, as sure of itself as was every line of her perfect young body; the insolence of her painted lips gave a tempting impression of artifice which the shining, brushed-back hair and clear skin carelessly denied. After her entrance, she looked at no one. The room had proved without interest to her, as were the people in it. Propping some bizarre magazine before her she made a pretense of reading; but Gail saw her eyes lift from the page and rest on the darkening window. They were contemplating something which she did not actually see, some thought or plan or puzzle that she had brought with her mentally. Like me, thought Gail. She is probably thinking about some man, men more likely, with a face like that. Evidently other women come here to get away from men and think about them.

IT WAS after dinner when Gail had gone over to the desk to buy some stamps that her eyes fell on the register for that day, a thick sheet of paper tucked in the corners of a leather holder. There were only a few names on it to-day and one of them stood out, a frank, brave, conscious signature that covered more space than its proper line—Cynthia Justyn. Gail winced. Cynthia—so Tim's letter had begun. This, of course, was only coincidence. His Cynthia was some pretty stenographer. He had spoken in his letter of seeing her in the office and the misery of restraint he had felt. Gail had been trying to guess which one of the half dozen girls his firm employed might be called Cynthia, which one might be able to light the fires again for Tim. Cynthia. It was a luring, decorative name. Not like her own, which was amusing and friendly, but held no mystery.

The endless evening began. Everyone but Gail seemed relaxed and at peace with everything. In the comfortable living-room, where benevolent graduates had contributed to the furnishings and loaded the shelves with books, little drifts of talk came to Gail's ears. Talk of books, or professors, of changes in college.

"Girls are much better prepared for life than they used to be," said someone pleasantly and Gail felt grim. They surely needed to be. What preparation had she ever had for this? They taught you to build your life on honor and generosity, but how did that help you when around the corner were swirling greedy passions, clutching at the things you treasured? And just what method would a school take to prepare a girl for the agony of infidelity? She turned her harassed face toward the speaker for a moment, as if about to contradict her, caught herself up and went out to destroy another hour in restless, aimless walking. When she came back not even her body was tired. She drew one of the chairs on the veranda into a secluded corner and sat down to go over it all again.

She did not notice at first that another chair, half turned away from her own, was occupied until the person in it turned her head and Gail saw Cynthia Justyn, looking idly at her. It seemed necessary to say something.

"Pleasant out here," said Gail, as one stranger speaks to another.

The girl's voice was distant but not unfriendly, and there was a restlessness in it that met Gail's mood.

"Yes, but so ghastly quiet!"

"You don't get the noises from the Post Road on this side of the Inn."

"This place would be quiet with all the noise in the world around it. A dozen jazz bands wouldn't make any difference, I believe."

Gail laughed. "Were you at college here?"

"Two years ago. It seems about a hundred."

"That always means that a lot of things have happened in between."

In the darkness the girl may have nodded, though Gail had not made it a question. At any rate the silence between them was very comfortable. Cynthia Justyn's cigarette glowed companionably.

"Someone in there was saying just now," remarked Gail after a little, "that college gives better preparation for life than it used to. Do you think it does?"

"I don't think anything prepares you for life," answered Cynthia bluntly; "they can't possibly prepare you for its hold-ups."

HER answer was quick, as if the conviction was hot from some griddle of experience. She was thinking of something that she had come up against. Gail waited and suddenly the girl's mind twisted and she spoke again.

"I had an idea," she said, "that if I came up here, I could think. You know how a background of things you've known and liked appeals to you sometimes. Well, I felt that way about this place. I thought that if I came here, away from all the noise and people who won't let you think, that I could straighten out my mind."

"That was why I came, too," Gail told her suddenly.

"Funny. Does it work with you?"

"Not yet."

"Not me, either. It's too quiet—too dead almost. I feel as if I stood out, all lurid and caricatured, against a background of Godey prints. It seems like screaming in a graveyard. I suppose I'm the only person up here that's thinking about men. It is a kind of nunnery, as a man said to-day."

"Well, women who ran away from their lovers often used to go to nunneries," said Gail; "the cloisters harbored a lot of romance in their day."

"You think that's what I did?" Cynthia asked.

(*Continued on page 158*)

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THE GENEROUS THING

(*Continued from page 157*)

Her frankness was almost embarrassing. Gail felt that she should stop the talk before it became too outspoken and it was drifting that way. But she herself was interested. Her mind was on the relations of men and women and she wanted to talk of them to someone, to anyone, after those long hours of being whipped by cruel thoughts.

"I saw you come," she answered very lightly, "and naturally I wouldn't be too much surprised if some man appeared battering at the cloister gate to-morrow. Isn't it almost sure to happen?"

"I don't know," said Cynthia, "the Chicago trains stop here, most of them. You may be right."

"I'm surely right if he knows you're here."

"He knows that all right. But I'm not running away from him. I'm doing just the other thing. He's been out there on business and was held up a day or two longer than he expected. A couple of days can be so endless and so irritating. I wired him to meet me here because I thought I'd be clear in my mind and all straightened out. I've got to be."

Suspicion, then fear, rose in Gail's mind, tying together the name on the register, the girl's restless excitement, the Chicago business trip. Of course, it couldn't be. Things didn't happen in that pat fashion. But they did. All the improbabilities in the world happened. She felt questions rushing to her lips. It isn't my husband you're here to meet, is it? Not Timothy Barbour? You aren't the girl he tried to write the letter to, the one he tore across and stuck in his pocket? No, none of those questions would do. It had to be more subtle.

"Why not let him do the straightening out?" she heard herself asking at random.

"He can't. He's muddled worse than I am. Men are so terribly sentimental and full of a lot of conventional ideas that they've stocked up on about women. Even Tim can't seem to realize that I can look out for myself and that any other woman can too."

At the mention of her husband's name Gail felt a kind of strange relief and the chaos in which she had been tossing seemed to settle at last into a pattern. A stiff pattern of things as bad as they could be. It was actual then, true beyond mistake. Until this minute she had half hoped that she would find there had been some blunder in her knowledge. But here was the girl Tim loved, as actual as her white and scarlet dress, a fresh, arrogant bewitching child and in love with him as he was with her. This was their rendezvous that she herself had stumbled upon in her own flight! It was preposterous and theatric and funny. Where had Tim met this girl anyway? And what was the thing to do now?

CYNTHIA JUSTYN spoke again.

"Are you easily shocked?" she asked.

"No, I've passed that stage," said Gail, "quite."

"You somehow sound as if you had. Do you happen to be married?"

"Yes." What would she answer, Gail wondered, if the girl asked her name? The truth or not?

"Well, then, I'd like to ask you something. What would you do if your husband fell in love with somebody else?"

"I don't know what I'd do," said Gail steadily, "I wonder."

"Well, what I mean is more what would you want him to do? Would you want him to hang around you because of some outworn sentiment and idea of loyalty, or would you want him to be perfectly honest about it and tell you flat?"

"I'd want him to tell me."

"There you are. That's the reasonable thing to do, of course."

"And won't he?"

The girl moved restlessly.

"I'm being horribly indiscreet, I suppose. But then I always am. And we don't know each other, so it's quite impersonal. You sound so sort of reasonable and unexcited that I'd like to talk to you, if you don't mind. Do you?"

"Of course not," said Gail, drifting now with anything that was to happen. She might as well hear about this from the girl's own lips. "I'm going away tomorrow, anyway."

Why she said that she did not know. But suddenly it became true. She would listen, hear what she could, and then go. It was the only thing to do.

"Two people who are never going to see each other again are the only ones who ever ought to talk freely," said Cynthia Justyn. "If you know people, it messes up your judgment on their affairs. People are always giving me advice who aren't thinking of the facts but about me."

"Can you separate them from yourself?"

"You have to if you're going to see straight. Maybe you can because you don't know me and I'll give you the bare facts. It's a common problem. I'm in love with a man who's married and he's in love with me."

A kind of sickness came over Gail. She wondered how long she would appear reasonable and unexcited, as Cynthia Justyn ironically saw her.

"And the problem is his wife, I suppose," she said.

"He thinks it is."

"That's hardly her fault, is it?"

"It must be her fault to make him feel that she's so dependent on him. You see he can't bear to tell her the truth. He says he can't hurt her. She's obviously one of these medieval-minded persons who believes in love enduring forever and all that kind of thing. Or rather she pretends to believe it, the way women always have when they want to chain a man for life. They're so greedy. That's the matter with middle-aged women."

"Is that what her husband says of her?" asked Gail.

"Oh, no. We don't talk about her. But I can see the effect she has on him. Some women will hang on to men, you know, no matter how wretched they make them."

"Perhaps she doesn't know he's wretched."

"Don't you think a woman always knows when a man stops caring for her?" said the girl impatiently.

GAIL did not answer. That hit too hard. Instead, she remembered something, the little incident of not so many days ago when her arm had gone about Tim's neck in a familiar and beloved caress. And he had drawn away, until seeing her hurt, he had tried to make it up to her. That was the day he had sent her roses. Yes, she had known that he was different. She had known for months and put it down to nerves and overwork, to any cause except the one which had been incredible to her.

"Of course," Cynthia was going on in her way of a schoolgirl making prepared speeches, "I'm sorry for her in a way. I know what it must be like to lose Tim."

"How can you? You've not lost him."

"I can guess."

"Would you give him up if he got over caring for you?"

"Like a shot," said Cynthia, "I suppose he won't be in love with me forever. It doesn't last, of course."

Gail remembered something else. She and Tim had talked about that and Tim had said so fondly, "Something will always last, dearest, and it will be the very best part of it."

Nothing was left now. He had been entirely wrong.

"But what do you want him to do?" she asked, "go away with you?"

"What else is there to do? I simply won't have a furtive hole-and-corner affair."

"Then I don't see what there is to consider. Why you needed the—nunnery? Isn't your mind made up?"

"Of course. But still it is the deep end. I'm going off. And most people have Victorian minds in spite of what they read and talk about. Action always surprises them. Aren't you shocked yourself?"

"I'm interested," said Gail, and now

(*Continued on page 160*)

"A Garment is no HB finer than its Fabric"

Portrait in Silk

Crepe Moravia

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Orinoka

DRAPERIES-SUN AND TUB FAST

THE GENEROUS THING

(*Continued from page 158*)

her voice sounded cooled and reasonable even to herself, "but what I was wondering is how you get around the practical side of this. Won't it discredit the man—in business for example, if you do this? There are so many older men who dislike scandal."

"I should say there are! His firm is full of them. I know because they're my own lawyers. They're going to have apoplexy all around."

So that was the clue to how she had met Tim, to those difficult meetings in his office of which he had written.

"But that needn't matter," Cynthia was continuing, "let him get another business. Think of all the things there are to do all over the world."

"If there is money to do them with."

"Oh, I—we'd have money enough as far as that goes. His job isn't so much, anyhow."

GAIL supposed not. Yet how proud they both had been when Tim had been taken into that firm of lawyers; how they had planned his possible advance in it; how anxious he had been to stand well with his employers.

"No—it's not the money," reflected Cynthia Justyn, "it's his wife that's the problem. If only she'd do the generous thing!"

"What's that, do you think?"

"Let him go without a fuss. He's afraid, you see, that she might not divorce him and he doesn't want—"

"To put you in that position?"

"I suppose so. But can you imagine why a woman would want to go on living with a man who doesn't want to live with her, who cares for someone else?"

"No," answered Gail, "I cannot. He'll get his divorce all right. But when he tires of you or you of him, what happens next?"

She meant to be cruel, but her weapon made no mark in the girl's hard armor.

"When that happens," said Cynthia, "we'll call it a day, of course. What else?"

She had evidently forgotten that she wanted advice. Or perhaps she had not wanted it, only been eager to talk about herself and her lover, and display her problem, like a child with a toy. Now she fell into abstraction again and Gail knew that she was thinking of Tim. Both women were. Gail was wondering what had happened in this incredibly short time to her faith, her love, her very liking of Tim. She wondered how she was to get through the days and weeks before the thing was settled. If only she never had to see him again, it would be easier and more self-respecting for them both. She must manage that somehow.

A half awake boy who delivered messages and carried luggage came out on the veranda hunting in its shadows for someone.

"Miss Justyn?" he called.

"What is it?"

"You're wanted on the telephone. Long distance."

CYNTHIA jumped to her feet and followed the boy, and Gail stood up stiff and, at last, tired. The violence had quite gone out of her and now she only wanted to get away. When she got home she would send a message to Tim's office that would conclude things.

Inside, as she turned to go up the stairs which the inn stubbornly preferred to elevators, she met Cynthia again. If she had been lovely before, she was now so lighted with excitement and feeling, that Gail felt haggard and pale and terribly spent.

"You were right," she said to Gail in passing, "he's coming! And thanks for letting me talk to you. You don't think I'm too dreadful, do you?"

She does care how people feel about her, thought Gail. She'll be a pathetic and impatient pariah. But probably, with all her money she won't have to be a pariah at all. Tim will like money. He's always hated pinching and contriving and liked lordly gestures. That had been a family joke. They will travel to the places he has always wanted to go, the places about which I've given him travel books! And something in that suddenly struck Gail as riotously funny, for she was normally an amused and joyful person; and she found herself laughing at her own pictured thought.

Timothy came up the brick walk to the inn, a little too hastily for ease. It was the place which he would not have chosen for a rendezvous; but Cynthia had been insistent upon it over the telephone, and he had not liked to explain that his hesitancy came from the fact that his wife often had come here. He didn't talk, couldn't talk, about Gail to Cynthia. That was one thing that was barred and always would be. Gail was altogether too good for him and how this thing had happened he didn't know. He only knew that it had and that now he was no longer in control of what might happen next.

When he thought of Gail and the children he was sick at heart as he had been for months. But when he thought of Cynthia, the others seemed to lose reality. And after all it was not his seeking, this coming of Cynthia into his life. He'd never looked at another woman until she breezed into the office one day, so delightfully young and so good to look at that he had been quite set up and looked at himself more than once in the glass when Mr. Curtis had detailed him to straighten out some debated small points in probate court for her. But as for falling in love with her, he had never allowed his mind to even think of it until, incredibly, after those first few meetings, he had felt in her own manner a certain tremor that had been unbearably exciting. Those things were beyond you. They were fate. They got you. So he had told himself for weeks now. If his wife would do the generous thing, he'd see that she was always looked after. He was sorry. But he couldn't give Cynthia up, not now, when she cared like this.

GAIL did not know what he was thinking. But she saw him. She was upstairs at a window when he came, not spying but looking idly out. Why she had not taken the early train she did not know or would not admit. And in her heart she knew that she might not take the next one, although her suit-case lay there, ready packed. So she saw him come up the walk, looking oddly familiar in this strange setting. He had never come here, preferring gayer places when they took their holidays together.

He did not stir her as she had feared. There he was, handsome as ever, big shouldered and tall, with a look of maturity that had not destroyed his youth but only made it more confident and stronger. Not a boy any longer as he had been when she had married him and yet without any of the stolidity that so many men take on after thirty-five. Exactly the man, thought Gail, quite dispassionately, to appeal to a spoiled girl who was tired of her own polo-playing crowd, a man with his illusions all left. New soil for her to turn over.

He drew closer and she saw his quick glance scan the veranda in a furtive, rather apprehensive way, a look that was new to Gail in her husband. But of course, she remembered, this was his clandestine rendezvous. Men probably always looked so at such times, wary and fearful of recognition. But why didn't Tim hold his head up and march into his sin and his delight, she thought impatiently. He always needed a lot of jacking up at moments of decision. She had found that out in the years they had been married. And again she remembered that it had ceased to be her business to jack him up. Usually she had to make the final decision.

She stayed on in her room because she did not dare leave lest she meet one or the other of them now. The only thing was to see them go out first or else to be sure that they were in the dining-room. They'd have to eat at noon and then she could slip out. She wondered where they would have this crucial talk the girl so dramatically planned, perfect

(*Continued on page 162*)

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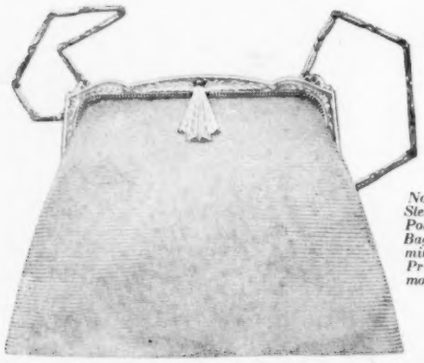

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THE GENEROUS THING

(*Continued from page 160*)

their arrangements. They would wonder if Gail would be generous. Generous—it wasn't generous—it was impossible to contemplate anything else now! She didn't want Tim any longer. If he wasn't happy with her, let him find his happiness somewhere else. He had run from her to a hard, cruel child who offered him a loose, adolescent passion and a bundle of cheap defiances. And, in accepting it, he seemed to Gail to have changed from the man she loved and knew, who treasured the secrets they had made out of passion and pain and worry and denials and joy and amusement, into a common and untrustworthy stranger. She didn't want him about her any more. Or near her children. Cynthia Justyn was welcome to him.

IT WAS always strange to Cynthia to see Tim. Just at first he let her down a little. There was something—oh, faintly suburban about Tim that put her off him when they first met, a trace of commonplace, a tendency to say the jocose and obvious thing. After a little she forgot that, of course. And when they had a decent chance together for any length of time he would doubtless change. But he was still so shocked at things, so full of Galahad complexes and theories about men and women. He didn't have that easy, mocking way Sammy had, for example. Sammy was going to take this hard for underneath his patter he had counted on her. But you couldn't chain your emotions, reflected Cynthia, making little speeches to herself. She even threw in a speech to Sammy which she would make a few years hence, when he would still be hanging around, of course.

There he was, somewhat self-conscious as usual, in the door of the inn parlors. She stood up, a very smart Circe in the many-colored knitted sports dress which had come from Paris and was worn as close to the skin as feasible. It was extreme, but she had deliberately put it on because Tim had a kind of shepherdess complex about clothes that had to be cured.

"Hello. Did you come on a milk train? I've been waiting for years."

"It was an ox-cart," said Tim; "you're looking particularly gorgeous, Cynthia. Did they melt that on you?"

She came up to him, but he only slipped her arm through his and held it close.

"That's an emotional greeting," she mocked him.

"It's a public place, my child."

"That's its reputation. Would you like to stay on that side of the room? Or go out and call me up?"

He laughed uneasily and drew her down beside him on a velvet couch.

"It's hard to take care of you,Cynthia."

"I don't want to be taken care of. I wrote you that. I told you that on the telephone. I wish you'd get that out of your head. I'm not that kind of person. I'm not a household pet or the family silver."

"You're a beautiful and marvelous person—"

"That's better."

"And I rack my brain to see what you can find in me. I'm not young. I'm not rich. I'm not even clever. I can't see why you care, Cynthia."

"Nobody ever knows," said Cynthia; "it's a chemical attraction, isn't it?"

"I don't know. Wasn't very good in chemistry."

"You aren't very good in making love, either," she said, and he turned so quickly to her then, that her petulance was swept away in a gust of satisfaction. This was what she liked in Tim. This stirring up of depths which most of the men she knew concealed or didn't seem to have.

"I am good at making love. If I ever start to show you—"

"Why don't you start? Are we going to haggle forever?"

He twisted a scant piece of her dress.

"No. Not any more. I'm going to bring it to a head. You'll go through it with me? Sure?"

"I'll do anything. But it isn't so hard. All you have to do is to tell your wife and Mr. Listman and then let's take the first boat, and get away from here."

"There are arrangements I'll have to make," he said frowning. "I'll want to give Gail everything I have."

"Of course."

"But that leaves me flat—and no job, Cynthia."

"You know how much money I have."

"I don't want your money. I want to earn you some."

"Now that," she said, "is early Christian stuff. There's no use in being idiotic. What difference does it make whose dimes we spend? What earthly difference? I assure you plenty of men have wanted to spend mine."

"I've no doubt of that," he said shortly, "but it doesn't alter my feeling."

She could be gentle. She proved it in her next mood.

"The money's nothing," she pleaded, "compared to what we feel. Don't you see that, Tim? To me, it's just disgustingly commercial to sit here and talk about the money. As far as arrangements go, let me give you everything I have and you take care of it for me. I have to pay somebody for that, you know. You can be banker and lawyer."

SHE laid a slender, muscular hand on his arm and he trembled. She loved that in him. The other men she knew followed up her provocativeness and kissed her quickly; but Tim grew shy and white and she knew it was because he was afraid of his own control.

"I wanted to see you here," said Cynthia, "away from everyone else so we could see what we'd think of each other in a new setting, and a dull setting too. Do you still like me?"

"Like you? You don't know what you mean to me, Cynthia. You've simply knocked over everything else in my life. You're incredible—and beautiful—and you make me feel as if I were a different person. I don't seem real to myself."

"Then let's not waste any more time, Tim. I hate this seeing each other in restaurants or hotels for a lunch or a tea or a dinner, and knowing that the rest of the time you're miserable."

"And making everyone else miserable," he said. "Do you think I'd make you happy, Cynthia?"

"I think you're the only person who could."

"Always?"

"You mustn't try to make us into a popular song," laughed Cynthia, "how do I know about always? I may get deaf or pick up leprosy. You may fall downstairs and alter your personality. I love you now!"

"It's got to be always," he said fiercely and again forgot for the moment that it was a public place.

"When are you going back to New York?" she asked.

"I don't think I'm going back just yet," said Tim. "There's an inn over the hills and across the river that I've heard of. Would you like to go over there with me—for a few days?"

He looked at her and she quivered, for until now her bravery had been verbal and her experiences no doubt much of the same brew. And as the color swept into her cheeks, Tim felt a tinge of shame. For, after all, he knew it was only fine talk, not knowledge, that she had. But she met him fairly with almost defiance in her answer.

"I'd love to," she said, "I'll be ready in—well, give me ten minutes."

"I'll get a car," he answered.

At the desk he asked them to send a car from the taxi station and gave his name, for he was not registered.

"Your wife is leaving too?" asked the girl clerk brightly, hearing it.

Timothy felt sick, then braced himself. Of course, he would have to get used to that pretense until it became actual. Everyone would take Cynthia for his wife.

"Yes," he said, "we're both going."

And turned to see Gail on the staircase, her suit-case in her hand.

She put it down and looked at him without excitement, somewhat drearily as

(*Concluded on page 165*)

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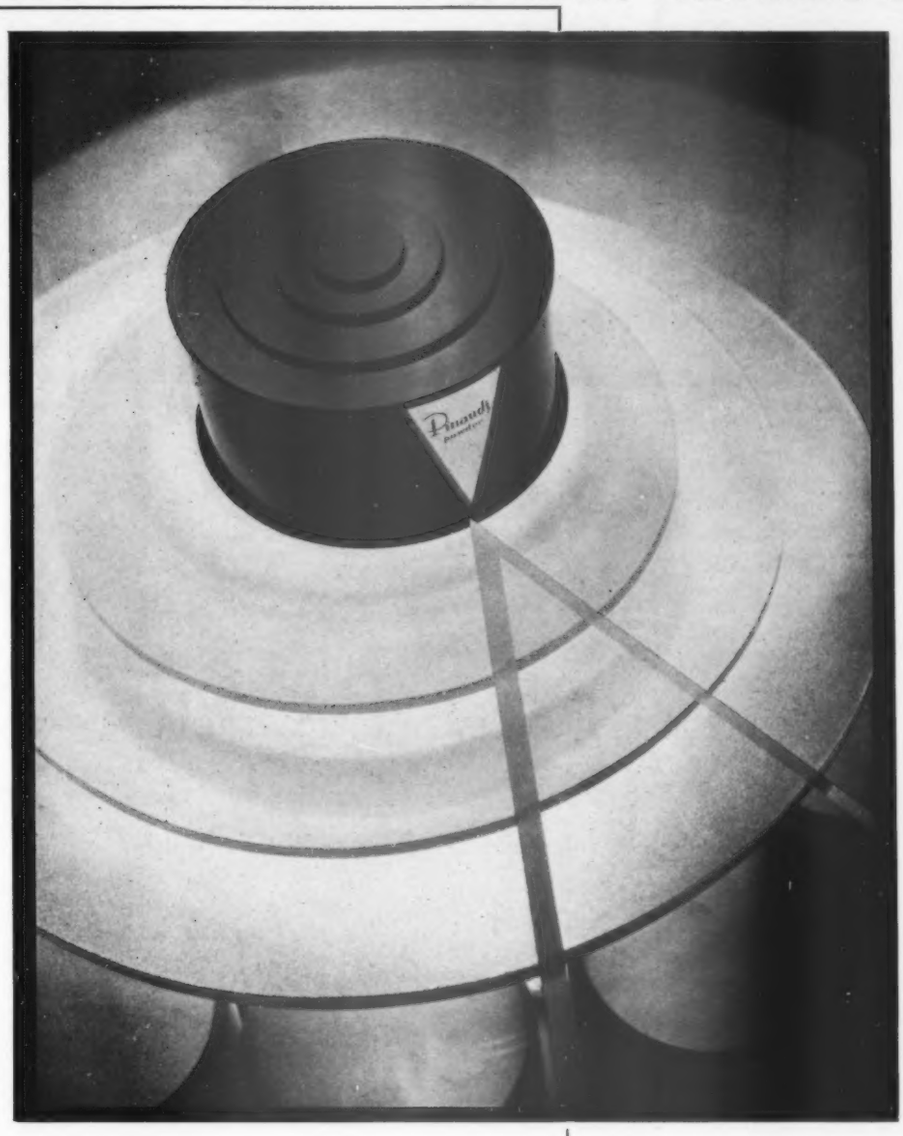

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THE GENEROUS THING

(*Concluded from page 162*)

if things were letting her down all around, and met his frown. The girl at the desk saw nothing out of the way. She simply stood there and drove them with her bright friendly glances into the adjoining lounge. No one else was there.

"How do you happen to be here?" he asked when they were alone.

"Running away from you—and into you, worse luck," said Gail, "you and your Cynthia."

"You followed us?"

"I don't know how I could. You've just come, haven't you? I was here first. Now I'm going."

"There's a great deal I'd like to tell you, Gail," he said wretchedly. "I know I can count on you to be fair. There's no woman on earth for whom I have a higher respect than I have for you."

SHE made a gesture of fatigue and distaste.

"I don't expect you to forgive me—"

"Please—must we go through all the forms?"

"I know everything I say must be meaningless in the face of what I appear. But there's just one thing I want you to know, Gail. I didn't seek this."

"Nor avoid it," she remarked coldly.

"I don't want you to think it's just a common, light adventure. It's bigger than that. It's got us both. I can't leave her."

"I know," said Gail, "she's a spoiled child. All these hard young things take what they want. It's a trick I wasn't taught."

"I'm sorry it had to come this way." His nervous glance was on the doorway. He was afraid Cynthia would come in and make the situation an impossible one. His words grew hasty. "But I know you'll do the generous thing, Gail."

"What's that?"

He looked puzzled. Was it possible she didn't understand?

"Set me free—set yourself free, rather. Divorce me and forget me."

"That doesn't seem particularly generous to me. After all, when there's nothing left, why shouldn't I want to forget more than any other thing?"

"I knew you'd see it straight. And I want you to know that I'm going to give you everything I have."

"Then what will you live on? The firm will probably throw you out, you know."

"That will be my problem," said Tim stiffly.

"And when she tires of you, will she pay you alimony—or hush money—as you're planning to pay me?"

"Don't insult me, Gail."

"Why not? If you live on her money now—"

"That's an outrageous thing to say."

"Pride comes in such strange forms," said Gail, "for after all you're only a middle-aged scoundrel, I suppose, running away with a hard, headstrong girl, scrapping your home, your work, your decent place in the world. You're acting like a hungry animal. But still you must not be insulted by mention of your dependence!"

"There she is," he interrupted, "she's out there now. This situation is impossible, Gail. Let's not prolong it."

"You'd better go to her, then."

But he was not quick enough. Cynthia was in the doorway looking about for him. She held a hat in her hand, but she had not put it on and her manner was faintly thoughtful.

"Oh, there you are," she said. "I was just thinking, Tim—" and stopped, checked by Gail's presence and the sense of the interrupted conversation between Tim and Gail which hung in the air. He hesitated. It was obviously beyond him to walk away from his wife with this girl, without another word. So Gail quite simply laid everything open.

"This is my husband," was all she needed to say.

Cynthia flushed, more with anger than embarrassment. "You knew all about it, then. You got me to talk last night. And stayed around to spy!"

"No. I didn't know. You didn't mention his name until the end. Then I saw no reason for telling you."

Cynthia turned on Tim.

"You might have told me she was here!"

"He didn't know it," said Gail coolly, "but I don't see that it need interfere. I'm going almost at once. I must get a cab."

"I suppose you think I'm rotten," Cynthia challenged her.

"No—not exactly that. Greedy—not very far-sighted. I think that you aren't old or wise enough to be rotten. Maybe you'll get that way. But Tim and I have hurriedly talked things over, and I'll make no further claim on him."

Gail had somehow gained the advantage over them both, Tim standing there so shamefaced by his passion and Cynthia in full defiance. She knew it and yet it gave her no satisfaction. In some obscure corner of her mind she hated to see Tim looking so incompetent. In a crisis he always had to be told what to do; and this girl was watching him so impatiently. He seemed very much married at that moment, not an ardent lover but a puzzled man trying to see a way out of a bad domestic tangle.

"Of course," said Cynthia, "I didn't know what you were like when I talked the way I did last night, Mrs. Barbour. I didn't know you'd take it like this."

"I don't see why that need enter in," answered Gail coldly. "You were worried as to what Tim's wife would do. Now you know. In so far as your way can be clear, I've promised to clear it."

She was crossing to the door when Cynthia spoke again.

"No," she declared, "it's no good, Tim. I won't do it. I'm not going to take you from her. It's not fair. It's not generous!"

Gail turned, about to protest, looking with astonishment at them. Then she saw what was happening, the irresolute man losing charm already for the girl. The girl trying to break away on a pretext of generosity. No doubt when Cynthia had entered the room she had already been sorry for her bargain. And if she was that way already, how could occasional passion hold her long? The quick thoughts shot through Gail's tired mind, demanding pity for her husband.

"But, Cynthia," he was protesting roughly, "don't you see that now—it's too late?"

"I don't see why. We simply change our minds, that's all. Nobody's been harmed."

Gail winced at that remark. Nobody harmed, and her world hung in shreds of broken faith and stained memories. She winced again as Cynthia turned to her abruptly.

"I give him back to you," said Cynthia, with manner, "don't touch me, Tim! Good-by."

It was Gail's moment to strike back, refusing, scorning this flagrant, silly offer to return something, which once taken, could never be returned intact. She wanted to say angry, violent things, taunt them with how little they really wanted each other, and then leave them both to their dose of passion and weariness. But there was her husband's face, shaken, humiliated, wavering, the fever quite gone out of him at this sudden exposure. It was impossible to abandon him to this cruel, impatient girl, impossible to humble him further. She turned to the window, ignoring the rush of Cynthia's departure, and that last futile, half-hearted effort of Tim's to hold her.

"Your taxi is here, Mr. Barbour," reported the girl from the desk looking in, as bright as ever.

"Well, Gail—" asked Tim in a harsh, unnatural voice, "shall we go?"

Gail made the decision. It was always hers to make, in hours of crisis. And she knew all about the generous thing now. It was only the hard thing that was generous.

"Yes," she said, "I'm ready."

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Everything is saved, nothing is lost. This process also saves hours of kitchen time and labor for the housewife. Flavor-Sealed Ham is instantly ready to serve cold. For baked ham, simply heat through and brown (30 minutes, half size; 60 minutes, whole ham).

Indispensable among the emergency shelf goods of the household. Economical. No bone, no skin, no waste. At leading stores—or write, naming dealer. Geo. A. Hormel & Co., Austin, Minnesota, U. S. A.

★ *Hormel Flavor-Sealed Foods are first packed in vacuum sealed containers, then vacuum cooked in their own juices. Still sealed in vacuum they are delivered to you—fresh, flavorful, tender.*

Flavor-Sealed
HORMEL HAM

The Young Foot Is the Happy Foot!

And the foot stays young and happy in Drew Arch Rest Shoes

Keep the foot young . . . it can be done so easily, so fashionably, so smartly, in Drew Arch Rest Shoes! Created with the modern mode in mind . . . these youthful styles for the fashionable foot . . . these youthful Shoes that keep the foot young, as well! The scientifically designed Drew Arch Rest construction is the secret . . . upholding the arch and instep, guarding against fatigue and strain, distributing the weight evenly . . . literally, keeping the foot young. Most styles $8.50, $10.00 and $12.50, at your dealers. Send the coupon below for the Drew Folio of Footwear Fashions. The Irving Drew Company, Portsmouth, Ohio.

The Pandora

DREW ARCH REST Shoes for Women
"keep the foot small"

THE IRVING DREW COMPANY,
Portsmouth, Ohio

Please send me my complimentary copy of the new Drew Folio of Footwear Fashions.

NAME_____

ADDRESS_____

CITY_____ STATE_____

SO SHE CAME TO ITALY

(*Continued from page 122*)

Leaning across to him, her lips almost touching his, she whispered in her hoarse voice: "Of Francesco—I'm afraid of him and his gang. They think I'm hiding the Vatican ruby!"

"The Vatican ruby!" Rondinelli remembered that this stone had not been found. She nodded mysteriously.

"I dare say you are capable of it, but what can it possibly have to do with me?"

She did not answer him directly but covered her eyes with her hand; then revealing her face scarlet, her lips trembling, she cried: "Give me back my amulet—my charm!"

"Your charm?"

"Yes! I gave it to you to win your love, to win fidelity. The one who possesses it is always faithful. I gave it to you for that." She shook like a reed and came closer to him. Rondinelli sprang up, but she pursued him until he could feel the warmth of her body. "Signor Avvocato—my red stone. My red stone!"

"Your red stone? . . ."

"Ah! You have lost it—you have given it to some woman! . . ." She raised her hand as though she would curse that woman, but Rondinelli seized her brutally. Breathing hard, the girl leaned against him, possessively, dangerously . . .

"Give me back my red stone!"

"*Dio Paterno!* . . ." Her red stone, the much sought after jewel? The old carved cabochon—could it be the Vatican ruby now in the hands of Gloria Severne in the United States? Evidently this girl did not understand its value; she must not know it!

"The Vatican ruby? It is nothing to me! I want my love charm back, my miracle stone."

His rôle flashed to him instantly: he must keep what she had given him, get it as soon as he could, protect Gloria. He put his arm around the girl, and looking down into her face said: "Giovanna, *cara figlia*, where did you get that stone?"

"Never mind—never mind! It is an amulet. I gave it to you to make you faithful to me!"

The lawyer held her almost brutally:

"And I intend to keep it. Will you let me keep it, Giovanna *mia*?"

"*Dio mio! Dio mio!*" she exclaimed in delight. "Yes, yes, do you really want it, Signor Avvocato?"

"Why—I wouldn't give it up for the world!"

"Ah!" she cried, "kiss me!" And Rondinelli kissed her for the red stone. Giovanna clung to him, but only for a moment, for she was plucked away from him as though she were a ripened peach torn from the branch, and summarily hurled to the ground. Tommaso, the wild, strong boy from the Abruzzi, threw himself bodily upon the lawyer.

The solid Abruzzi peasant, mad with jealousy, was no match for Rondinelli, who was not a lover of the ring or a fencer, with medals, for nothing. He wrenched Tommaso's knife from his hand, whirling it into the void, pommeled *à l'anglaise*, mauled *à l'italienne:* a mixed business, but he had to combine methods against this unsportsmanlike peasant.

Giovanna, bleeding, picked herself up and came cursing and staggering to the fray. The aunt rushed out with a knife, and between the two women Tommaso fell crashing against the doorway of the Trattoria.

"For the love of God, Signor Avvocato—go, go! Francesco will be here with his crowd at midnight. He is coming to get the stone—I thought you would give it to him. But you may keep it—you may keep it . . . for the love of the Madonna, go now, *carissimo* Avvocato!"

TOWARD two o'clock in the morning Rondinelli, somewhat ruffled, nevertheless nonchalant, came back into his office, and saw to his amazement a man huddled up in the corner of the sofa, asleep. He stared with surprise at the almost unrecognizable figure; the visitor sprang up and revealed himself to be the Jew dealer of the Via Babuino. He had a dirty folded copy of the *Messaggero* in his hand, which he tapped wildly with his grimy finger.

"You kept me from jail, a year or two ago, Signor Avvocato. I owe you all my business success. I have never been able to pay you. I always intended to do so. I am grateful! I want to pay now, and well!"

"Good!" Rondinelli fell heavily into a chair. "It is a little late—and this is a curious hour to discharge debts, but Jews are mysterious, and money is welcome."

"*Si, si!*" said the Jew. "Look—fifty thousand lire reward for information leading to the recovery of the Vatican ruby, and no questions asked!"

BANGS, JUNIOR loved intrigue. Indeed, he swam in romance. Lately he had grown a mustache and he had slicked down his rebellious hair in unconscious imitation of the Roman suitor's undulated black crop.

It was after closing hours, Gloria and her father had gone, only the night watchman and a caretaker remained in the outer store, waiting for Mr. Bangs to leave in order to shut down the electric doors.

Charley, close to the safe, mused upon his preposterous jewel and his unhappy passion. For forty-eight hours he had been head of Bangs & Company, and it was agonizing to him that sentimental interests must come like this between business interests. Of course, Gloria would spoil his chances with his Dad now, if she could.

He continued to hang over the big red stone which had so curiously fallen into his hands, and he put it through the proper tests again. Only a few moments ago Gloria had radiated her charm in this same room; she had glared at him, it is true, but still she had been a little frightened. He had frightened her: marvelous triumph, indeed—and after that she had thrown him one glorifying look. He must put this deal through, even though it would ruin every chance he had with Gloria. He would tell his father as soon as he came home that the great Vatican ruby was in their possession, and they would get into immediate communication with the authorities. Tragedy for Gloria—darned good for the Italian!

Charley from the safe got out his most perfect rubies and compared the Italian stone with them, scrutinizing and re-scrutinizing. He was a born gem expert. His fair face bent intelligently over the stone and suddenly he dropped it, and the glass, fixed in his eye, fell.

"Holy snakes!" he ejaculated, gazing into space, "holy snakes!" and made an epigram without knowing it. "What is Success? Why, getting what you want, any old way! Gee-whiz, gee-whiz!"

"The end justifies the means."

"Vatican ruby," he chuckled. "Oh, I don't think!"

Bangs, humming a little tune, put the rubies back into the safe, when the sound of someone fumbling at the door made him pause. Flashing to hold-up frequencies, Charley rushed over and put his hand on the safety-lock. "Who's there?"

"Me, Kiddo! Little old me!"

He let in Gloria.

"Lock it!" she ordered him imperiously.

"I was just going to telephone you, Gloria. I was coming over to see you."

"You were?" she laughed. "Good old scout!"

Gloria Severne here this time in the evening in Dad's back room, magnetic, wonderful, in her little coffee-colored dress—Gloria, slender, brilliant . . . Was there a chance for him on earth? She sat down limply. Brief snatches of memories on board ship, the Castello dei Cesari with that flashy Italian—she had promised to dine with Charley that night and he hadn't been able to break that fellow's head because on the dancing platform she had made him promise on his honor to keep out of range, be good and go home: home he had had to go, for they had cabled for him on business.

"Charley!" She walked over to the safe with its half-closed door. "Stuff kept in there?"

(*Continued on page 169*)

ANONYMOUS—
but it changed her entire life

Go back a few years in this New York woman's life.

Think of her not as she is today, a beautiful woman, married to an adoring man, and playing the charming hostess in her great Park Avenue home, but as she was before that anonymous letter came with its horrible accusation.

True, she was lovely and charming then. But women avoided her. Men seldom called more than once. In the very years of her prime, she found herself hopelessly out of things—and utterly unable to account for it.

Then, one morning she received that bleak white envelope with its anonymous enclosure—a national advertisement across which was written in bold masculine hand "Wake up."

Amazed and humiliated, she read it again and again. Finally the shocking truth came home. That advertisement was true. It applied to her. It had applied to her for years.

* * *

Halitosis (unpleasant breath) is the damning, unforgivable, social fault. It doesn't announce its presence to its victims. Consequently it is the last thing people suspect themselves of having—*but it ought to be the first.*

For halitosis is a definite daily threat to all. And for very obvious reasons, physicians explain. So slight a matter as a decaying tooth may cause it. Or an abnormal condition of the gums. Or fermenting food particles skipped by the tooth brush. Or minor nose and throat infection. Or excesses of eating, drinking and smoking.

Intelligent people recognize the risk and minimize it by the regular use of full strength Listerine as a mouth wash and gargle.

Listerine quickly checks halitosis because Listerine is an effective antiseptic and germicide★ which immediately strikes at the cause of odors. Furthermore, it is a powerful deodorant, capable of overcoming even the scent of onion and fish.

Always keep Listerine handy. It is better to be safe than snubbed. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo.

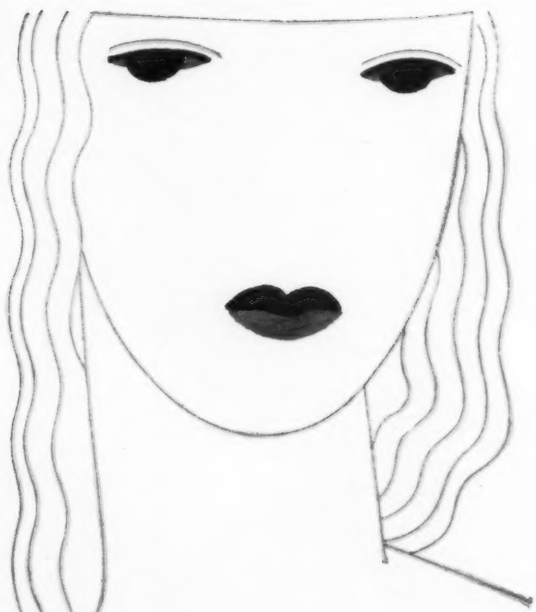
* * *

★ **Full strength Listerine is so safe it may be used in any body cavity, yet so powerful it kills even the stubborn B. Typhosus (typhoid) and S. Aureus (pus) germs in 15 seconds. We could not make this statement unless we were prepared to prove it to the entire satisfaction of the medical profession and the U. S. Government.**

LISTERINE

COSMETIQUES LESQUENDIEU

Does your face reflect your worship of the sun in a merry gypsy tan? Or does autumn find your skin still fair with the warm whiteness of a magnolia petal? Whatever the color of your skin, Lesquendieu has created just the right shade of lipstick to bring out all the beauty of its tone and texture. Lipstick Tussy comes in eight new and distinct shades—it smooths on lightly and understandingly and gives a lasting accent of color to the lips. In gayly colored Galalithe containers Lipstick Tussy comes to you, sealed and packaged in France.



Lipstick
TUSSY

LIPSTICK TUSSY may be obtained at your favorite shop. There, too, you will find the creams, lotions, paste rouges and cream rouges that have made famous the name of Lesquendieu as the leading maker of cosmetics throughout Europe. They are all made in, and imported from, France. Won't you let us send you the fascinating booklet on make-up, "Cosmetiques Lesquendieu." Just write to—Lesquendieu, Inc., 683 Fifth Avenue, New York.

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PARIS SENDS THE DESIGN IN WHICH THE FRENCH ARTIST EMBODIES FASHION POINTS THAT ARE NEWER THAN THE SEASON BUT HAVE CAUGHT THE FANCY OF THOSE WHO KNOW. THESE POINTS ARE: THE FULLNESS THAT STARTS LOW—SCULPTURAL PLEATS NOT MARRING SLIMNESS—SOMETHING AT THE NECKLINE—A DRAPED COLLAR CASUALLY HELD BY TAB—CHANGING WAISTLINES—BELT PLACED HIGHER BUT SLIGHTLY SO, TO PLEASE THE CONSERVATIVE—AND PLAIDS FOR DAYTIME WEAR. IT IS THE MODERN IDEA OF PERFECT SMARTNESS, SLIM, ARISTOCRATIC, UNSTUDIED. THE COLOR CONTRAST IS SKILLFULLY PLACED, WITH THE MANNER TRULY FRENCH—THAT FINDS NO DETAIL TOO SMALL FOR FINE STUDY.

CHENEY SILKS

CHENEY WEAVES

CENTAURA

CHENEY BROTHERS' TRADE MARK

BROADENING A SUCCESSFUL CAREER, MOIRE BECOMES SMART FOR EVERY DAYTIME OCCASION AS WELL AS EVENING WEAR. THE TYPE APPROVED IS CHENEY'S CENTAURA —SATIN BACK MOIRE FAILLE. EXTREMELY MODERN, IT TAKES THE WANTED LOW LUSTRE OF FAILLE AND IS DEEPLY BEAUTIFULLY MOIRED TO SHIMMER WITH EVERY MOVEMENT. A LONG RANGE OF COLORS; ALSO THE SMALL PLAIDS SO WELL LIKED IN PARIS; AND LOVELY FLORAL PRINTS—SOME FOR THE BOUFFANT EVENING GOWN THAT IS PERENNIAL—— OTHERS DESIGNED FOR BLOUSES—— CENTAURA IS IDEAL FOR THE VOGUE OF LUXURIOUS FANCY FABRIC IN SEVERELY SIMPLE DAY FROCKS.

Drawing by Pierre Demaria

Le désarmement ? Pour les femmes, ça n'existe pas. Chaque soir elles se préparent à des combats sans pitié – l'une avec ses bijoux, l'autre avec ses robes – Mais la femme avisée se fie à un parfum de Lenthéric – et ne s'inquiète plus. –

Lenthéric, *Parfums*

245 RUE SAINT-HONORÉ, PARIS, FRANCE. THE LENTHÉRIC SALON AT FIFTH AVENUE & 58th STREET, NEW YORK. ALSO AT ALL HOUSES OF FASHION

SO SHE CAME TO ITALY

(*Continued from page 166*)

"Yes!" he said gloomily, "contents foot up to half million." He was dignified, no longer molasses candy pulled out thin, rather solemn. How many times had she refused him? He had lost count!

"Charley! I've come here to get my stone!"

"This looks to me a pretty tough time for that fellow of yours, and I bet your Dad won't stand for your engagement!"

Between the hotel and the shop Gloria had had all kinds of violent ideas. If she could have secured a gang to help her she would have broken into Bangs & Co. More vanquished than he could have hoped, she tried to bluff.

"You haven't any right to my stone, Charley Bangs!"

"No right to it!" he cried. "Public property now! Stolen—advertised for—the police have got it ticketed up. It isn't in any individual's power to hold it up—unless they want to be a receiver of stolen goods! It's the law, Gloria, and you know it!" He flopped down beside her. "Let's talk business!"

"You're all but crazy, Charley! My stone—where is it? I want it back, it need never get around. Nobody need ever know! I can hush up Dad."

"Gloria! Couldn't you just love me? Throw that darned fool over . . ."

"No!"

Bangs murmured, shaking: "Oh, no—no—I suppose *not!* Of course *not*. I guess you couldn't!" He stared blindly.

"Charley Bangs, if there's anything Pietro or I could ever do . . . ."

"Lord!" he cried. "Pietro! He's done for me all right! If that dago is a blamed crook you won't— Why you must be crazy about him!"

"I am!"

"What on earth has he got over me?" cried the boy. "I'd like to know that! Italian—I'm your own people. Gloria, what's he got?"

"Don't know, Charley."

BANGS again began his walk back and forth, and as he passed the safe he shut it with a soft sound.

"Charley! . . ."

He grinned: "Time safe, opens at seven A.M. to-morrow!" He thought she was going to cry.

"Seven o'clock to-morrow!" she repeated. "You wouldn't make me stay here till then, Charley Bangs?"

"Now if it was the only way you could get the stone, Glo—the only way?"

"Yes!"

"Gee!" he muttered, casting his arms with both fists in the air, "Gee!" Then he opened the door to peer out; the uniformed watchman and the caretaker were talking together in the deserted store.

"You'd better go now, Gloria!" he said solemnly, "if it's that way, you'd better go!"

They stood together close to the door.

"Getting late, they'll be wondering what for out there."

"I'm not going, Charley, without that stone. You're coming back here at seven o'clock to get it out, darling, and bring it over to me at the hotel. I'll tell Dad you say it's only glass!"

Bangs stuttered: "What? Glass!" and giggled.

"Yes—he'd believe it; you're so expert!"

"Glass—oh, Lord!" Bangs put his hand in his pocket and drew out the cabochon which he had not replaced in the safe, and laid it in Gloria's hand. "Here!" he said briefly. And Gloria grabbed it.

"Oh, you peach! You *peach!*"

She opened her bag, dropped the stone in, hugging it to her. "You're all right, Charley Bangs!"

She lifted her flushed face; she could almost have cried, and now that the tension was relieved, friendly liking for her pal, and a kind of admiration for his long devotion and her own grand triumph swept her to pity and generosity.

"Charley! Charley! You're a darling, Charley—and if I didn't love Peter. . . ."

"None of that!"

Success was Charley's; the end justifies the means. Gloria kissed him; when she did a thing she did it to the king's taste. Charley gave her back a series saved for ten good years. Before he let her go, he cried repentant, "Remember! I never asked for a thing, did I? Not a thing, remember. . . ."

"A free gift, Charley—you little devil!"

"Remember!" he repeated, "I never asked you . . . for a . . . darned . . . thing!"

THE wretched Severne walked up and down the parlor of his suite at the hotel like a caged lion. He would have liked to kick Italy off the map. No doubt some first-class power would do so, but he would like to do it! Gloria had dared him, defied him, had told him that no matter what happened she would marry Rondinelli. He had not been able to awaken either her pride or her duty, and she had flung herself out of the room, presumably to cry alone.

At any rate, the Italian hadn't arrived—probably never would; Severne had offered his daughter a lot of money to behave herself. But she had blazed at him like a house on fire, almost said "to the devil with it!"

Severne was biting his cigar to bits, when the door of his suite was opened by a bell-boy, and the paper miller anchored in the center of the room found himself staring at a stranger whom he instantly sensed to be the Roman gentleman engaged to his daughter. The stranger came in brightly, extending his arms. Severne thought he was going to kiss him! This was Signor Rondinelli. Great Scott!—and the Boot of Italy turned the wrong way!

"Where's Gloria?" cried the Italian with sunny cordiality. "Mr. Severne, I presume? Where is Gloria?"

It flashed to Severne, who was a snob where men's styles were concerned, that this foreigner was no joke either in his clothes, his accent or appearance. Under other circumstances, indeed, he would have been all that a critical man of the world could exact.

"Signor Rondinelli . . . ?"

The Italian bowed cheerfully. He was not sure that this man would ever be his father-in-law. He had learned on the ship that the Severnes were millionaires, and he had always said that he would never marry a rich woman. He had learned other things as well—for he had crossed on the *Duilio*, the ship on which Gloria and Charley Bangs had sailed together to Naples.

"I am Pietro Rondinelli; I have come from Italy to see your daughter."

"H'm . . ." said Severne standing up straight in front of the unwelcome son-in-law, "I'm mighty sorry to see you, Mr. Rondinelli! You cannot marry my daughter."

The two men looked into each other's eyes.

"Where's Miss Severne?"

"In the country, sir."

The Italian turned quickly to the door: "What country? Not Severne, I've just come from your house out there, and they sent me in to Detroit to this hotel."

"Never mind what country, sir; you and I have several little matters to settle right here, Mr. Rondinelli!"

IT SEEMED really preposterous that this man who stood before him so calmly could ever have stolen anything! He had tried to get hold of Bangs, Senior, but when he had telephoned up he had been told that the head of the firm was in conference and couldn't be disturbed for half an hour.

Severne looked like a steel soldier in his gray clothes; he was as gray and gloomy as Rondinelli was blue serge and bright. A steward had told the lawyer the ship's gossip about the magnetic Miss Severne. Her crossing had been historic. Rondinelli heard of her flirtations, her parties in the smoke-room, her cocktails—and Charley Bangs. All was nothing compared with the fact that Gloria Severne and Charley Bangs had been the talk of the ship for fourteen days. He had thrown an empty bottle at the head of the steward—the

(*Concluded on page 170*)

Coffee at night?

If it's the coffee that lets you sleep, you needn't hesitate

IN THOUSANDS of homes, breakfast isn't breakfast without coffee. Yet when suppertime comes, the flavor and gracious cheer of coffee is missing, and merely because of an unnecessary drug that keeps people awake.

If you are one of those who do for breakfast and don't for supper, you'll be glad to know that there's a wonderful coffee with 97% of the caffeine removed. Coffee you will delight in for breakfast, lunch and supper.

Kellogg's* Kaffee Hag Coffee is a blend of several of the world's best coffees. Savory, aromatic, full strength. It is so good many coffee lovers have adopted it for its superior flavor alone.

Try it and see how delightful it is. Order a can from your dealer. Steel cut or in the bean. If you've been putting up with substitutes, we can think of no more welcome discovery.

Leading hotels and restaurants serve it — also diners. The original caffeine-free coffee. If you will mail the coupon, we will gladly send you a generous trial can.

KAFFEE HAG CORPORATION
1927 Davenport Ave., Cleveland, Ohio

Please send me, postpaid, enough Kaffee Hag to make ten cups of good coffee. I enclose ten cents (stamps or coin).
(Offer good in U. S. A. only)

Name_____

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KAFFEE HAG COFFEE

The coffee that lets you sleep

Why Permit Your Summer Beauty to Pass?

Keep That Flattering Tan All Winter

Many women who have kept tanned through the summer with Glory of the Sun Powder have found the effect most becoming. More and more, each year, women are asking themselves: "Why fade with the winter?"

Whether you have had a Glory of the Sun tan or a natural tan, you can continue the flattering effect all winter with the use of this amazing powder.

If you have not tried Glory of the Sun, you will learn from a single test that it is not merely a "tan powder, but a powder that tans!" Produces a perfectly natural-like tan of just the degree you want (according to the amount of powder you use) in two minutes.

And it won't rub off on your clothes! You can dance, motor, play tennis or golf, *even go bathing*, without affecting it. Soap and water or cream are the only things that will remove it.

Those of you who have had a natural tan will find it a happy solution for bringing your tan line down below your gown line this fall.

Two shades: Light for blondes; Dark for brunettes. Large box $2.00 at all toilet goods counters. Carlé Inc., Chanin Bldg., New York City.

Have a tan without tanning

GLORY OF THE SUN

Powder

SO SHE CAME TO ITALY

(Concluded from page 169)

steward had dodged it. But in spite of his sentimental distress and jealousy he was jubilant over the fact that he was here in the States, that Gloria *must* be somewhere near. He said quickly to the elderly gentleman:

"I understand how you feel about your daughter marrying a poor man. When I asked Miss Severne to marry me I understood that she was a girl of small means, and heart-free. I have learned to the contrary." He put his hand on the door, "Where is this country place?"

Severne fairly cried out—"*Poor . . . ! Gloria!*"

"Yes!" said Rondinelli; "I have always wanted to give my wife everything, to have her dependent on me!"

"But you are dead broke—so my daughter tells me."

Rondinelli smiled: "A phase, Mr. Severne! You are a self-made man—you must understand!"

"What did you mean, that you thought she was heart-free and you find she is not?"

"That I will explain to her, Mr. Severne!"

Severne had followed him close to the door.

"But you must explain to *me*, sir, where you got that stone you gave my daughter for an engagement ring."

"That stone?"

Severne nodded: "I dare say you cannot explain?" and he laughed aloud. "You'll *have* to explain—to the . . ." he hesitated; the word "police" didn't go with Rondinelli . . . "to the biggest jewelers in Detroit. They've got your jewel. You'll have to tell them where you got it, if you refuse to satisfy my curiosity! You can't expect a self-respecting American citizen, who has brought up his daughter to the best of everything, to consider your proposition for one moment, sir!"

Severne was a judge of character, and couldn't help liking this Italian's voice and spirit.

"I am not at all sure that I want to marry your daughter!"

"Why not?" howled Severne.

"I'll tell her."

"Do, Peter!" cried the girl rushing in from her father's bathroom where she had been listening at the keyhole.

"Gloria!"

Their padlocked embrace lasted an eternity to Severne. Then the Roman held his fiancée a little away from him, like a tyrant: "I want to hear all about Charley Bangs . . . every single word and then I want to smash him—"

The girl laughed.

"Oh, piffle, Peter darling! I *knew* you'd hear a lot of josh about me and Charley if you crossed on the *Duilio!*" She said more tenderly: "There never has been anyone in my life but you . . . all these years I've been going around, trying to find you, just sampling!"

Here her father intercepted what he was afraid was going to be another embrace. "Gloria, Mr. Rondinelli won't tell us about that stone! But he must do so now."

Gloria took the jewel out of her bag and put it into Rondinelli's hands "*Per Bacco . . .*"

Severne, watching him like an eagle, saw him redden and a strange expression pass over his face. The girl was watching him keenly and she cried with her hand on his arm, "Dad and I will stand by you, Peter darling!"

"Stand by me, *cara*, for what reason?"

The telephone rang and Mr. Severne went over to answer it reluctantly.

"Old man Bangs, I bet."

Rondinelli cried again: "Bangs—Charley Bangs?"

But Severne transfixed at the telephone, exclaimed: "Good. O. K., old man! I always said it was *glass*." He held out the receiver to his daughter and the other hand to Rondinelli, beaming on the Roman. "Good work, Rondinelli. Charley says the old thing's glass! Says the Vatican ruby is glass. Wants me specially to tell Gloria he knew it was glass last night when he gave it to her. Here, speak to Charley, Glo—and let me say hello to Peter!"

Gloria, who had seized the telephone from her father's hands, put it down without speaking through it and her cheeks were red as she turned and put her arm through the Roman's.

"Charley Bangs is great stuff—quite a genius! We'll have to ask him to be our best man."

Rondinelli took the jewel from his pocket. "Did you think this was the Vatican ruby?"

"For about ten minutes—what the devil is it, anyway?"

"A rattling good imitation," replied the Roman. "Four copies were made of that famous ruby in the twelfth century and this happens to be one of them. The real ruby was found and given back to the Vatican about a month ago."

Rondinelli gave the stone to Gloria. "That rascally old Jew in the antiquity shop where we met owed me a lot of money and curiously enough he got on the track of the Vatican ruby and he let me in on the reward that came to him for his discovery—twenty-five thousand lire—pretty decent of him, wasn't it . . . Keep it, Gloria, it's an amulet; they say it's a magic stone and keeps the possessor faithful in love."

"Who gave it to you, Peter?"

". . . I paid a high price for it to one of my poor clients."

The girl said slowly, looking intently down on the big red stone in her palm and seeing in its deep color a kind of mystery. "I remember you wouldn't tell me where you got it the day I took it from you in your office in Rome . . . Was it a man or a woman, Peter darling?"

Over Rondinelli's face passed one of the melancholy expressions so characteristic of the Roman temperament. He seemed to see the Campagna again, the old Inn garden, and to hear the tempestuous Giovanna plead, "Give me back my magic stone, my amulet." And Gloria close to him now, studying his face, insisted—"Peter, man or woman?" As Rondinelli put his arm around her and drew her to him, he laughed softly and said, "Her name is Charley!"

SENTIMENTAL MAC

A FRIEND of ours, who is several years out of college and who is still some distance away from what the world calls success, reports that the most discouraging thing he can think of is to meet a waiter who knew you when you were well off.

Our friend had been in the habit of dining at a little restaurant in the upper west side where the food is good and a small tip causes no lifting of eyebrows.

One evening he sat down at his usual table and was greeted with, "Well, sir, I am glad to see you after all these years."

Looking up, he saw "Mac," with whom he had held many consultations in the old days over the menu at the Ritz, and dinner passed pleasantly amid reminiscences.

From then on, his evening meal, formerly a solitary one, became very enjoyable.

And then last Saturday night our friend chose a new dining place. This arrangement lasted until the other evening when he was tempted to see "Mac" again. So he went back to his old table, but "Mac" was no longer there.

He inquired of the manager and learned that "Mac" had given up his job last Saturday night.

"He was a splendid waiter," explained the manager, "but peculiar. He waited on some fellow he used to know a long time ago, and he got to thinking that he gave him tips that were more than he could afford, and it sort of preyed on 'Mac's' mind—he didn't like to speak to the gentleman about it, and he said that one job was the same as another to him, so he quit.

"A splendid waiter 'Mac' was, but sensitive—very sensitive. The vegetable or the consommé, sir?"

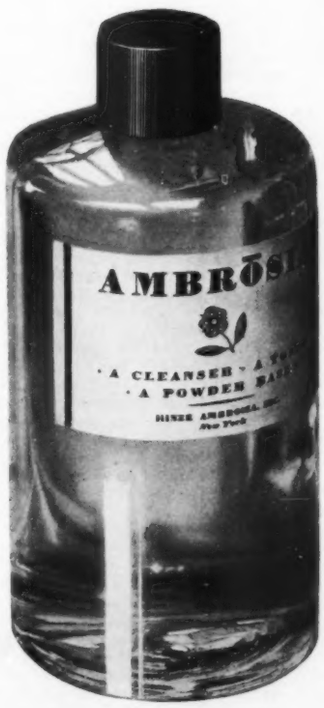
D. Scott Hirshberg.

SAKS-FIFTH AVENUE

the fastest growing fashion shop in America

wrote to 85,262 "we moderns"

about this new beauty discovery



Saks-Fifth Avenue saw the tremendous importance of liquid Ambrosia to fastidious women, and wrote every one of their credit customers:

"Ambrosia is a cleanser, tonic and powder-base in one liquid—formerly the private formula of the Empress Eugenie. It is as easy to use as a compact, has a pleasant tonic odor and is more effective than any other type of cleanser, since it floats the dirt out of the depths of the pores."

Thousands of "we moderns" patronizing Saks-Fifth Avenue, found every word of this true. Liquid Ambrosia applied on cotton penetrates instantly into the pores. The deepest dirt floats onto the cotton. There is nothing to wipe away. Pores cleansed to their depths soon become naturally fine; even a skin which has grown coarse through neglect regains youthful firmness in a very short time with daily pore-deep liquid cleansing.

Dry skins are helped by a softening cream. The makers of Ambrosia do not make a cream, but recognize its value for softening, and recommend its use for dry skin, after thorough pore-deep liquid cleansing.

Begin now to possess the radiant freshness of skin you have always hoped you might have. Swift simple treatments exactly suited to each type of skin are given in the booklet that accompanies every bottle of sunlit Ambrosia. In the patrician flat-backed bottle, $1.50, $2.50, $4.50. Hinze Ambrosia, Inc., 114 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

RELAX .. oh active, fashionable feet, if you would always be young

Feet that follow the path of fashion must be young. Social calls to pay, shopping to do, sports to enjoy, dances to tread. And hush! You know how rebellious feet can impair one's poise and energy. Feet were never made for shoes. Doff your shoes when at home and don Maid-Rite slippers in-between every busy moment. They're gloriously, luxuriantly comfortable and rejuvenating. Graceful in design, created in the newest-toned leathers, they make comfort truly fashionable. Sold at smart shops everywhere.

"Beauty from Foot Comfort" Write for this helpful fashion booklet.

MAID-RITE CORPORATION, 37 York St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Insist on this label. It guarantees slipper style and quality.

U.S. REG. PAT. OFF. Maid-Rite LEATHER SLIPPERS QUALITY FIRST

Renee . . . in patent leather, black, red, blue, lavender and green kid.

MAID-RITE

LEATHER SLIPPERS FOR THE HOME

THE FALL OF THE FOUR HUNDRED

(*Continued from page 119*)

expensive human products. The mob could look into the window of a barouche and take a good long time examining the occupants; nobody has the time or the curiosity in 1929 to bother about what's inside a limousine.

Automobiles have immensely facilitated the great crime wave and that smaller though equally exasperating crime wave that I have just mentioned—crashing parties. In the spanking heyday of horses, it would have been easy enough to spot an intruder at a ball in Newport. Without a coachman and footman on the box, going to a party presented well-nigh insuperable difficulties. Suppose, for the moment, that some sanguine and adventurous young man drew up to one of the magic portals in a ramshackle buggy; suppose, by letting your imagination run riot, that he was given permission to enter. What under the sun would he have done with his horse? The big estates at Newport had no hitching-posts; it would be out of the question to attach an iron weight to the beast and leave it to munch up the formal flower-beds for a couple of hours; no ragged urchins lurked in the offing, ready to hold a horse for a small fee. The dilemma would have been dizzying, the only solution a swift and panicky and unexplained flight down the driveway and home.

In these days, people often drive their own cars and park them in lanes; and the darker the lanes, the better do they suit the owners' purposes. Sitting out dances in a motor in a back-alley offers much more freedom than the stately conservatory of yore ever dreamed of. The guests at a big affair sometimes have a walk of a good quarter-mile between their parking-place and their host's front door. It's an age of disarming eccentricity, too; men and women with millions are showing a marked affection for cheap cars this year. One very vivid and beautiful girl in Newport, whose mother comes to parties in an extravagant imported car, goes everywhere in one of those atrocious things technically known as "bugs." Naturally, in such confusion of standards and models, anybody who owns a second-hand machine and evening clothes is admirably equipped to crash the most decorous function.

"MY father always escorted me to parties because the appearance of the women of a family in any public place after dark without the convoy of the head of the house would have been a shock, almost amounting to scandal, to the social organization of that day." I am quoting Mrs. John King Van Rensselaer now, a lady whose reminiscences give us some amusing accounts of the period that preceded the prodigious material expansion of society in the 'eighties. "At dinner," she tells us, "four silver vegetable dishes were always on the table, with a cruet stand and immense salt cellars. Grace was asked before we began the meal, at the conclusion of which we returned to the parlor, where we chatted, coquetted, played and sang while our elders gathered about the whist table. If this happened to be the night of a ball, the women retired at nine and donned their gowns of ceremony. We attended the theatre frequently, having subscription seats at Wallack's and occupied a box at the opera during its season."

By 1880 this sort of pinched, prim conservatism had worn as thin as the ancestral flat silver. The Dutch aristocracy had sufficed when New York was just a quaint, sturdy town, but it couldn't adequately rule an enormous city. The old gentry had plenty of shrewd common sense; it therefore unbent to permit its sons and daughters to marry into the ranks of the great upstart millionaires, thus strengthening its blood-stream with a certain amount of crude iron. "Builders of empire," the railroad magnates and coal barons were pompously called. New York became as imperial as Rome herself; her new rulers reconstructed the entire social scheme with a despatch and an heroic efficiency positively Napoleonic. A splendid court-life sprang up overnight. The *ancien régime* hadn't been guillotined wholesale, either; hadn't been hacked to pieces in a bloody revolution. By tact and courtesy, the Vanderbilts and Astors and Belmonts had won over the descendants of the patroons and the British colonial governors. The new Metropolitan Opera House was the symbol of the peaceful conquest. New York society had come through a dangerous transition period as a united and vigorous clan. The parterre row at the opera house was a sort of public dove-cote. The wealth of the royal family passed reasonable computation; its blood was a mixture now of double-distilled purity and the lustier strains injected by the recent arrivals. The future health and endurance of the race seemed assured. The "400" was about to be born at Mrs. Astor's celebrated ball.

WITHOUT understanding the strange elements that composed the "400"—the dignity and insular self-complacence of the old school; the glitter and pomp and showiness of the new—it would be impossible to appreciate that obsolete set that somehow managed to create order and beauty out of such chaos. The first Mrs. August Belmont, for example, spent her husband's millions with an extravagant disregard of good taste and yet remained the aristocrat. A daughter of Commodore Matthew Perry, she came of the soundest Colonial stock; but she wore as many jewels as Catherine the Great, saw nothing vulgar in the spectacle of her husband at the Bradley Martin ball in a suit of gold-inlaid armor valued at ten thousand dollars and was driven about Newport in a *demi d'Aumont* drawn by two or more spans of horses, with a gaily uniformed postilion to each team. (At Newport, mind you, where her frugal ancestors had lived for two hundred years in austere and religious seclusion!) Mrs. William Astor, too, was a reactionary by birth; "William B. Astor married into society," Mrs. Van Rensselaer loftily informs us. "His wife was a Miss Armstrong. The Astors came to be accepted by the patrician social set of their day because of the women of their family." Mrs. Astor, since she was the "Queen of the 400"—a title that set no teeth on edge in the 'nineties—naturally went in for crown jewels. It is said of her that, at balls and receptions, she was accompanied by two detectives in plain clothes. The Astor "stomacher" became an historic feature of the bigger social functions.

In those days a woman wore all her diamonds; she owed it to her position. Nobody had ever heard of comfort then. Top-heavy tiaras and strangling dog-collars must have caused as many fainting-fits as the cruel corsets of that era; the dutiful wives and daughters of the great accepted such seizures meekly, considered them the privilege of their decorative inferior sex. For it was an axiom of the day that women were delicate pictorial creatures, of decided importance socially but, in the matter of intellect, quite negligible. Their brains must be kept pinched and undeveloped, like the feet of Chinese princesses. Accomplishments were all very well—playing the harp, painting china, dancing a quadrille; to have discussed the sordid problems of life, though, or to have mentioned Walt Whitman's name would have meant speedy ostracism. Men were men; women were literally "the fair sex," "the weaker sex."

NATURALLY, in that arbitrary régime, the morals were atrocious. Some of the pet scandals of the 'eighties and 'nineties would make a hard-boiled modern youngster blush. In their shrewd self-controlled fashion, the old "400" were a wicked gang. Mrs. Van Rensselaer admits it. "The much deplored, frequently assailed morals of current society," says she, "are no bit worse than they were in the prim and prudish half century ago." The "Age of Innocence" got away with a great deal. (*Continued on page 174*)

AMOR SKIN

OPOTERAPIA, BERLIN

Note: The price of Amor Skin is $25 a jar. This will not seem extravagant when it is realized that each jar contains sufficient Amor Skin for three months treatment.

Beauty and the Tortoise

WOMEN who refuse to grow old have found a marvelous new ally in Amor Skin. Fragrant with the scent of Switzerland's wild peach, this ointment embodies the hormone-bearing substance of young turtles and represents the most recent outstanding contribution of organotherapy.

By revitalizing the hormone-starved cells which lie beneath the skin, Amor Skin erases wrinkles, crows' feet and other marks of age. Endorsed by the University of Berlin and the skin clinic of the University of Bonn, awarded the grand prix in Paris and in Florence in 1927, Amor Skin has won recognition that has no parallel in cosmetic history.

Due to the great demand and the limited supply available for importation, it is obvious there will not be enough Amor Skin to meet all requirements this year. We suggest therefore that at the time of purchase, every woman place a reservation order for an additional jar at the end of her first three months treatment.

Single strength for young women . . . $16.50. Double strength for older women and obstinate cases . . . $25.00.

MAIL THIS COUPON FOR FREE INSTRUCTION

Amorskin Corporation, H-9
205 East 42nd St., New York

I should like to know more about the scientific way in which Amor Skin erases wrinkles and returns youth to the skin.

Please send your descriptive booklet to

M.....

Street.....

City.....State.....

IT has been especially noted by Meyers stylists engaged in observing fashions in European social centers, that recognized leaders are selecting accessories for their simplicity of design. Acting upon this observation, Meyers European designers have created the simple, severely tailored Slip-on illustrated above. It is suggested for wear with the Sportive tweeds that the smart Traveling and Country Club woman affects so splendidly.

Louis Meyers & Son, Inc.
One Park Avenue, at 33rd Street, New York, N. Y.

GLOVES of
MEYERS MAKE

THE FALL OF THE FOUR HUNDRED

(*Continued from page 172*)

The women, prudish and circumspect, knew the sort of anecdotes that would go the rounds of the dinner-table after they had retired to the drawing-room; strangely enough, they approved. Brought up on "Jane Eyre," passionate lovers of Ouida's novels, they considered that men were creatures of voracious, uncontrollable appetites, doomed to destruction unless they fell in love with a virtuous maiden. A débutante was taught to shrink from the contemplation of the "wild oats" period, but to accept it as necessary just the same. Once in a while, a young buck with more courage and honesty than his fellows got into some public mess: then he was mercilessly cut, because he had "gone too far." James Gordon Bennett learned to his sorrow that wild oats must not be sowed in public places; if there had been books of etiquette in his time, they would have laid down discreet rules governing the proper place for such informal gardening. It wasn't a question of what one did but how and where one did it.

STILL, whatever the faults of the old order, it managed to be enormously important, a ruling class with well-defined responsibilities and a workable constitution. Back of the public display and apparent extravagance, shrewd minds were busy to see that the budget wasn't overdrawn. There was nothing of the reckless "After me the deluge" fling to their activities. A secret frugality, the stern attitude of the *haute bourgeoisie* toward nonsensical waste, gave this crowd a real economic value. They were colossally rich, most of them; they could squander vast sums and yet hoard like misers behind the grilled doors of their Fifth Avenue houses. Had they been the frivolous spendthrift sort that crams the smart resorts abroad, they never could have domineered over the whole United States. For domineer they did—and with a vengeance. They made the entire country ring to the golden sound of that newly minted term "the 400."

"The 400," we must remember, lived during the winter in New York, with a few scattered members in Boston and Philadelphia; in summer they all moved to Newport. They managed, in spite of the tiny area of their activities, to bully and snub the rest of the United States into submission. Chicago and San Francisco read of them in a tremulous awe; all cities beyond their immediate sway belonged to the Hinterland and admitted it humbly. "The 400" ruled over the American scene and made a very good job of it.

They intermarried, as ruling houses have always done. By 1900, they had all become inextricably tangled up in one vast chronological chart. Naturally, since they were blood relations, they knew one another. "Every hostess," says Mrs. Borden Harriman, "had a carefully prepared list of friends and acquaintances which had a place on the shelf almost next the family Bible. Not Queen Victoria herself was more austere in crossing off the few divorcées." When a hostess ran over her guest-list, every name evoked a well-remembered face, certain characteristic mannerisms. Cousin So-and-So would probably wear that Worth gown she'd already worn twice before—she was hard up, poor thing. Aunt Rhoda couldn't abide Cousin Stephen—they must be kept well apart at dinner. The subtle gradations of mourning were of great importance, too: who had just gone in and who was just coming out. Half the people one invited were in some transition state from black to gray or gray to lavender. The settling of a guest-list was as fascinating and intricate a game as chess.

IN ITS prime, "the 400" was on the right track, I sincerely believe. It did not die in the odor of sanctity, I admit; its expiring groans were laughed at. Still, the present-day student of manners and periods lingers affectionately over the rich amplitude of the 'eighties and 'nineties and comes back to the scurry of 1929 with a certain fretful exasperation. Ward McAllister's set moved to the rhythm of Strauss waltzes played by Landers' orchestra; they cultivated a sense of the historic past by giving costume balls in which the ladies dressed as queens, the men as kings or famous courtiers. In an amazingly short time, they had rubbed off the provincial rust and coal-dust of their immediate ancestors. Wit began to flourish and good taste. William R. Travers, that celebrated stutterer, did much to make dinners authentically amusing; Stanford White and Richard Hunt rescued the rich and fashionable from the atrocious convention of dowdy, overcrowded rooms back of brownstone fronts. Rubber-plants, potted palms, the vis-à-vis and the massive cruets of Mrs. Van Rensselaer's youth found an unwept place on the ash-heap. Society grew out of its stodgy complacence and became vivid.

Good looks are a pretty dependable test of the value and robustness of an order; and it's doubtful if any crowd ever comprised more beautiful women and handsome men than were gathered together at the fancy dress ball at the Academy of Music in 1889. A genuine aristocracy they look, in any group photograph of the period; abundantly healthy, intelligent and alert. The women are no longer frail and pathetic, the wasp-waists under the striped satin girdles have a new twist, the left hip is thrust out; it's obvious that they're all spending hours every day in the side-saddle. For along with awakening mentality and "artistic" leanings, riding has sprung into vogue. The horse has replaced the embroidery-frame as a sport for well-bred women. Athletics, once as horrible as divorce, are suddenly accepted and encouraged. Ava Willing and Fanny Tailer play tennis at the Casino in Newport. Only the hide-bound reactionaries consider such antics unwomanly and fear that the next generation will be crippled.

MEANWHILE, the new "sporting" crowd has a rattling good time and continues to furnish brilliant *tableaux vivants* for the populace; freer than their parents in many ways, they still take themselves and their responsibilities very seriously, still recognize the right of the mob to obtain gratuitous entertainment from them. Royal progresses have always been public fêtes and the shrewdest kind of self-advertisement. So the crowds collect on street-corners or in the open fields while the coaching parade jingles by or the red coats of the steeple-chase turn the rolling countryside into an old English print for a gay afternoon.

It was an unfortunate thing for "the 400" that, once its silhouette against the American background became bold and definite and racially "right," it should all at once have blurred to an indistinct copy of the British country gentleman. Having conquered America, New York society went down on its knees to England and the middle-class resented it. A long dormant antipathy to Tories, memories of the Boston tea-party and Yorktown, stirred in the patriotic bosoms of the rank and file. When the men of the smart world refused to wear any clothes but those made by Poole, and a monocle here and there gleamed above a beard cut in imitation of the Prince of Wales', and Theodore Havemeyer laid out the first golf-course in the United States, the public conscience awoke with a growl. International marriages complicated and envenomed the general disapproval. The mothers and fathers of our land grew maudlinly sentimental about the young girls who were being sold by their hard-hearted parents. Novels were written on the subject, solemn and polemical; every author that tackled the problem considered that he was writing another "Uncle Tom" and clearing the way for the emancipation of this new order of slaves.

Society had blundered, there was no doubt about it; an aristocracy can't sur-

(*Continued on page 177*)

Here's That New Way of Removing Hair from Arms and Legs

so many women are asking about

A simple method that not only removes every vestige of hair instantly but utterly avoids fostering bristly re-growth.

Even by running one's hand across the skin, absolutely no stubble can be felt this new way.

A NEW way of removing arm and leg hair has been found that not only removes every vestige of hair instantly, but that banishes the stimulated hair growth thousands of women are charging to less modern ways. A way that not only removes hair but delays its reappearance remarkably!

It is changing previous conceptions of cosmeticians about hair removing. Women are flocking to its use. The discovery of R. C. Lawry, noted beauty scientist, it is different from any other hair remover known.

WHAT IT IS

It is an exquisite toilet creme, resembling a superior beauty clay in texture. You simply spread it on where hair is to be removed. Then rinse off with water.

That is all. Every vestige of hair is gone; so completely that even by running your hand across the skin not the slightest trace of stubble can be felt.

And—the reappearance of that hair is delayed surprisingly.

When re-growth finally does come, it is utterly unlike the re-growth following old ways. You can feel the difference. No sharp stubble. No coarsened growth.

The skin, too, is left soft as a child's. No skin roughness, no enlarged pores. You feel freer than probably ever before in your life of annoying hair growth.

WHERE TO OBTAIN

It is called NEET—a preparation long on the market, but recently changed in compounding to embody the new Lawry discovery.

It is on sale at practically all drug and department stores and in beauty parlors. In both $1 and 60c sizes. The $1 size contains 3 times the quantity of the 60c size.

Neet *Cream Hair Remover* 206

SOFT as a whisper of Parisian luxury . . . flashing with color . . . sparkling with style . . . this lovely modern Munsingwear! There's witchery in its stitchery . . . a lithesome grace in every gracious line . . . and beauty that's delightfully durable! There are Sleeping and Lounging Ensembles, Vests, Briefs, Bloomers and Chemises of many models, Bandeaux and Costume Slips . . . all fashioned of soft, caressing Munsingwear Rayon . . . specially processed by Munsingwear . . . and found exclusively in these exquisite Munsingwear Modes.

Do let us send you our new Munsingwear Folder of Intimate Feminine Fashions . . . your copy is waiting for you! Write Munsingwear, Minneapolis

HOSIERY, TOO!

Clear, sheer, filmy Chiffon and Service Styles . . . three smart heels, French, Square, and Sylphline . . . the newest colors and the same, famous Munsingwear Quality in every fashionable pair!

MUNSING Wear

THE FORD TOWN SEDAN

Gliding smoothly over the miles

Because of its eager flow of speed and unusual riding comfort, the miles that stretch ahead from *Here* to *There* are swift and pleasant miles in the Ford.

So pronounced is this riding ease that you will come to look on it as one of the outstanding features of the car. For no other single thing adds quite so much to the joy of driving.

On long trips particularly you will like the way the Ford carries you along, smoothly and evenly, without hard jolts or bumps or the exaggerated bouncing which is the cause of most motoring fatigue. The disturbing force of every road shock is cushioned and absorbed before it reaches the frame, chassis and body of the car.

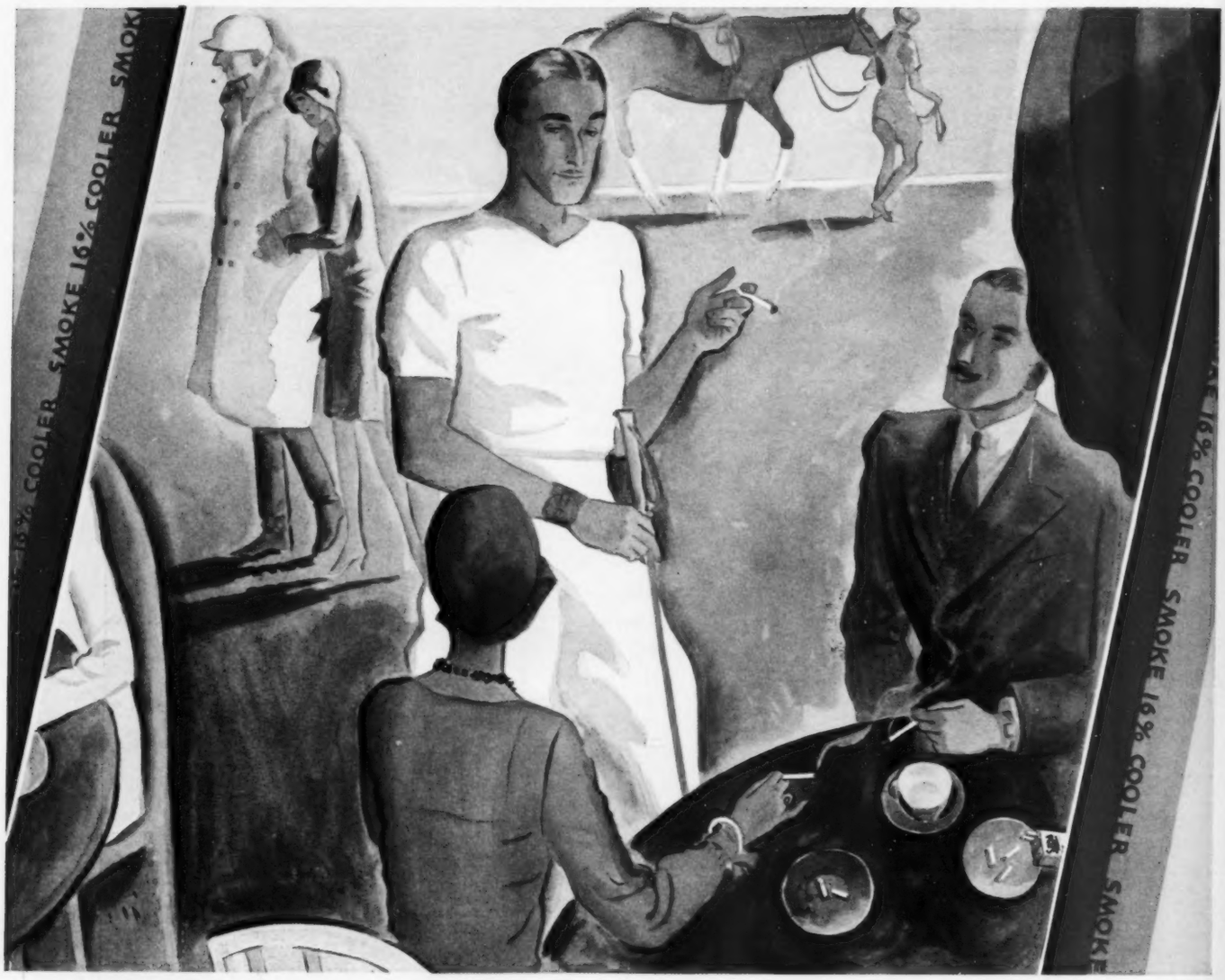
The principal factors in this comfort are the special Ford transverse springs, low unsprung weight and four Houdaille hydraulic double-acting shock absorbers. These shock absorbers also have a considerable bearing on safety.

By keeping all four wheels firmly on the ground, they insure more positive traction, contribute to better brake action and help to eliminate sidesway.

Even at comparatively high speeds you have a feeling of substantial security in the Ford because of its carefully planned balance. No matter how far the goal, or rough or devious the highway, you know it will bring you safely, comfortably, quickly to the journey's end.

Ford

Ford Motor Company
Detroit, Michigan



CHAMPIONSHIP CHUKKERS . . . CHOICE CHATTER . . . COOLER SMOKE

At Meadowbrook . . . mad mêlée of ponies, men and mallets . . . gay chatter runs through the boxes . . . packages and packages of cigarettes are consumed! That's where the smart smoking world appreciates the greater coolness of Spud's smoke! Back for a tea-time résumé of the game . . . more Spuds . . . the clean-mouth, nimble-tongue cigarette . . . its refreshing cooling effect heightening its full tobacco flavor . . . making the last cigarette as delightful as the first. Thus, among life's modern pleasures, Spud is the new freedom in old-fashioned tobacco enjoyment. At better stands, 20 for 20c. The Axton-Fisher Tobacco Co., Inc., Louisville, Ky.

MENTHOL-COOLED **SPUD** CIGARETTES

THE FALL OF THE FOUR HUNDRED

(*Continued from page 174*)

vive for long without the support of the proletariat. A universal family pride, the feeling in the butcher and baker that the ruling class *belongs* to them—that alone keeps royalty alive. In monarchies the birth of an heir to the throne is a thrilling event, because that baby is born to every citizen of the country. The moment the reigning house begins to flout the racial traditions and the ancient folk-lore of its subjects, the march of the women on Versailles is imminent. "The 400," aping the English, played false to its own country and suffered for it. But think of its importance, after all, when it could rouse such a noisy commotion by marrying its daughters to British noblemen! At present, nobody cares much what happens to a débutante; society has lost weight and color and fascination.

A faint, almost inaudible echo of the old nationwide tumult was heard last year, when the Rota annulled Consuelo Vanderbilt's marriage to the Duke of Marlborough on the grounds of coercion. The whole affair couldn't have been more remote from our modern world if it had been a papal Bull annulling the marriage of Mary Queen of Scots and Bothwell. Twenty-five years ago, the decision of the Rota would have profoundly rocked the United States. Consuelo Vanderbilt was a household pet then, a lovely princess of the blood royal, the property of the nation. The definite proof of coercion would have inspired farmers and shopkeepers to burn her mother's effigy at the stake. Last year, when people read the news, they just smiled incredulously, even the people who had once seethed with indignation over the crime of international marriages.

HARRY LEHR was another potent factor in the decline of society from grace; for he converted "the 400" from a solemn hierarchy into a sort of Feast of Fools. So preposterous were his pranks among the mighty that the world soon began to snicker, then to guffaw, finally to get up on soap-boxes and denounce. Beginning his career as a favorite of Mrs. William Astor, the Queen Victoria of her day in America, he continued as court buffoon under the brilliant triumvirate of Mrs. Fish, Mrs. Oelrichs and Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont. Before he had finished, he had the social world roaring with laughter at the absurd game it was playing. Recognition ceased to be the reward of painstaking labor; people must be amusing, capricious, even shocking if they wanted to be accepted. Open scandal and divorce began to flourish. To go wading in a public fountain or to drive down Bellevue Avenue in a brougham with a pig on the seat beside you—that sort of nonsense was the usual thing, many people believed. (Of course, it wasn't!) But the American public had become a Suetonius, outraged and melodramatic. Harry Lehr was that frightening and unholy thing, a man who dared to be impudently cynical about established conventions. The great, aggressively normal public felt that he was leading the way downhill into decadence.

And then, of course, there were the successive invasions of the barbarian hordes. The old, old story of the fall of Rome has been duplicated eventually in every social chronicle. New York, the imperial city, grew bigger and more clamorous each year; life lost its rhythm, its equable pulse-beats; the tempo quickened, became maddeningly syncopated. Millionaires on pilgrimage from the Middle West and the Far West poured into the city gates. The *ancien régime* was tottering from fatigue and from the inability to make its commands heard in the universal uproar. The populace was turning ever more tricky and resentful. Motor-horns—the primitive rubber kind, like atomizer-bulbs—were drowning out the voices of the hansom drivers. The age of hysteria and nerves had begun. Modern inventions and the gigantic fortunes that accrued from them were shattering the charm and graciousness of old New York, that tranquil city symbolized by Mrs. Peniston in "The House of Mirth." In Mrs. Peniston's day, you remember, "fashion had returned to town in October. Therefore, on the tenth of the month the blinds of her Fifth Avenue residence were drawn up and the eyes of the Dying Gladiator in bronze who occupied the drawing-room window resumed their survey of that deserted thoroughfare." As the season advanced, Mrs. Peniston "from the secluded watch-tower of her upper window could tell to a nicety just when the chronic volume of sound was increased by the sudden influx setting toward a Van Osburgh ball or when the multiplication of wheels meant that the opera was over or that there was a big supper at Sherry's." Surely, a régime that could keep its finger so firmly on the pulse of a great city and produce a writer with a style like that possessed the rudiments of an admirable aristocracy.

But people brought up to relish quiet and order and a certain balance couldn't survive the din of a machine-driven world. They were simply swept off the scene, they and their Fifth Avenue châteaux, by the roaring torrent of change. Hundreds of the upstart invaders went with them into oblivion. It is beginning to look now as if nobody could stay afloat for long in the chaos of New York, where the general effect is of a burst dam, a flood that can't possibly be stemmed. No wonder crashing the gates is easy to-day; you can hammer down the stoutest bronze door and nobody will even hear you.

GONE are the Lily Barts, those exquisite creatures who "must have cost a great deal to make," in the production of whom "a great many dull and ugly people must have been sacrificed." Lily and her kind were perfectly finished. They were protected, isolated from gross human contact. They were brought up by governesses—those obsolete gentlewomen so absurd in many ways and yet so valuable. Inhibited spinsters they were, of course; they'd be jeered out of countenance to-day by the psycho-analytical maids who drove ambulances at the front during the War. The governess was usually of the "shabby genteel" order, the daughter of some man who had been a friend of Ward McAllister and had lost his money; her methods of instruction seldom fitted her pupils for college but she could teach precisely what was needed to make of them gracious and charming "adornments." (That would have been her word—adornments.) She knew every rule of social life and the débutantes of her era were enchanting. They had poise, polish, culture, spoke several languages and loved the opera; they were rather like portraits by Gainsborough with their silken linings that swished when they walked, with their long trains and their laces and sunshades and tiny jewelled watches.

She went under for good in the hurly-burly of twentieth century New York; and the fashionable school took her place. The products of these "finishing academies" lack the speckless veneer of the Lily Barts. No school, indeed, with its scramble of young things in a silly malleable state, can achieve such a training in manners as the old-time governess. The American girl is no longer a specialized *jeune fille* done in pastel shades; she is gauche, abrupt, nervous. The descendants of Peter Stuyvesant use the same slang as the daughters of a millionaire who was once a mechanic; they run after the same boys; they dress alike, walk alike, have only the one voice—a rough, husky grumble. Why under the sun shouldn't these precocious undifferentiated children dash about together in groups? What plausible line of demarcation can there be at present? Society—in other words a compact and civilized group, self-sufficient, secure, tremendously significant both in its own eyes and the eyes of the world at large—simply doesn't exist in 1929. The rigid cramped confines of "the 400" have been broken into, the surrounding walls pulled down.

(*Concluded on page 178*)

ACCREDITED . . .
on any campus

Once your eyes have set upon the trunk that *rolls* open, you'll never be quite satisfied until your finest things have been entrusted to its luxurious care. For, after all, the Wardrola *is* different. It is being shown by most better shops and department stores. From $55.00 upward.

Patented and Patents Pending

THE TRUNK THAT *ROLLS* OPEN

WHEARY *Wardrola*

Wheary Trunks and Airplane Luggage

Wheary Trunks and Airplane Luggage Manufactured by Wheary Trunk Company, Racine, Wisconsin. New York Branch: 225 Fifth Avenue, Textile Building. Being shown at leading shops and department stores

The newest, smartest nail beauty . . . is subtly tinted **NATURAL GLEAM**

AMONG smart women who are sensitive to the changing currents of fashion, artificial looking nails have vanished completely. Instead, you now find the new nail beauty—delicately tinted *natural gleam*, given in an instant by Glazo.

It is a subtle, sophisticated beauty—not too deep a shade, nor too pale, just a natural, soft shimmer that smart women consider one of the best of all nail polishes ever developed.

A silken finish—for seven days

In a few seconds Glazo brushes on—giving to the nails a delicate, radiant finish, mirror-smooth.

And this silk-thin finish lasts a whole week. Glazo never peels, or dims, or turns brown. It spreads on evenly, instantly, with none of that gummy "varnishy" look. And for seven days its glimmering beauty remains. At all toilet goods counters. Plain Glazo and Remover, 50¢: Perfumed Glazo and Remover, 60¢. Or send six cents for generous sample—use the coupon below.

The Glazo Company, Inc., Dept. 109-9
191 Hudson Street
New York, N. Y. ☐ Plain ☐ Perfumed

I enclose 6 cents. Please send me Glazo Samples (polish and remover). See check above. Also booklet, "Lovely, Eloquent Hands."

Name.....

Street Address.....

City.....State.....

GLAZO

THE FALL OF THE FOUR HUNDRED

(*Concluded from page 177*)

Nobody can say positively and immediately whether a person is "in" or "out."

UNFORTUNATELY, the sons and heirs of the great houses didn't fare so well, even in the golden Lily-Bart age, as their sisters. A boy can't be just an "adornment." The unnatural moral code of society in the end wrought havoc among the young men. They had inherited the "wild oats" tradition from their fathers; but, pampered and coddled from the cradle, they lacked the hot stamina of the old generation. Going to the dogs became a decided bore. Their elders had had to be cunning and deceitful. Keeping a mistress used to be an alluring and secret crime; the pestilential quarter where the "kept woman" lived positively smelt of sulphur and brimstone. Men liked to read the denunciations of the evangelist; the taste of eternal damnation was sweet on their tongues.

The iniquities of their male children, however, were soon being openly paraded before the populace. These boys had been born princes; they were at odds with their subjects throughout the land and they knew, somehow, that their downfall was near. Their recklessness had in it a certain melancholy and cynicism. They were far better, in many ways, than their distinguished forebears; but a hypocritical world is of hardier endurance, keeps together better and gets its work done more cleverly than a world of candor and impudent freedom. An honest man seldom takes himself very seriously; a hypocrite is fortified in all his actions by an unshakable belief in his own powers and the essential righteousness of his class. Like ignorance, pompous cant possesses a crushing power. The young crop of men lived under a tragic handicap—all the money they wanted, their every whim anticipated, but within them a nervous irritability and a sullen resentment against their false eminence. Without the flourish that usually attends an abdication, they surrendered their rights—rights that after all didn't exist any longer—and went without any redeeming zest to the dogs.

WHEN one considers the survival through the years of that intellectual band, the Adamses and Jameses of Boston, one realizes the dangerous fragility of any other inheritance, most of all an inheritance of a system of pleasure at a time when the world is toppling into a new century of amazing changes. The boys of "the 400" who became men around 1900 were swept into scandals that were open and insignificant. They had ceased to count, because their powerful and domineering parents had brought them up to be little monarchs and the urgent need for monarchs had passed. Of all the grievous blunders of the old "400," the upbringing of their sons had been the worst.

I'm not a Mrs. Grundy; I have nothing much to say on the moral question. It is aristocracy as an order of beauty and logic and mathematical laws that interests me; aristocracy as a sort of national picture-gallery, vivid and spankingly gay and yet a thing of the native soil, with certain homely genre touches that give it a kinship with the common people. Ward McAllister and Mrs. William Astor had the right idea; in their reign, society took root and showed signs of ripening. If only the right novelist had come to maturity in that day, an American "Forsyte Saga" could have been written. Even now, in 1929, a few men and women survive from that unhurried past, impressive figures that should have been heroes and heroines of novels by Henry James; but Henry James, unfortunately, preferred the transplanted American and insisted on studying him in London or Venice or Paris. Frank K. Sturgis is the archtype of the New York man of fashion of the 'eighties. A famous clubman and whip, president for years of the Stock Exchange, shrewdly civilized and unerringly tactful, Mr. Sturgis still has weight and dignity in an age that has repudiated everything he represents.

THE main test of a social order is, I suppose, just how good a time it has, just how much savor and warmth it gets out of life; and the old "400" in its prime did enjoy itself with a spontaneity and vigor that we can't match. There was nothing mechanical or perfunctory about its activities, formal and precisely ruled though they were. At a big informal party recently, one of the old guard sighed, "Everybody's bored. They don't really believe in what they're doing. And every drink they take makes them stupider. They've lost their sense of taste."

The Forsytes of America used to be a wine-drinking crowd; the rise of raw spirits, that has brought into horrid prominence the gin-and-whisky souse, has certainly dulled our appetites. We *don't* have a good time; we get violent or drop off to sleep standing up. "Fire water" is having its day with the white man; lo, the poor Indian is avenged at last!

People, either individually or as a class, are unimportant now, almost negligible in the social sense. The outlandish woman with the fifty-two servants goes through the gestures, indulges in the tantrums of a queen. She has enormous houses, an incredible number of bathrooms, garage-space for thirty cars; and nobody, not even her own servants, pays the slightest attention to her. Her actions will never become historic; the newspapers won't give her divorces more than a little grudging space. Society doesn't matter—it's practically obsolete. But it *was* astonishingly powerful before it antagonized the masses and grew impatient of a slow, normal growth. It should have developed by laborious ways for a century or more. It reached the heights too soon and the second generation was conceived while "the 400" was still a bit dizzy on its pinnacle. Nervous exhaustion in the royal children, combined with the iron clatter of modern inventions and the accelerated speed of life in motor-cars, completed the destruction. Like the wine in their cellars, the aristocracy should have mellowed and darkened for years and years while the cobwebs accumulated and the legends grew tall. In our present groggy confusion, it's doubtful if any class will ever get beyond the raw stage before it's displaced. "The 400" represented our precious chance to achieve a vintage aristocracy. We lost that chance and in all probability we shall never get another.

EXODUS

A BIG dog with a russet coat,
A book, a gun, and a small boat,
These only would I take with me
Into eternity.

Elizabeth Leslie Ross

The One Thing . . . every smart woman of today considers indispensable

This new kind of sanitary protection is the instinctive choice of fastidious women

CERTAIN details of grooming are—and always will be—matters of individual taste. But there is today one requisite to feminine daintiness that every smart woman acknowledges indispensable – and that is Kotex.

Created in answer to the demands of the fastidious, this scientifically designed sanitary pad is now used by 9 out of 10 women in smart circles—all over the world.

85% of hospitals use Kotex

Can you imagine any more eloquent tribute to Kotex than this? Surgeons in 85% of the hospitals in this country select Kotex filler (Cellucotton absorbent wadding) for their patients! Not only for sanitary pads, but also for surgical dressings! This is the same, identical, Kotex-made Cellucotton.

"The availability of Kotex is one reason I am always so enthusiastic in its praises," a charming Easterner recently said. "I've just returned from a two years' trip around the world . . . and everywhere, in Egypt, in India, in Germany, in England—I was able to buy Kotex. What a marvelous convenience! How much difference it makes to a woman! And it is constantly being improved in so many ways. All my acquaintances and friends share my delight. I wish I could tell every woman about it!"

Superiorities of Kotex

Some of its rather special features are listed on this page. You who do not yet know Kotex will want to study these superiorities . . . and you will be surprised to notice how low the price is, for a commodity that means so much to your health and comfort.

KOTEX IS SOFT . . .

1 Not a deceptive softness, that soon packs into chafing hardness. But a delicate, fleecy softness that lasts for hours.

2 ***In hospitals***—Kotex is the identical material used practically EXCLUSIVELY by surgeons in 85% of the country's leading hospitals.

3 ***Safe, secure***. . . keeps your mind at ease.

4 ***Rounded and tapered corners***—for inconspicuous protection.

5 ***Deodorizes***. . . safely, thoroughly, by a patented process.

6 ***Disposable*** completely, instantly.

Kotex—45c for 12—at any drug, dry goods or department store, or singly in vending cabinets through West Disinfecting Co.

Kotex Super-Size—65c for 12

KOTEX

The New Sanitary Pad which deodorizes

A bow to a great Chinaman

"Some men are born with knowledge; some acquire it by study, *some by painful experience.*"

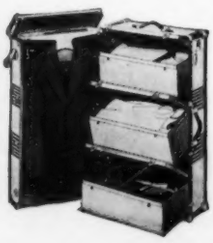
Thus spake Confucius, greatest philosopher of the greatest nation of laundrymen in the world—3,000 years before the unique Oshkosh Laundry Door was even invented.

Why risk the "painful experience" which experienced travelers know an Oshkosh Wardrobe Trunk will permanently prevent?

A useful booklet describing other exclusive conveniences of Oshkosh Trunks will be sent you if you will write to us at 527 High Street, Oshkosh, Wisconsin.

OSHKOSH TRUNKS

THE OSHKOSH TRUNK COMPANY, Oshkosh, Wisconsin, and 8 East 34th St., New York City



This Oshkosh Taxi Wardrobe weighs only 35 to 40 pounds. Made in many sizes, the smallest being 33" x 20" x 10" Comes in various models, some covered with fibre and some with Oshkosh-Cord duck. Equally convenient for men or women. Priced from $35 to $100.

MARRIED MONEY

(*Continued from page 117*)

apparently by some feat of prestidigitation, a copy of a New York newspaper. He put it down on the table over the fragments of crackers and cheese, and began to tap one of its financial advertisements with a seemingly casual finger.

"My office," he said, "had information that you were coming on this train, you know."

"Your office?"

A leaping suspicion stabbed Jerry's mind.

"Dangerfield & Company," said Mr. Hosmer. "Remembering that you and I had met, I thought I would come and offer you our services in New York. And so, I waited for you at New London. Perhaps you noticed the morning paper?"

"No," said Wee, brightly. "I thought that as it was our very last morning in Boston, forever, we would be true to the Boston papers."

"Then you missed our announcement of a new issue, which—" began Mr. Hosmer, glancing down at the paper, and then looking courteously up at Wee again. "No doubt you have completed your banking arrangements in New York, but you surely know the advantage of an outside specialist in bonds—a house that studies the investment field at all times, you know."

"Are *you* a bond salesman?" asked Jerry in clear, piercing tones.

"I prefer to be called a counsellor," answered Mr. Hosmer, in his agreeable voice. "The great strength of our company is that we have no other business except bonds. To young people in your position, bonds are the most attractive investment. They require no watching, they are fully secured, and they can be instantly—or almost instantly—converted into cash. Since they do not fluctuate greatly in price, they—"

"They are the ideal investment for the widowed and the fatherless," broke in Jerry, speaking very fast. "They are the bulwark of our industrial prosperity. They keep the wheels of our railroads turning and bring the mighty power of the waterfalls to our very homes."

Mr. Hosmer looked shocked.

"You say just what I have always felt," he went on, after coughing courteously behind his hand. "And now, since we are so well agreed, you know, I shall take this opportunity to run over three new issues which our house has analyzed and can warmly recommend. They are—"

Still talking, he produced a great sheaf of large papers and circulars and began to spread them out on top of the newspaper.

"One moment," interrupted Jerry. "I want to know where you got all these circulars?"

"Please," said Wee. "It was one of the best tricks I ever saw."

Mr. Hosmer looked vexed by these remarks.

"The rapidly advancing importance of Peru in world affairs—" he said; but Wee stopped him with a finger on his sleeve.

"Won't you show us the trick again?" she begged.

"My tailor," replied Mr. Hosmer, "has been instructed to convert the entire coat lining into one large pocket—thus."

He opened his jacket, and revealed this masterpiece of his tailor's art. It was a special bond salesman's mode. No briefcase to carry, no damning tool of the trade in sight to scare away timid customers, but all the ammunition neatly hidden, and ready to be drawn out as fast as an old-time western bad man could draw his gun.

JERRY'S jaw dropped, and he listened dully to the next ten minutes of Mr. Hosmer's lecture, wondering whether the Pullman conductor had authority to force this trespasser off the car, or whether Chiffinch and the serving man could take him out and drop him off the back platform.

"I am sorry, Mr. Hosmer," he said at last. "But I used to be a bond salesman myself, and I absolutely will *not* buy any of your bonds."

"But I will!" exclaimed Wee. "I'll take ten—no, twenty—of those San Luis Rey Gold Mining bonds of Peru."

At her first word Mr. Hosmer whipped out of his hip pocket a black, gold-edged notebook containing his customers' names. He wrote down Wee's name with lightning rapidity, and her address at the Archduke Hotel, Park Avenue. Even while he scribbled, his agreeable voice flowed on, urging her tactfully not to overlook the other new issues; but the scowl on Jerry's face warned him not to press too far.

With the look of a man who has triumphed, he reached under the newspaper for his unfinished glass of Chartreuse, drank it courteously to Jerry and Wee's happiness, asked them to tell all later bond salesmen that her account was exclusively in the hands of Dangerfield & Company, and then disappeared from the car like a ghost.

"Where's he gone?" asked Wee. "He looked so happy that I thought he was going to sing 'Lord Geoffrey Amherst' or something."

"He's out hiding in a washroom probably," muttered Jerry. "I'll find him."

"No!" said Wee.

"Why not?"

"Because it's the very first time I ever bought a bond without a long, long talk with Uncle Roger. He always urged me to save half my allowance, you know, and invest it—and in dull, dull things like Liberty Bonds. Federal Farm Loan Mortgage bonds are safer still, did you know? Oh, Jerry, I'm so sick of safety. I wished Mr. Hosmer had some stock to sell."

"Thank heaven, he hadn't."

"But I'm going to buy some stock," said Wee. "Some of those stocks with funny fancy names, like Katy or Mex Pete. That's the kind that go up."

"And down."

"I don't care. It's my money, and I'm going to have some fun with it at last."

Jerry looked at her flushed face, and he looked around the empty car—the car that had been so idyllic until Mr. Hosmer came.

"I'll bet we'll be met at 125th Street by every realtor and insurance agent and bootlegger in New York."

"Oh, do you really think so?" asked Wee. "Won't that be divine?"

Jerry went forward and gave low-voiced instructions to Chiffinch. The styward's son had been fed since childhood on the best cuts of meat, and the most expensive fruits and green vegetables. He showed the virtues of this excellent diet; he was a large, muscular young man. He grinned at Jerry. Perhaps the craven porter, already corrupted by Mr. Hosmer, could again be corrupted by the flock of vultures that would sweep down on the car. But this hereditary Glim official could not.

AT NEW HAVEN, Jerry got off and bought all the newspapers. He saw Mr. Hosmer, at a great distance, trotting toward the telegraph office, and knew that this vulture was about to give his New York office the glad news. The newspapers were revealing, as Jerry skimmed through them in the car. There was only a chaste little note on the society page of the *Boston Herald*, saying that Mr. and Mrs. Jeroboam McCoy, having returned from their wedding journey, would leave soon for an indefinite sojourn in New York. But the *Boston Post* and *American* and *Advertiser* were far more enterprising. Each had dug up somewhere a picture of Wee in her débutante gown, and of Jerry on the Harvard boathouse float, carrying his oar. The headlines in these papers fairly screamed:

BACK BAY SOCIETY GIRL WILL TAKE LID OFF WHITE WAY

"Sick and Tired of Humdrum Life in Hub!" Cries Wee Legg, Heiress, Leaving Boston for Bright Lights of Gotham

Hires Special Train

Jerry read no more. He crumpled the papers, and told the serving man to throw them away.

"Did you see any reporters yesterday?"

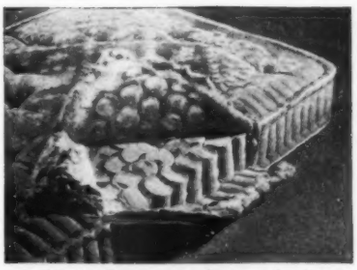
(*Continued on page 182*)

"COMFORT? *I never knew* real *comfort until I got this* MATTRESS *and* SPRING," *says*

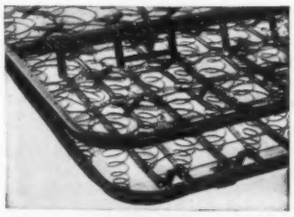
MRS. JOHN WANAMAKER III

BED ENSEMBLE *in Mrs. Wanamaker's home, as attractive as comfortable! The marvelous Simmons Beautyrest Mattress—already in over 700,000 American homes—is amazingly resilient with strong, upstanding sides. Damask covers, choice of two patterns, six colors. Simmons Ace Box Spring matches Beautyrest in damask covering, integrity of construction, comfort, finish. Mahogany-finished Windsor Bed from Simmons, No. 1590.*

MRS. JOHN WANAMAKER III *has all the qualities that make the woman of today so charming, so able; an informal cordiality of manner, keen judgment and the flair for affairs which characterize the famous family into which she married.*



Inside the Beautyrest—the superior inner coil structure makes this mattress supreme! Hundreds of finely tempered coils closely packed in separate pockets extend to edges and are stitched firmly in place. Thick upholstery and damask covers—choice of six colors, two designs.



The Ace Open Coil Spring—sturdily constructed, low in price. Hundreds of closely placed coils insure marvelous resiliency; special banded border protects sheets.

THE HOME of Mrs. John Wanamaker III in Ardmore, just outside of Philadelphia, has the gracious air of mingled beauty and comfort typical of America's finest homes.

For this lovely bedroom, to match the dignity of her old Colonial pieces, Mrs. Wanamaker chose a Simmons mahogany-finished Windsor Bed, No. 1590, and fitted it with the mattress and spring which women everywhere find so much more comfortable.

Of her Simmons Beautyrest Mattress and Ace Box Spring Mrs. Wanamaker says, "They're simply matchless—such soft upholstery! And so attractive looking with their trim, upstanding sides. Their damask covers are the final touch of perfection."

After years of research the Simmons Company has perfected the marvelous Beautyrest Mattress with an inner coil construction that is extraordinarily resilient. The buoyant Ace Box Spring boasts the same integrity of construction.

In furniture and department stores, Simmons Beautyrest Mattress, $39.50; Ace Box Spring, $42.50; Ace Open Coil Spring, $19.75; Beds, $10.00 to $60.00; Windsor Beds, $12.00 to $25.00. Rocky Mountain Region and West, slightly higher. Look for the name "Simmons."

SEND 10¢ to the Simmons Company, Dept. A-12, 666 Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Ill., for "Bringing Beauty and Comfort to the Bedroom," a book with photographs of bedrooms of distinguished women, and ideas for home decoration.

Copyright 1929, The Simmons Company

SIMMONS

World's largest makers of BEDS · SPRINGS · MATTRESSES

You can wear the new lower-cut décolletages with exquisite grace when you wear this new lower-cut Duo-Sette. It very subtly uplifts the bust, slims the waist, and gives the firm, flat hips of the new mode. At quality stores.

Lily of France

1115-Broadway, New York City

MARRIED MONEY

(*Continued from page 180*)

he asked Wee, as casually as he could.

"No," she said. "One or two papers called up, and I told them we were going to New York—and why. That was all right, wasn't it, Jerry?"

"I was only joking about the bootleggers and insurance men at 125th Street," he said. "But I now think we'll probably have to buy an electric refrigerator, a parlor organ, and Dr. Eliot's Five-Foot Shelf of Books before we can fight our way off this car, and out of Grand Central Station."

"Well, we need all those things, don't we?" said Wee.

She sat quietly in the neo-dentist's chair provided by the Pullman Company until the train had passed 125th Street. If there were a reception committee of New Yorkers with articles and services to sell, Jerry's guards at both ends of the car were too much for them. The train pulled slowly into the terminal.

"Shall I brush you off, sah?"

It was the porter's voice, and it was cross; for the first time in his languid existence, the porter had been a minor personage on his own car. Now he came sulkily forward and pawed at Jerry with his gnarled black claws.

"In the words of the old joke," Jerry said, "you needn't brush me off—I'll get off in the regular way. Here are twenty-six tips for you. I thank you. Good-by."

HE LED Wee hastily up the ramp, dodged to the left, came out of the wrong gateway, and hurried her into a taxi on the Lexington Avenue side.

"I wish," she said, "that we could drive up Fifth Avenue, and not up this reproduction of Shawmut Avenue, at home."

"At home!" exclaimed Jerry. "You're at home right here, darling—you're a New Yorker now."

"Well, then, why can't we use New York's best street? Were you really afraid of the salesmen, Jerry?—the counsellors, I mean."

"Considering what you fell for on the train—" began Jerry, and bit his lip.

Was he going to become an old spoilsport? Was Wee going to feel that she had only swapped one Uncle Roger for another one? On this day of days, in her life, was he going to join the great army of mollycoddles who are threatening the American spirit with their harsh croakings of "Safety First!" A grand motto. A Miss Nancy motto. What would it have done to George Washington, to Robert E. Lee, to Charles A. Lindbergh himself, if it had been drummed into *them* when they were boys?

As the taxi jounced and squeaked its way up Lexington Avenue, Jerry thought of the fear-haunted slogans and adjurations that have spread like a fog over our newspapers, our billboards, our magazines. Jerry looked out of the cab window, and saw the great gray buildings in which these great gray warnings are written for the public weal.

"Life is perilous, existence is dangerous," he said softly, to Wee. "Thank God, you're a Puritan!"

"I'm not."

"But you are! You're one of that hard and tough band of adventurers, who couldn't unscramble religion from the wanderlust, and who sailed the little, leaky *Mayflower* across three thousand miles of uncharted seas. I admire those pious pirates, Wee, and I'm glad you're one of them in spirit. When I think of that rough-and-ready old desperado, Miles Standish, sitting on the quarter-deck sharpening his dagger on the sole of his boot—"

"Ah, do forget Miles Standish's boots," broke in Wee. "We're turning into Park Avenue at last, and here's the Archduke Hotel."

"Home is where the heart is," said Jerry, softly. "Welcome, darling, to our old Manhattan home."

"Don't be silly. This is just a temporary place, until we can look around for something good."

The foyer was floored with marble, not rubber and the tapestry substitute on the walls was so magnificent that Jerry blinked. He skidded across the floor to the desk, registered with a shaking hand, and followed a bell-boy blindly until the golden elevator gate clashed behind him, and he rose with soft alacrity to the twenty-ninth floor.

IT WAS only a small suite that Wee had reserved by telegram—hall, sitting-room, bedroom and bath. But even the smallest of these rooms seemed more spacious than Jerry's sitting-room and bed alcove in Boston.

The bathroom, too, was severely plain. There was no use of black marble. The tiles were white and green, and the large, built-in tub was a darker green. The faucets were frankly attached to one end of it, in plain sight.

There was a large, hand-hammered cocktail shaker and a dozen silver cups on the zebra-wood table beside the door; and American Beauty roses lent a conservative note to a wall bracket above them. Jerry's inspection of this interesting apartment had not ended before Wee slipped out of her clothes, and turned on the water in the great, green tub. As the door closed behind her, Jerry sat down in an easy chair without a back, and looked out of the window at the incandescent spire of the Ritz Tower, across a canyon of soft, velvety darkness studded with electric lights.

He sat for a long time, thinking how often at this time of day he had sat in his window on narrow little Revere Street, in Boston, staring at the tenement houses across the way.

Wee writhed upward in the bathtub, extended a slim leg to its fullest stretch, and kicked open the door.

"This place," she said, judicially, "is far, far different from No. 42, Newtonhurst Gardens, East Newton, Mass.

"WE'VE got a penthouse at last!" cried Wee, sitting up excitedly in bed, and waving the telephone receiver.

"At last!" grunted Jerry McCoy.

They had been in New York a fortnight—and what a fortnight! As he sat in the low, hard seat of the Archduke's easy-chair, finishing the morning paper. his mind was a jumble of dinners, taxi-cab drives, apartments, night clubs, country houses, and shops—but principally shops. Fifth Avenue had taken Wee to its glittering heart. Already she was a connoisseur of Fifth Avenue; with her married friends, and alone, she had apparently explored every corner of every store. Jerry had gone on some of these expeditions, as a porter rather than an adviser; there were times when Wee could not wait to have her purchases sent home.

Home to the Archduke Hotel! No—it was not home, and never could be. It was simply a temporary stopping place as Wee had said, until she could look around and find something good. She had looked hard. Accompanied by a breathless but suave young man from the real estate office of Lockerby & Gore, she had shuttled like a bobbin in a loom up and down the East Sixties, Seventies, Eighties and Nineties, doing apartments as fast and thoroughly as she did the shops. Toward Sutton Place, with its spider-web of bridge hanging over it, she turned never a glance. She wanted, as she told the suave young man, to be in the center of things. Greenwich Village had no charms for her. And after she had seen a score of apartment houses, and had been through a dozen remodeled dwellings—old, bulbous, warty brownstone houses once, but now slicked up with Georgian and French and Italian façades—she set her mind on a penthouse.

Somehow, Jerry was even less help in house-hunting than he was in the shops. The memory of that pitiful afternoon in East Newton was still with her. She thought it would be a relief to Jerry to see large and restful homes—homes so new that the painters and plasterers were still denned up in them, making languid protests when stepped upon. But he was as awkward, as uncomfortable as ever. After a single afternoon with him, she sent him to the Harvard

(*Continued on page 184*)

Every woman uses a deodorant

Smart women use DEW

The Crystal Pure Deodorant
Instant Non-Perspirant

SMART women have been quick to welcome the amazing advantages of this sparkling, crystal pure deodorant—Dew.

You can use Dew at any time of day or night. It instantly stops perspiration and eliminates body odors. It is cooling, soothing, and refreshing. Use as the simple directions say, and you can immediately put on your loveliest dress or gown.

Two applications a week will give you continuous protection at all times. You will be delighted with Dew—get it at your drug or department store—50c.

Dew instantly and completely deodorizes sanitary pads

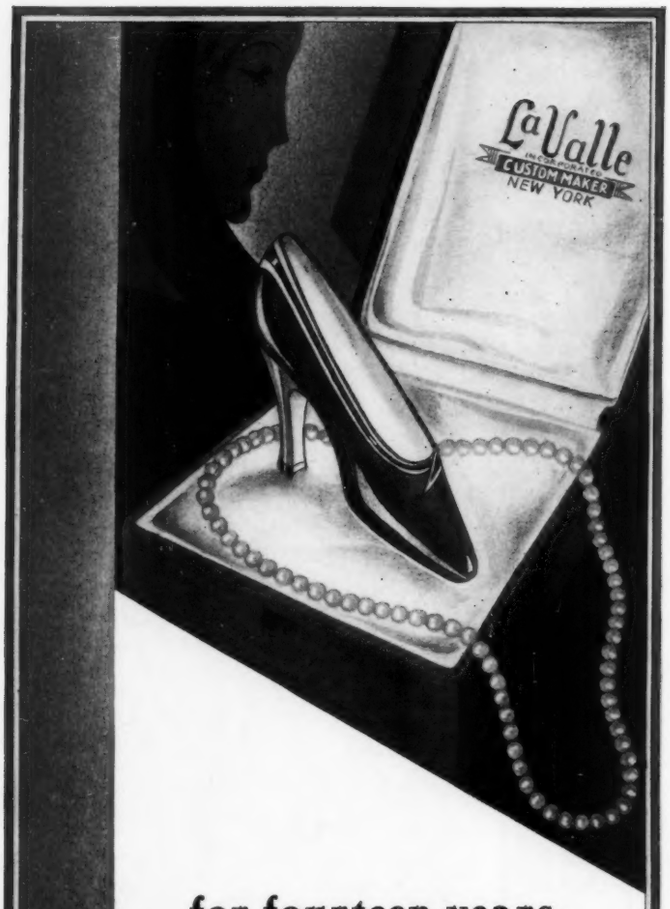
LAMBERT-FESLER, INC.
Del Monte Way St. Louis, U. S. A.

Canadian Representative
Herdt & Charton Montreal, Canada

In—Paris—London—Madrid—Berlin—New York—Sydney

DEW

THE ORIGINAL COLORLESS DEODORANT
INSTANT NON-PERSPIRANT



for fourteen years, LaValle shoes have given their charming wearers the assurance that, no matter where they traveled, or what occasion of social brilliance they attended, finer footwear than their own was never visible.

•

sold where the most select trade is served. The shoe salon most convenient to you will be named on request.

LaValle
INCORPORATED
632 BROADWAY NEW YORK

MARRIED MONEY

(*Continued from page 182*)

Club to play squash.

"You would really rather that I chose, wouldn't you?" she had said.

"Of course," said Jerry, meekly. "Anything you like will be O.K. with me."

"You are my favorite husband," Wee said, and dismissed him; there was just time to inspect a new penthouse uptown. The suave young man's feet were hurting a good deal, but he hobbled gamely after her. Wee had made up her mind that it is quicker to walk half a dozen blocks, any day in New York, than to try to drive them. The Valkyrie, now repaired, pursued her patiently from red light to red light.

SHE remembered Jerry's remark about any house she might choose being O.K. with him; and when she heard from Lockerby & Gore, a few mornings later, that the penthouse she had seen was available on payment of a couple of thousand dollars to the lady who had an option on it, she felt that she had really made a coup that would delight him.

"Look out for that telephone," Jerry said. "Don't tear it off the wire—we may need it again."

"Always so careful and thoughtful! You're a Boston man still."

"I'm not a Boston man, and never was. Can't you ever get Boston off your mind?"

"Yes, my love, I can. When I stand in the middle of our bathroom I can see myself reflected sixteen times in the mirrors on the walls. That's what New York does for you. It shows that you have at least sixteen new personalities, most of which are a complete surprise to you. But that isn't what I was going to tell you."

"You were going to tell me about a penthouse. I thought a penthouse was one of those little sheds on the top of an elevator shaft."

"It was. But it's different now. It's a country house on the roof of a tall building. I've been to see several of them, and I think I've got the very best small penthouse in New York. It's just like being on a mountain in Switzerland, or somewhere. You will be crazy about it, Jerry. You can see the ships in the harbor, and the Palisades, and the people and automobiles scurrying around like tiny beetles in the streets—but instead of being on a chilly, snow-capped mountain, you're in a very well-planned little country house, with imitation grass and vines and trees and everything."

"Imitation?"

"Unluckily," said Wee, "it seems that real plants don't grow very well on top of the skyscrapers, so they have some very good-looking green stuff they put down, and it looks just like grass, especially in the evening, and of course they make wonderful artificial trees, and grape-vines full of glass grapes, and so forth. Our penthouse is a small one, of course—I persuaded Lockerby & Gore that we could get along nicely with eight rooms."

"I got along nicely in one room with a bed alcove, and we've been getting along great with just a couple of rooms here."

"What do you mean, great?"

"Well, I think this hotel is fine," Jerry said. "Although expensive, it certainly clicks. No matter what you think of, Room Service sends it right up. I like the elaborate, if slightly cool, food."

"It has one merit," admitted Wee. "It isn't home cooking, and it isn't advertised as such. I shall never forget what poor, dear old Norah could do to a steak!"

"A feast for the gods?"

"An old bit of rubber heel," smiled Wee. "Well, there's no use thinking about it. What are you doing this morning? I'd take you to see the penthouse, but I want you to wait till it's fixed up."

"Unfurnished, is it?"

"Oh, absolutely. There's a whole herd of painters sitting around up-stairs, and such a cross old male plumber—a magnificent specimen in his way, but apparently without a mate. He is prowling around in the kitchen, between naps, and I'm almost afraid he'd bite if you bothered him. Then there are two paperhangers, lying on those funny jogglingboards they put up. They are not hibernating, Jerry; I distinctly saw both of them move. So, you see, it will be some time, yet, before I can get a decorator and go to work."

"Are decorators equally sluggish?"

"Where have you been all these years?" asked Wee. "Decorators snap at a job, as a trout snaps at a fly. Several have snapped already, but I've been firm. I'm going to Lily Damfreville, and she's the best in New York."

Jerry stood up.

"Where are you going, darling?"

"To try to keep the home-fires burning in this penthouse," said Jerry, determinedly. "I'm going to get a job."

"Oh, my dear!"

"What's the matter? Do you *mind* my having a job?"

"Certainly not. Every man ought to have something to do. But I'm so afraid of what happens to a man who works in a bank. He gets as dry as one of his own bonds."

"That may be true, among the bankers you know," Jerry admitted. "But New York bankers don't get dry. They are full of good food and the best drinks, and they look it. They have a summer tan, and an autumn tan, and a spring tan—and as for their winter tan, it is the finest of all. They are always taking splendid long vacations abroad. And when they have conventions, or any other business meetings with each other, they are careful to have them at Los Angeles, or some other place that means a long, refreshing journey there and back."

"Is that so?"

"Well, I think it's so."

"It can't be true when you're a beginner," Wee said. "If you start with the Federal Union Trust Company this week, I just can't believe that they'll insist on your taking a trip to Algiers next January for the sake of a sunburn. No, Jerry. If you start with them now, you'll be selling bonds again, and just as hard as before. I know you!"

"You *do* mind my working, don't you?"

JERRY paused sulkily after this question, his hand on the door. For a moment, Wee was silent, too. Perhaps she was hurting Jerry's ambitions. Perhaps he was on his way downtown, not to ask for a job at anything as new and gaudy as the Federal Union Trust, but to refresh that vague, unforgettable hint he had long ago received from the lordliest old bank of them all. That house employed no bond salesmen, Wee knew. It doled out its bonds to lesser banks, as a king scatters largesse. Was it still in Jerry's mind? What does a young man do there before he becomes a Partner—a Partner with the biggest P of all?

"Jerry!" she called.

"Speaking."

"Must you be a banker *to-day?*"

"I'm not going to be a banker at all," he said.

"Oh, my dear, I'm so relieved. You see, we're going to Meadowbrook to see the polo this afternoon. "But if you're not going to be a banker, what are you thinking about?"

He turned, and came back to her, looming enormous at the foot of the bed.

"I want to try something in which I have no pull at all."

"Are you considering the diplomatic service?"

"Yes, I'm considering it. If you'd just persuade Mr. Hoover to appoint me Ambassador to some nice country like England, or Italy, or—"

"Why not?"

"Why not, indeed?" asked Jerry, patiently. "If that's impossible, I'm afraid there is a long period of training, and some examinations to pass, and quite a lot of time might go by before we got as high as Liberia, or Ecuador."

"I wish," said Wee, "that you wouldn't get a job at anything to-day. There's no pleasing you, really, as I've said before. First you want to get along with no pull at all, and then you want Mr. Hoover persuaded to send you to London. You're in too much of a hurry, I think. You see,

(*Continued on page 186*)

The first published explanation of

The Remarkable Mabie Discovery in Instant Complexion Clearing

that is inviting the attention of Beauty Experts the world over

AN EXAMPLE OF ITS ACTION

A mottled skin is given flawless appearance in precisely one minute. No delay . . . the result is instantaneous.

Enlarged nose pores and blackheads are instantly concealed; nose shine instantly erased.

Sallow, dark, unevenly tanned skin is instantly given perfect uniformity of texture and color.

A Mottled Skin is Given Flawless Appearance in *Precisely* One Minute. A Dark, Sallow or Unevenly Tanned Skin is *Instantly Lightened.* Enlarged Nose Pores and Blackheads are Instantly Concealed; Nose Shine *Instantly Erased* . . . Not a Bleach—An Utterly New and Radically Different Way

OF ALL the developments of the last few years in beauty science none is probably more definitely inviting the attention of the world's beauty scientists than the unique discovery of *instantaneous complexion clarification* recently demonstrated by Beatrice Mabie, internationally noted skin culturist.

Under this method, *without the use of bleach or chemical*, and with as little bother as the application of an ordinary cleansing cream, a mottled skin may be *instantaneously* given flawless appearance. No delay, no question—you see the result instantly.

Unevenly tanned—or naturally sallow or spotted skins—are likewise instantly given the appearance of flawless uniformity, *both of texture and of color.*

Enlarged pores, blackheads, no matter of how long standing they may be, are *instantly concealed.*

Blotches, liver spots and moth patches—as are all color imperfections of the skin—are also as thoroughly and instantly concealed.

AND—the whole application is so simple as to take ONE minute or less! There is no waiting, no prolonged treatment—just a dab on the finger, a quick spreading over the skin, then a flawless appearing skin; that is all.

Luna *Instant Beautifier*

What It Is

First demonstrated publicly only a few months ago in the smart New York Salon of Beatrice Mabie, its interesting discoverer, the use of this unique creation is rapidly spreading from one end of America to the other. Women are flocking to its use.

It is called Beatrice Mabie's "LUNA" and is utterly different in formula, action and result from any other method heretofore known. In appearance it resembles superlatively fine greaseless cream; exquisite and delightfully intriguing to use.

Beatrice Mabie, internationally noted beauty culturist, who recently demonstrated at her New York Salon her unique discovery in instantaneous complexion clarification.

It contains no bleaching agents, but acts on entirely new principles. *One application lasts one whole day, or one whole evening.* Complete directions come with it.

Where Obtainable

The treatment under the identifying name of *Luna Instant Beautifier* is obtainable now at toilet goods counters in most department stores throughout the United States . . . also, of course, at Beatrice Mabie's New York Salon.

The price is one dollar for jar as illustrated, the same jar that formerly sold in Miss Mabie's Salon for two dollars. If unable to obtain locally, use coupon for mail supply.

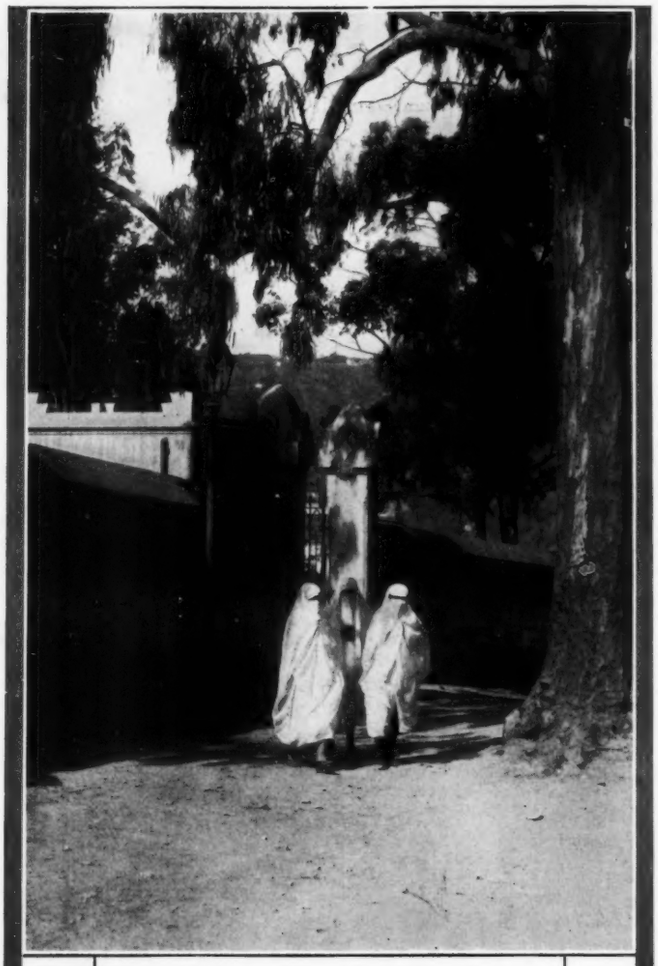
BEATRICE MABIE
16 East 52nd Street, New York City

For enclosed $1 please send me one jar of Luna Instant Beautifier.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... *State*.....



Follow the Sun Across the World!

YOU'VE spent the summer in the usual places . . . Southampton, Newport, Maine. ✱ Choose a new setting for the winter! ✱ Join the advance guard of the smart international set in North Africa, the latest playground of the Mediterranean. ✱ Barbaric color, strange rhythms, gorgeous gardens, streets packed with exotic life, motor roads that skim you through the enchantment of Morocco, Algeria and Tunisia. ✱ Flit from one smart "Transat" hotel to another . . . 46 of them on the sparkling chain, Moorish palaces with chefs from France. ✱ Wander across a stage you share with Arab chiefs, henna-toed dancers and weird old sorcerers.

Weekly Express Service via "the longest gangplank in the world" to the *"France"*, the *"Paris"* or the *"Ile de France"* . . . New York to Plymouth, England, in FIVE days. ✱ French cuisine that isn't a phrase but a fact . . . a sophisticated crowd that takes caviar for granted and chic as a matter of course . . . then Le Havre and the three-hour boat-train for Paris . . . overnight to Marseilles and a French Liner that docks at Algiers twenty-four hours later.

• • •

If you'd rather not bother making individual arrangements, join one of the four Mediterranean-Moroccan Cruises of the "France", leaving New York, Jan. 11, Feb. 12, Mar. 15 and Apr. 25.

French Line

Information from any authorized French Line Agent, or write direct to 19 State Street, New York City

MARRIED MONEY

(*Continued from page 184*)

so many men are obliged to work at things they hate—while you have a chance to do some one thing you feel you have a call to do."

Jerry grinned. "That sounds as if you suspected me of a secret longing to enter the Harvard Theological School."

"I'd adore you as a minister, Jerry. You would preach beautifully in your husky, confidential whisper—and you'd have such a charming bedside manner, too. All your parishioners would *want* to be ill."

"This conversation is getting nowhere," said Jerry. "Charming as my bedside manner may be, I'm going out now to investigate the advertising business. That's what my friend, Freddy Wilson, is in. You remember him, don't you? He wrote such excellent poems for the Harvard magazines, and was thought to be the coming young man in literature—so now, of course, quite naturally, he's in the biggest and best advertising agency. Dunn & Rustum, Inc., is the name of it."

He strolled out, whistling, and stopping only long enough to call back that he would meet Wee at the Colony Restaurant for lunch.

HE WAITED for some time in the ornate reception room of the advertising agency, a room decorated in the Spanish style. Canary birds, in wrought-iron cages, chirped and fluttered against a background of ivy leaves in painted tin. A charming young woman took his name; he wondered why, with that face and hair, she was in business instead of musical comedy. Her smiles flashed round the large room, and when Jerry's eyes became accustomed to the half light he saw that it was full of men, sitting on benches along the walls. Some of them were reading old magazines; others sat with their chins on their chests. All were well dressed. All had keen, dissatisfied faces. Now and then one of them would rise and speak earnestly to the young woman.

"I am so sor-ree, but Mr. Dunn is still in conference," she would answer; or, "Yes, Mr. Rustum knows you are here and will see you as so-oon as he can!" Her voice was soothing, almost hypnotic; but, from time to time, one of the men would look at his watch, swear softly, and walk to the elevator. Meanwhile, still other men of the same type would join the patient drowsers on the benches.

When Freddy Wilson came out, hand outstretched, Jerry took the first opportunity to ask who these men could be.

"Are they bond salesmen, by any chance?"

"No, no," said Freddy. "They are representatives. They are space salesmen—they represent the various magazines and newspapers."

"I wish you to know," Jerry said, modestly, "that I haven't the slightest knowledge of advertising. I don't think, however, that I would like to be a representative. Is there any branch that gives a man more action?"

"Gosh!"

This far from literary expression was torn from Freddy Wilson by the depth of his surprise. "You want action, do you?" he gasped. "You want to see men working like coal-heavers, like stokers—you want to see the agony of creative effort at its sharpest, its most poignant? All right then, come with me."

JERRY strode after him down a corridor one full city block long. Its rough stucco walls were washed with creamy yellow, and pierced at intervals with oval-topped iron grilles. Through the grilles could be seen various executives, sitting at Spanish refectory tables, and dictating memoranda to young girls of dazzling blondness and beauty.

Here and there a wall-fountain, or a well-chosen bit of statuary, broke the long line of the corridor wall. Freddy Wilson opened his own grille, and preceded Jerry into an office furnished in Jacobean oak. There were green glass bull's-eyes in the heavily leaded windows, and such a thick and soft velvet rug that it tickled Jerry's ankles above his shoes.

"This is too magnificent for words," he said.

"Silence—silence and good taste are the watchwords," explained Freddy. "Mr. Rustum often says that we have nothing to sell here but brains. We can put no shiny automobiles or tasteful bathroom fixtures on our floor to show customers. We can't even entertain them with a stock-quotation board. So we can merely decorate our offices in a way that suggests that our brains are working in congenial surroundings. As you see."

"As I see."

Jerry blinked at the room. "You must be a vice-president, at least," he said.

"Bunk," said Freddy Wilson. "I'm a Junior Account Executive, that's all. I contact with the La Belle France Company, and write copy for two or three more."

"In an agony of creative effort?"

"You bet," Freddy said. "If you had to get any copy past Mr. Kitzis of the La Belle France Company, you'd say it was no mean feat to write it."

"Freddy!"

"Well?"

"When you wrote that sonnet you published in *The Atlantic Monthly*, in your senior year, you didn't talk like this."

"Comparatively," said Freddy Wilson, "that sonnet was a cinch. This is the hardest sort of writing, Jerry. You see, it's got to pull."

"Pull what?"

"Coupons. Coupons from the readers. Mr. Kitzis counts up all the coupons, and so he has an extremely accurate check on my literary skill. Here's one of his products—a new mouth-wash. I've got to name it before I can advertise it. Any ideas?"

"Goodbreatho," said Jerry, promptly.

"Too long. Not original enough," said Freddy Wilson. "I've been getting suggestions all around the office, and I'm still stuck. Look at this list."

He handed a sheet of paper to Jerry, who read these words:

Nixo	Cuto	Gloff
Lovo	Smilo	Quox
Sweeto	Brito	Kopet
Sweetie	No-Breff	Clo-Clo
Charmo	Kil-Jerm	Do-Do
Clincho	Etoile	Jou-Jou
Kayo	Eclair	Brunx
Shusho	Amour	Shoo
Pasho	Amourette	Smacko

"ALL those names for one mouth-wash!" said Jerry, in surprise. "You have taken all that trouble, and you still aren't satisfied?"

"Satisfied!" Freddy Wilson gave a bitter, almost a Byronic laugh. "Those are merely the best out of more than a hundred; and not one of them's good enough We'll work and work until we get something perfect—something that clicks—something which a woman can never forget. The effort, the pains, the terrific battle we go through every day! How can I suggest it to you? Do you know there's a printer waiting to run off 200,000 labels—and another waiting to print more than half a million folders to mail to Social Register and Blue Book lists of wealthy women everywhere—and not a wheel can turn till I get the right name, and persuade Mr. Kitzis to O.K. it?"

"Hasn't he thought of a name?"

"Jerry, you're crazy. What's an advertising man for, if not to know the sort of names that intrigue the public? I'll sell him Kil-Jerm, I suppose, though he'll doubt if it's French enough. Well, let's forget it, and walk round the shop. You want to work here, don't you?"

"I don't know. You've sort of scared me."

"Come on and see a presentation then. There's one going on now, in our Hush-Hush Room."

"Your what?"

"Our quiet room for ratiocination—for constructive thought, you know. Its formal name is the Silent Room, but nobody calls it that. It was used as a sort of retreat for earnest thinkers, but some of them thought so earnestly they fell

(*Continued on page 188*)

SOCIAL CALENDAR

for SEPTEMBER 1929

(Concluded from page 135)

Golf Championship, Biltmore Forest Country Club, Asheville, N. C.
Smithtown Horse Show, Smithtown, L. I.
Boat races for Seawanhaka Cup, Oyster Bay, L. I. To continue through September 15.
Wedding of Miss Eva Carrie, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Hector Carrie of East Orange, N. J., to George Gilbert in Brick Presbyterian Church, East Orange. Reception to follow at the home of the bride's parents.
Wedding of Miss Elizabeth Moulton, niece of Mr. and Mrs. John B. Moulton of Boston, Mass., to Richard Hubbard, in Christ Church, Hamilton, Mass. Reception to follow at "Brookfield Farm," the country home of Mr. and Mrs. Moulton.
Tea by Mr. and Mrs. Arthur W. Cushman of Winnetka, Ill., in honor of their débutante daughter, Miss Eleanor Cushman.
Reception and tea by Mr. and Mrs. William R. Ruffner of Highland Park, Ill., in honor of their débutante daughters, the Misses Virginia and Marianna Ruffner.

SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 8—Dog Show under auspices of Ladies' Kennel Club of San Francisco, San Francisco, Calif. To continue through September 9.

TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 10—Dance by Mr. and Mrs. Howard Le Chevalier Roome at "Moorewood House," Westbury, L. I., for their débutante daughter, Miss Gwendolyn Roome.

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 12—Dance by Mr. and Mrs. Charles A. Stone at "Solana," Locust Valley, L. I., in honor of their débutante daughter, Miss Janet Stone.

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 13—Dance by Mr. and Mrs. A. Ludlow Kramer at Westbury, L. I., to introduce their daughter, Miss Marleigh Kramer.
Boat races for President's Cup, Washington, D. C. To continue through September 14.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 14—Horse Show at Lenox, Mass.
Tea dance by Mr. and Mrs. Richard Roberts at Greenwich, Conn., in honor of their débutante daughter, Miss Virginia Roberts.
Dog Show under auspices of Tuxedo Kennel Club, Tuxedo Park, N. Y.
Horse-racing at Lexington, Ky. To continue through September 25.
Wedding of Miss Virginia Ayres, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Ayres of Cohasset, Mass., to John Bishop in St. Stephen's Church, Cohasset.
Tea by Mr. and Mrs. Ramond E. Durham of Hubbard Woods, Ill., to introduce their daughter, Miss Elizabeth Durham.
Gymkaana and Children's horse show at Cohasset, Mass., for benefit of Children's Hospital.

TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 17—Horse-racing under auspices of Queens County Jockey Club, Aqueduct, L. I. To continue through September 30.

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 18—Fifteenth annual National Dahlia Show, Madison Square Garden. To continue through September 19.
Dinner dance by Mr. and Mrs. D. Walter Gibson of Greenwich, Conn., at Round Hill Country Club, to introduce their daughter, Miss Sallie Hanks Gibson.
Wedding of Miss Janet Mills, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frederick L. Mills of Garden City, L. I., to Frederick Stephen Lutz in the Cathedral of the Incarnation. Reception to follow at Garden City Hotel.
Dance by Mr. and Mrs. E. Mortimer Barnes at "Manana," Glen Head, L. I., in honor of their débutante daughter, Miss Barbara Barnes.

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 19—Dinner dance by Mr. and Mrs. F. Bailey Vanderhoef of Greenwich, Conn., in honor of their débutante daughter, Miss Ann Vanderhoef.
Wedding of Miss Julia Seargeant Chase, of No. 320 Central Park West, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Henry Chase, to Sydney Sylvester Decker, Jr., in Trinity Chapel, New York.

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 20—Début of Miss Molly Spaulding, daughter of Mrs. Bartlett Harwood of Boston, Mass., at "Hill House," Aurora, N. Y.
Tea by Mr. and Mrs. Fred Wilson Fairman of Winnetka, Ill., for their débutante daughter, Miss Joy Fairman.
Dance by Mrs. George Quackenbush and Mrs. Reinhard Siedenburg at "Fort Hills Farm," Greenwich, Conn., to present their respective daughters, Miss Ruth Quackenbush and Miss L. Kathryn Siedenburg.
Horse Show at Morristown, N. J. To continue through September 21.
Eastern Division Outbound Motor-boat championships, Middletown, Conn. To continue through September 21.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 21—Dance at Round Hill Country Club, Greenwich, Conn., by Mr. and Mrs. William Hodge, to present their daughter, Miss Martha Hodge.
National Polo Pony Show at Westbury, L. I.
Hunt race meet at Wissahickon Farms, Whitemarsh, Pa.
Dance by Mr. and Mrs. George Henry Townsend at Round Hill Country Club, in honor of their débutante daughter, Miss Molly Trowbridge Townsend.
Horse Show at Greenwich, Conn.
Dog Show under auspices of Ladies' Kennel Association of America, Rye, N. Y.
Horse Show under auspices of the Smithtown Club, Smithtown, L. I.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 28—Annual Meadow Brook Steeplechase on estate of F. Ambrose Clark, Meadow Brook, L. I.
Wedding of Miss Eleanor Nixon Brown, daughter of Mrs. Arthur K. Brown of Montclair, N. J., to Littleton Cross Barkley, at the Central Presbyterian Church, Montclair.
Dog Show under auspices of Englewood Kennel Club, Englewood, N. J.
Horse-racing at Churchill Downs, Louisville, Ky. To continue through October 10.

The 1929 "Worth" glove
Jacques Worth
PARIS
LONDRES
WORTH
July 9th, 1929.
Dear Sirs,
We have the pleasure of certifying that the attached photograph is an exact reproduction of the "Worth" glove created by us and to be shown at our opening on August 2 d.
At the same time we wish to compliment you for the way you have carried out our idea.
Yours very truly,
Jacques Worth
Messrs. J.M. CHANUT & COMPANY, New York.

From Paris—

The 1929 "Worth" glove

Smart for Afternoon Wear

CHARACTERISTIC of the refinement and dignity of Worth creations, this new afternoon glove accents fittingly the smartest fall costume. In exquisite shades of glacé kid and suede.

This latest glove by Worth, presented exclusively by Chanut, foremost glove maker in France, will be shown in the better shops and stores.

CHANUT GLOVES

J. M. CHANUT & CIE
STEINBERGER BROS. GLOVE CORP.
One Park Avenue, New York
San Francisco · Chicago · Seattle · Los Angeles
Paris · Grenoble · London · Berlin

Are luxuries extravagant?
Not always—

Venus Sanitary Napkins *are* luxurious and they *do* cost a little more than the usual kind. But it is their fine quality that makes them luxurious, and that same quality makes them an economy because true quality is always that.

Venus are sold by the finest department stores in each city and they are always recommended as being far better than usual kinds.

It is important that Venus are made of surgical cotton—not paper.

VENUS
CORPORATION
1170 Broadway
New York

This is the Information Bureau, where many questions about Paris meet with expert answers

Don't Fail to Visit
Harper's Bazar in Paris

Outside—its large sign to indicate its home at the corner of the rue de Daunou and the rue de la Paix.

Inside—its large, cheerful, homelike rooms to greet you—information about fashion, shops, places to go, things to do—all this information Harper's Bazar delights in offering to its readers. Remember that from this very office comes all the information of Paris fashions, that makes Harper's Bazar the favorite magazine of the smart women of America. We shall hope to greet you in Paris.

MARRIED MONEY

(*Continued from page 186*)

asleep and snored; so now we use it as a theatre, a lecture hall, or what you will. Come with me, and see a presentation."

"Is somebody getting a mark of the firm's esteem? A gold-filled watch for twenty-five years of loyal service, or the like?"

"Nothing like that," Freddy said. "No watches of any sort are given away here, and we haven't any veterans of twenty-five years. What we are going to hear is a lecture, with movies. A magazine representative is going to present the virtues of his magazine."

"But I thought the representatives were safely parked in the reception-room."

"Sometimes," said Freddy, "a hero among them gets through. Follow me."

JERRY found himself in a large, unventilated room in the middle of the office. Along the walls were tremendous, leather-covered easy-chairs, each with its smoking-stand and dull bronze Tudor spittoon. A large cast of Le Penseur, by Rodin, furnished stimulus to thought, and water dripped melodiously into a marble fountain full of goldfish and cigarette butts. The Silent Room was kept very dark as a further aid to meditation, but now there was a silver screen at the end of it, on which movies were flickering. By their light Jerry could see ten or twelve rows of gold chairs, full of junior-account executives who were required to attend the lecture.

The speaker was a short, plump, very bald man. His voice was loud. He had a pointer in his hand.

"We are in Brittany," he was saying. "If among you there are any close students of Breton girls—heh, heh!—you will recognize the picturesque native caps."

Four sturdy fisher-lassies (the word seemed wrong somehow, as Jerry thought of it, and he wondered if they could be washer-lassies instead) came rollicking down toward the camera. All of them smiled, and the one on the right winked and put out her tongue.

Instantly the scene changed to a street with tall buildings, and signs reading "Real Estate" and "Eats."

"We are now in the United States," said the lecturer, unnecessarily. "We are in Akron, Ohio—but we might just as well be in Bangor, Maine. Here come some charming American girls."

Four young women came mincing down the street; all of them caught sight of the camera, smiled broadly, and the one on the right winked, and seemed about to put out her tongue. Then the scene changed to a precisely similar street, which the lecturer explained was more than two thousand miles away.

"Seattle, Washington," he said, "though it might as well be Wilmington, Delaware. See! Our photographer—our camera man I should say, heh, heh!—has again been lucky enough to shoot four sweet little maids out of school."

"If the blonde on the right winks and puts out her tongue," whispered Freddy Wilson, "I'll admit that this is a marvelous trick."

"But what does it prove?"

"Listen."

"We have now seen," said the lecturer, "that the women of Europe are primitive, individual types. Each little country has its own style of dress, its own foods, its own small peculiarities. But there is only *one* woman in America—a standardized woman with no individuality, no personal idiosyncrasies of any kind. Shall we follow this woman as she goes shopping?"

A PLUMP, middle-aged housewife was now seen entering the door of a department store.

"This picture was taken in Pawtucket, R. I.," said the speaker, "but it might as well have been Wichita Falls, Texas. See. The housewife is buying an Arto-Noovo refrigerator, baby grand style—one of the quality products so ably advertised by your company, heh, heh! See, she has made a first payment of fifteen dollars; she agrees with you that it is convenient to purchase out of income. If you will follow her to the grocery department, you will see her buy another of your advertised articles—a carton of Peppo-Jiffo breakfast food. And while she buys these products, in Pawtucket, gentlemen, ten million other standardized housewives are buying the same standardized, trade-marked, nationally advertised articles in every other city in the land. And what has brought about this blessing, gentlemen, this guarantee of our national prosperity?"

"Let's go," said Freddy, suddenly, pulling at Jerry's arm.

"But I wanted to hear the end of that amazing speech," complained Jerry, in the corridor. "I didn't know women were like that—all buying the same stuff at the same minute of each day."

"Oh, he's getting to his grand climax," Freddy groaned. "He'll ascribe the millennium, first, to the wonderful advertising we prepare here, and second—heh, heh!—to the enormous national influence of Home Arts Magazine, reaching four million housewives with incomes averaging $2,750 a year. He'll pity France again, and Germany, and Italy, and the other small, benighted countries that have no enormous advertising agencies and all-pervading housewives' magazines. And he'll remind his hearers that they wield, through the advertising columns of Home Arts Magazine, the mightiest power ever wielded by man!"

"But is it true?"

"Sure, it's true. And to-morrow we'll hear another speech just like it from the representative of Kitchen Hints and Bedroom Beautiful Monthly—reaching four and a half million housewives, with incomes of at least $3,000 a year. Let's walk around the office. I'll show you our testing kitchen, where Peppo-Jiffo can be served in seventeen dainty new ways, by adding sliced bananas and other tasty fruits."

JERRY saw the kitchen; and then he saw the art department, where rows of draughtsmen were hunched over drawing boards. He saw the directors' room, and the library, and the two squash racquet courts with their shower baths, and the long steel racks that held copies of every magazine and newspaper in America. At last he came to the door of the president, Mr. Barnham Dunn.

Mr. Dunn's secretary, a fatigued brunette, sat in an anteroom, telling somebody over the telephone that Mr. Dunn was just leaving for Akron, and that she would certainly give the message the minute he returned. Freddy grinned at her, said "Morning, Susan!" and tapped on the inner door. A voice, also fatigued, grunted a loud "Come in!"

After so much statuary, so many yards of wrought-iron, and tin ivy, and creamy yellow walls, the office of Mr. Barnham Dunn had an austerity that was refreshing to Jerry's eye. It was precisely like the office of the manager of the steamship company at Rockport, Maine. There was no rug. A large and battered rolltop desk, of early make, stood against the wall, which was painted brown. A hat tree, of golden oak, held the presidential overcoat, hat, rubbers and umbrella. The president had removed his coat, and was working in shirt-sleeves. Arm garters held them comfortably clear of his wrists.

He was a large, tired-looking person—a sort of weary Titan of a man. His long, thin stogie was unlighted; he chewed it savagely as he pecked with two forefingers at a battered typewriter of a make as antique as his desk.

A stack of sixteen or eighteen sheets of paper held his morning work. He nodded for silence as he finished another sheet, ripped it out of the machine, and then swung his revolving chair around to face Freddy Wilson and Jerry.

"Here's the new advertising plan and three advertisements for Nirvana Burial Abbey," he said, rather genially. "You contact with them, don't you, Wilson? No? Well, give this to the man who does—this agency is growing so big that I can't keep track of things . . . Well, Wilson, what do you want?"

(*Continued on page 190*)

FASHION IS FOREMOST

in the October issue of Harper's Bazar

Baron de Meyer and Marjorie Howard present their vivid word pictures of the Paris collections. Outstanding costumes are sketched by brilliant Harper's Bazar fashion artists in Paris, and photographed by the inimitable Baron de Meyer

Interpreting fashion changes from Paris in a season where changes will be significant, Harper's Bazar Paris fashions in this October issue are

Stimulating Authoritative
Beautiful

Such outstanding authors as Richard Le Gallienne, Michael Arlen, Harford Powel, Jr. and Cosmo Hamilton contribute to its fiction pages

Mrs. Edwin M. Post of Babylon, N.Y.

PRIZE WINNER
March, 1929
Marlboro Contest
for Distinguished
Handwriting

Mrs. Post Writes:

Marlboro — A Cigarette fu Those Who Can Affud 20¢ fu the Brst

Every Marlboro full, firm and round

Mild as May

MARLBORO

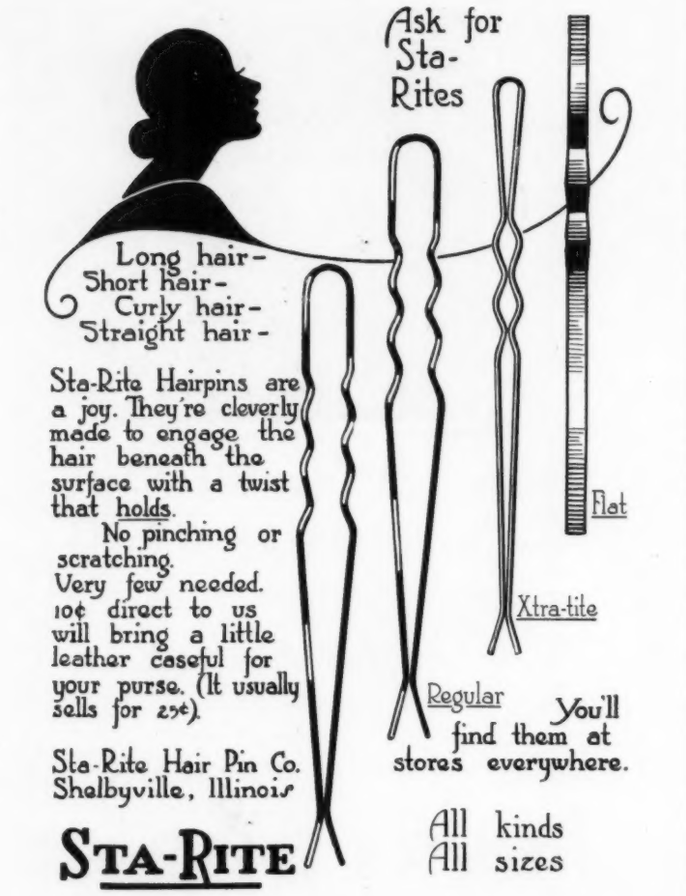
PHILIP MORRIS & CO. LTD. INC. NEW YORK

makes eyes dance

An application of *Murine* before going out in the evening gives the touch that charms. It adds sparkle and radiance to the eyes, and causes them to look larger than they are.

***Murine* is used by millions to beautify their eyes and to relieve irritation and strain caused by exposure to sun, wind and dust.**

MURINE FOR YOUR EYES


Ask for Sta-Rites
Long hair-
Short hair-
Curly hair-
Straight hair-
Sta-Rite Hairpins are a joy. They're cleverly made to engage the hair beneath the surface with a twist that holds.
No pinching or scratching.
Very few needed.
10¢ direct to us will bring a little leather caseful for your purse. (It usually sells for 25¢).
Sta-Rite Hair Pin Co.
Shelbyville, Illinois
STA-RITE
Flat
Xtra-tite
Regular
You'll find them at stores everywhere.
All kinds
All sizes

PERMANENT WAVES OF DISTINCTION
J·SCHAEFFER inc
permanent wave specialist • Bryant 7615
590 FIFTH AVENUE Bet. 47and48th St. NEW YORK

THIS THING CALLED THE TALKIES

(*Concluded from page 96*)

the stage hasn't anything really to fear in any of these new inventions, no matter how good they get to be."

"Sometimes"—Charley was speaking—"you do hear a voice that is so different that you think it doesn't depend on how it's reproduced at all. Lionel Barrymore, sometimes, and Ruth Chatterton every time I've heard her. Perhaps it's in comparison with the others, but they really sound alive and human—actual. Maybe the awful voices sound awful because they *are* awful."

"The singing is apt to be pretty good." Frederika. "Perhaps we've got used to canned singing through the phonograph. But you can't imagine 'Hallelujah' without the singing. That procession of little piccaninnies in the revival part—just think how much you'd lose if you couldn't hear their darling little piping voices! 'Great day comin' '"—Freddy tried her own voice at imitation quite successfully.

"One thing I mind,"—Charley—"is the way the talkie completely banishes anyone who doesn't speak English. It literally deports them, as if they were undesirable aliens. Of course, we get plenty of bad English on the screen, but it's a kind of home-brewed thing that we're used to, and we stand it even from very bad actors, the worse the actor the better we stand it, I think. But a really fine artist like Jannings—would they let him play a serious part with a German dialect? Of course not, and they'd be quite right, because our audiences would be sure to think it was meant to be funny. Yet that shuts out some really good foreign actors who would help raise the standard of our own acting tremendously."

"They're fine in the news-reels, though. The mechanical drawbacks don't seem to matter there—you accept them just as you do a bad photograph in a newspaper because your curiosity about something actual is satisfied. Audiences are apt to laugh at Poincaré speaking French, for instance, but they're the kind who would laugh if Poincaré were really there in person, speaking French to them. They always laugh at things they can't understand."

"But the things people pick out to rave over! That reel of Bernard Shaw making a fool of himself. I'm sure at least six different people told me about that, and the thing they talked about was the way you could hear the gravel crunch under his feet when he stepped out in front of the camera. And if a person doesn't happen to get a thrill out of hearing gravel crunching—"

"That sort of novelty has worn off already. Give the audiences a chance, as well as the pictures!"

"I suppose when the novelty *has* worn off things will settle down. There'll be silent movies for them as likes 'em, and talkies for others, and burlesque for others, and trained animals for others—"

"Stop! Stop! You could go on all night!"

"Well, it's a machine age, someone remarked once, and we're bound to go on with new mechanical devices in our entertainment just as in our plumbing. Some day some fiendish inventor will come along with a marvelous machine with which you can make your own movies and project them anywhere you want—a pet story of your literary aunt's, or a lecture against cigarette smoking, anything you choose, with sound and color and everything. And you can shoot it into anybody's house—onto the ceiling of their bedrooms where they can't escape it."

"How horribly possible! If I could only believe we could grow a pair of earmuffs as fast as science can create new tortures!"

Yes, the talkies are with us—and the talkers. Forever and ever. As the clever Ethel Barrymore has said: "The talkies are unspeakable!"

MARRIED MONEY

(*Continued from page 188*)

"This is Mr. McCoy. I told you about him. He was captain of the football team at Harvard, and has been working in a bank on State Street, Boston. He thought he would like to know about this great game, and so . . ."

"You brought a Harvard man into this office! Take him to the directors' room at once." Mr. Dunn smiled, and pretended to look embarrassed. "This room of mine went Early American a couple of years ago; but I just couldn't bear it. How do you like it, McCoy?"

"This office of yours, Mr. Dunn," he said, "is the first thing I've seen in New York that reminds me of Boston. My former boss, Mr. Spinney, sits in a room exactly like this."

"Caleb Spinney? Well, well! Yes, I know him; he saves my money for me. Make it in New York, invest it through a Boston banker—that's my advice to young men. So you want to get into the advertising business, do you? Wilson here is so collegiate that he still calls it a game."

The word collegiate, applied to Freddy Wilson—so recently the leader of Harvard's young intellectuals, the Signet Club president, the *Atlantic Monthly* contributor—made Jerry McCoy give a loud, strangled laugh.

"It isn't a game," said Barnham Dunn, sadly. "Not when you're the head of an advertising firm, anyway." Then a film seemed to drop over Mr. Dunn's brown eyes; he swung back, mechanically, to his typewriter, and his fingers started pecking away again, as Freddy and Jerry left the room.

"Well, that's the longest talk any young fellow has had with him in three years," said Wilson, walking to Mr. Rustum's door. The office into which he led Jerry was so superb, with its Spanish antique furniture and brocade curtains, that Jerry hardly realized that the interview had begun and ended with one sentence.

"You may place your application on file," snapped Mr. Rustum, and turned back to his telephone.

Jerry said good-by to Freddy Wilson in the reception room. He was still dazed. There were two or three seats vacant, now that one o'clock was near, and many of the representatives were going out for lunch, before resuming their vigil.

"Sit down just a second," Freddy said. "I hope you have a clear picture of what we do, and how advertising is prepared. It's hard to show you, in just a few hours. Compared to the plain, sensible lives we led in college, it must seem rather mysterious. In college we had a few hours of easy work in the morning, and plenty of exercise in the afternoons, and in the evenings we got drunk if we liked. Such a life is sane and normal and just what every man needs. But here we have to keep in fighting trim—"

"For the agony of creative effort. I know."

"Well, look at Dunn. He'll write six or eight hours a day, besides lunching with some prospective client; he'll go to a gym at six o'clock . . ."

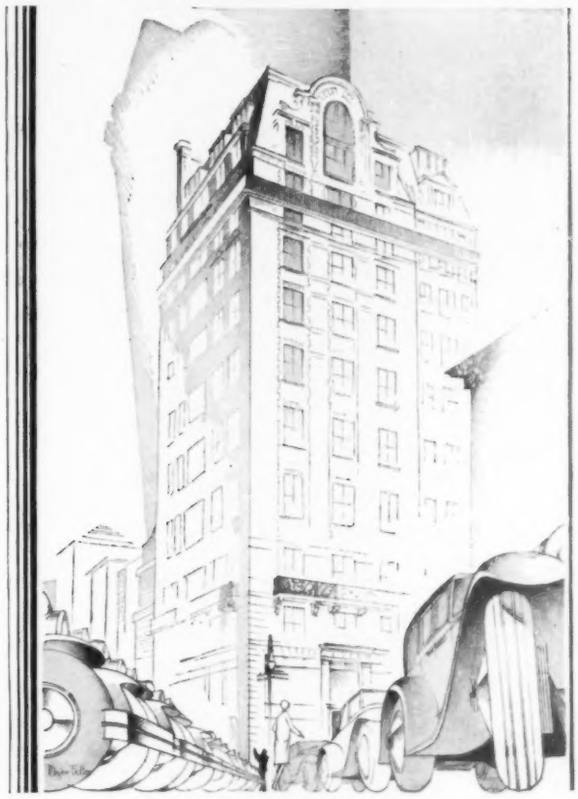
"You've been very kind," interrupted Jerry, rising. "Could you lunch with Wee and me, and go to Meadowbrook?"

"I'm afraid," said Freddy, "that would not be considered by Mr. Rustum 'as a constructive contact.' I must say good-by. I don't know if you've applied for a job or not—but if you have, let me hear from you."

At lunch, with two new friends—Mr. Boxy Keck and Miss Alice Thorpley—Wee asked Jerry if he had learned all about the advertising business.

"All," said Jerry, and spoke the truth.

(*To be continued*)



THE NEW HOME

OF

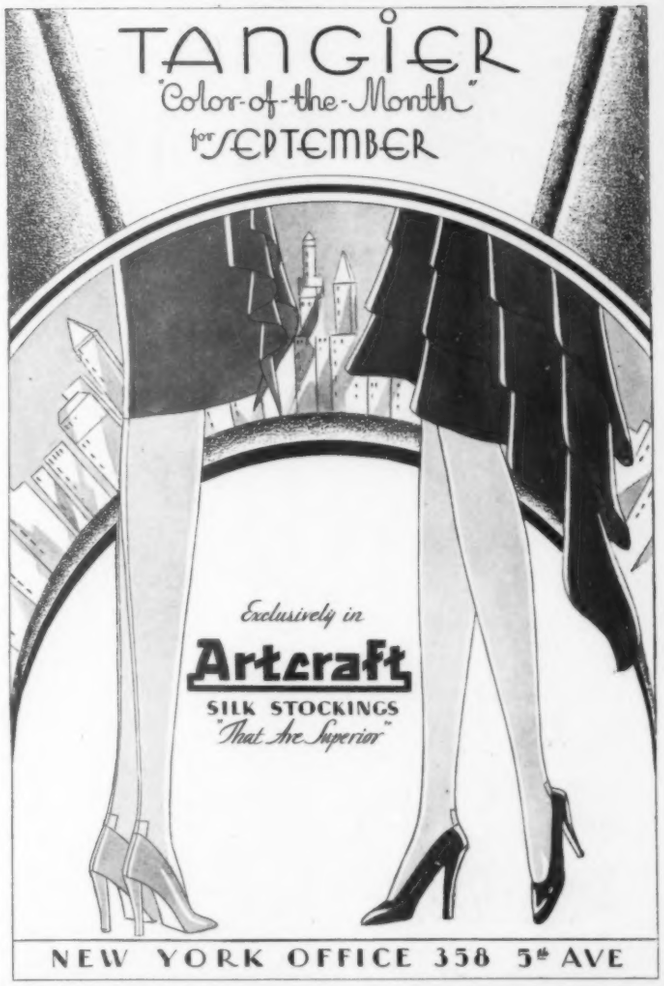
HARPER'S BAZAR

Adjacent to the Fifty-seventn Street ana Madison Avenue shopping sections, within eyeshot of half a dozen hotels where society congregates, and in the center of that smart residential district which centers in the east Fifties, Harper's Bazar lives the life it pictures.

The School and Travel Bureau welcome readers of the magazine who wish impartial advice about trips, camps, or schools, and the Where-to-Shop Department will gladly answer inquiries about the many smart shops that are almost at our doorstep.

Located in the Stuyvesant Publications Building, at the corner of 56th and Madison. The telephone number is Wickersham 2800.

AT 57TH MADISON AVENUE NEW YORK



NEW YORK OFFICE 358 5th AVE

The Maidenette
A tailored uplift with patented three-seam design, for slim figures.
Garter Belt of embroidered georgette and satin with elastic.

The Maiden Form
The original uplift brassiere moulds the figure into soft, youthful curves.
Girdle of dainty rayon satin with narrow elastic sides.

The new Fall modes again make Maiden Form creations the indispensable foundation garments for the modern woman.

DEMAND THIS LABEL

The Maiden Form
BRASSIERES
GIRDLES-GARTER BELTS

Sold Everywhere

ENID MANUFACTURING CO., 245 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

Up in the Nursery Playing with the Children

...and a telephone right at hand, so games need not be interrupted, or important calls delayed

* * *

PERHAPS only children know how important games really are, and what a shame it is when they have to be interrupted—by grown-ups being called from the nursery for this or for that. But mothers know that other disadvantage of being called away . . . the extraordinary mischief that even the nicest of youngsters can get into the minute one's back is turned.

And so the nursery telephone serves many purposes: it saves games from being broken up abruptly . . . it allows mothers to keep that needful eye on their children even while telephoning . . . it makes it easy to place and receive important calls, without delays or unnecessary steps.

Telephones bring added convenience to *every* room they are in: library, bed chambers, living-room, guestroom, sun porch. They mean a world of comfort at little cost. Let your local Bell Company show you how complete telephone arrangements in your own home will add tremendously to your living convenience and general satisfaction. Just call the Business Office today.

AMERICAN TELEPHONE & TELEGRAPH CO. AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES — BELL SYSTEM

PATTERN NO. 9720 . . . AUTHENTIC PRINTS . . . WATER COLOR GROUP

At last – the artist's conception authentically reproduced! . . A new process – truly a milestone in creative art.

FROM PALETTE TO FABRIC

SCHWARZENBACH, HUBER & CO.

PARIS NEW YORK ZURICH

CORAL—This newest version of the opera pump—an ARCH CONFORMER style—shares its grace with suede and kid in Prado brown. $10.
LOUISE—An ARCH CONFORMER model of suede in fine lovely Beechwood brown, with an unusual bronze and stone buckle . . . $8.50.
AUTUMN
shows her preference for the
SLENDER FLATTERING LINE
WITH slender lines that Paris believes the smartest for many a season—with their mellow autumn colorings—and their subtle ways of flattery—these shoes by Dorothy Dodd are the most charming affairs that ever set foot in fashionable places. Yet as you will discover when you visit the store in your city allied with Dorothy Dodd, the prices remain invitingly low.
Most designs are $10,* $8.50* and $7.50—some are but $6.50 and $6—and all of them are irresistibly youthful!
DOROTHY DODD SHOE COMPANY, Boston
ARCH CONFORMER
* The ARCH CONFORMER, an entirely new idea in arch shoes! Its slim heel, its light, airy lines, betray not at all the poise and ease it brings to every foot.
Dorothy Dodd

THE CUNEO PRESS INC., CHICAGO AND NEW YORK